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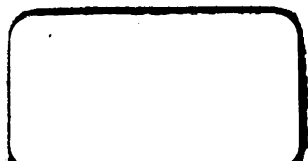
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THE CRUISER

**A Quarterly Magazine
of Cruising Tales
and Adventures**

VOLUME III



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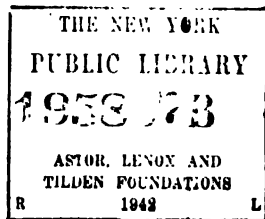
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Ahoy!

THE CRUISER is now underway for its third voyage, which, I sincerely hope, will be fine and prosperous, and that it will carry to its readers such cargo as will meet with their approval, and give pleasure and instruction in the reading thereof. We all know that the little tender to the greater ship *Rudder* is not perfect or anywhere near being so, but as we are learning to handle it, so we are finding out how to do better each voyage. The fact that it sails in the wake of the tall *Rudder* often causes its luff to lift, but I hope soon to carry such canvas as will enable it to haul up on the Flag's weather quarter, where the wind will come steadier and fresher.

THE CRUISER does not as yet anywhere near pay for itself, the deficit last year totaling eleven hundred dollars, and this is why we cannot afford to pay for contributions to its pages. If we are willing to make this monetary contribution for the good of the sport, surely those who cruise can afford to make a gratuitous offering of their stories.

Let me ask you all,—that is, all of you who are interested in cruising,—to do your best to increase the circulation of this publication. The more money I can get

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the more I can spend, and the bigger and better will THE CRUISER be. This will react to your benefit, for its circulation will extend and encourage this phase of the sport, and the more men who cruise the more there will be written about cruising, and this will open to your notice choice fresh seas and new harbors.—[EDITOR.]

A Cruise on a Mackerel Seiner

By John E. Graham

LAST Spring while planning for a long Summer vacation, it occurred to me that it would be a good plan to try a trip on a fisherman. So, after investigating, I decided to go mackerel-seining provided I could get the right opportunity. Very few people have any idea of the circumstances incident to putting this wary fish on the market, the amount of money invested, or the number of men and vessels engaged in this pursuit. Perhaps, for the benefit of those who do not know, it would be well to go into these particulars somewhat before going further.

A vessel fitted for this branch of fishing must, in the first place, be of fairly good size. It must have room to sling a thirty-eight foot seine-boat between the fore and main rigging, as it is often necessary to put the seine-boat on deck in stormy weather. She must have large, cool ice-pens to hold the ice used in preserving the fish. She must have ample room for the storage of salt and empty barrels, so that the fish can be salted on the long "Cape shore" trip or in case the ice gave out. The rigging and sails must be in good condition, for a mackerel seiner cannot always run into port in stormy weather

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but must ride it out under foresail and "jumbo" (fore-staysail), or more often under double-reefed foresail. There must also be accommodations for from seventeen to twenty-two men, and storage for plenty of food. Many of the latest vessels are built somewhat on the lines of a yacht, the chief difference being that they are more heavily constructed, have less freeboard amidships, and shorter, heavier sterns. As for speed, it will take a good yacht to keep up with them in a rough sea and heavy wind. Then again, many of the newest vessels are fitted with gasolene engines of sufficient power to drive them from eight to twelve miles an hour.

The vessels cost from ten to twenty-five thousand dollars each, fitted for work, although the average cost is from thirteen to fifteen thousand. As to the number of vessels engaged in this business, the writer counted from the masthead, one day last May off Barnegat, seventy-six seiners. And there were more vessels in the other fleet to the North, which we could not see. At an average cost of fifteen thousand each, this would amount to one million one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. If each vessel carried eighteen men, it would make a total of thirteen hundred and sixty-eight. Enough for a regiment.

With the exception of the captain, the cooks, and the engineers of the "gasoleners," these men all go on shares. There are various ways of dividing up, but as a rule the vessel takes one-half the "stock." The stock is the amount that is received for a trip of fish. Then the crew receive a pro rata share of the balance *minus* the cost of all canned goods (condensed milk, peas, tomatoes, blueberries, etc.), water, towage, one-half the cost of ice and empty barrels when the fish are salted, and

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fresh meat. Then there is a further deduction of a certain percentage on the cost of the seine, gasoline, and sometimes for tarring and scrapping. The crew also pay the cook a dollar a day, besides his share. Let us suppose there are eighteen men in the crew, counting the captain, and that the amount of the stock left after all deductions for extras, vessel's half and cook's wages, is nine hundred dollars. Then each man gets one-eighteenth of nine hundred dollars, or fifty dollars. The skipper usually gets ten per cent of the vessel's half additional.

There is absolutely no discipline aboard a fishing vessels, as on others. Part of the crew sleep aft, usually four or five besides the captain, and the rest in the fore-castle. The cabin is the "town-hall" and here as a rule congregate the crew for their games of "bluff" and other forms of recreation. But at 8 p. m. everything ceases and all hands, with the exception of the watch, are supposed to turn in. But to go back to the beginning.

One day last April I went down to Long Wharf and after a talk with Captain Sam Hatch of the schooner Mooween, he agreed to take me along, provided I was able to pull an oar. This I felt perfectly capable of doing, so was told to be aboard the next morning at seven o'clock and help get in the ice. So promptly at seven I was on hand and while waiting for the ice to arrive fixed up my berth and changed my clothes. Happening to mention to one of the crew that I was a "green-horn," he kindly took an interest in me, and after looking over my stock of old clothes commenced to laugh. I've been yachting a good many times, so supposed I had brought along the proper things. Now I know that what I had brought along was all right for a Summer yacht-

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ing trip but for such a trip as this, never. So we went up the wharf to an outfitter's, where I proceeded to invest in woolen stockings, slip-shods or leather slippers, woolen and cotton mittens, woolen shirts and pants and a mattress. How that mattress made my bones ache before it got through with me! Finally getting my things together we went back to the vessel, where we found the ice on the dock, some twenty-five or thirty tons of it. Also, five or six wagonloads of grub, enough to stock a small provision store. After we got the ice and provisions stored away, we got a smaller dory than those used by the vessel during the Winter from a storehouse on the wharf. Then the skipper decided we were all ready to go to Gloucester, where our topmasts were to be put up, and to get our seine and seine-boat. So a tug was called, "hooked on," and pulled us out into the harbor, Thursday, April 12th. Soon the sails were up and off we started with a good wind aft our beam. On the way down I got acquainted with the crew and incidentally commenced to learn things regarding the way they do on a fisherman. Going by Marblehead we had a good breeze and expected to get into Gloucester before dark, but soon the wind began to drop and we drifted inside the breakwater with the tide, where we anchored about nine o'clock.

The next morning we tied up at Bradley's Wharf, where the riggers went to work immediately on our topmasts. The crew started to work cleaning out the trawls, cable, gurry-kids, and other things which were used during the Winter fishing but which were useless for seining. The next day we cleaned up the vessel, got our seine and seine-boat and finished up odds and ends generally while the carpenters did their work on the roller and boat

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and pocket booms. Owing to the tide being too low for us to haul out by hand and being unable to get a tug, the next day being Sunday, we had to wait over until Monday morning, when we finally got started for Provincetown. We reached there about 5 p. m. and tied up alongside the railroad wharf. Most of the crew lived in Provincetown, including the Captain, and so went to their various homes that night. But everybody was on hand early the next morning ready to start loading up with salt. I should say we took aboard from ten to twelve tons, some in bags and some in barrels. The most of it we emptied from the packages and packed in bulk in the after pens. That done the hatches were closed, lines cast off, sails hoisted, and so we finally got started on our two-months' cruise after mackerel, Tuesday, April 17th.

Just a word about the vessel and crew. Mooween is practically a new vessel of the semi-knockabout type, with long overhanging bow and a short bowsprit. She is about one hundred and twenty feet over all, twenty-five feet breadth, sixteen feet deep; as fishermen tonnage their vessels (between bulkheads) she will register 88 tons or about 120 tons old measurement. In a heavy wind she is an exceptionally good sailer, being able to carry full sail when others are under reefs. Her long overhang forward gives her a racy appearance and at the same time makes her unusually dry forward in bad weather. Her accommodations consist of berths for sixteen men in the forecabin and for five aft in the cabin, besides the skipper's stateroom.

The crew was composed mostly of Provincetown men who had been with Captain Hatch before, some of them for several years. Besides these, there were two skippers

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of fishing vessels, who had never been seining before and who went along to learn the business, two Cape Cod men, two other Boston fishermen and the writer. They were an exceptionally pleasant crowd, being very willing to help and show things to the greenhorn. Once in a while some one would try to get the writer "on a string," but very seldom. I remember one day overhearing a conversation between two of the Provincetown men which amused me very much. It was about hens, eggs, vegetables, gardens and such things, pertaining rather to the farm than to a fishing vessel. Taken all together they were a good, clean lot, mentally, morally and physically. The Captain was a man about fifty-five, who had been seining for thirty-four years. Capable, energetic, pleasant and a hustler. There was no man aboard who would fly around aloft any more nimbly than he would and when he wanted to come down in a hurry you almost had to fall down to beat him. Judging from the number of visitors he had during the Summer he was very popular with other captains. He certainly was with the crew and with the writer, whom he helped in many ways.

Well, we got started on our cruise South on April 17th, going out by Race Point about 6 p. m. Watches were set that night at 8 p. m. There were two men in a watch, each watch lasting for two hours. The next morning we went over the shoals and out past Gay Head. The wind continued light during our trip and the passage was uneventful. The crew worked at rigging up the baling and dip nets, putting brackets in the rigging for the torches which were sometimes used at night, and getting the odds and ends picked up ready for business. The following Friday we were off Winter Quarter Light-

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ship and the skipper expected to run into the Southern fleet any time. That night about 9:30 the writer jumped out of his berth in response to the cry, "All hands in the boat." I got into my oilers and boots as quickly as possible and rushed on deck. The night was black, so black one could not see his hand in front of his face. The skipper was aloft, for I could hear his voice calling out to us to hurry. Finally we were all in the boat, thirteen of us, nine rowers, the seine heaver, the bight passer, the cork heaver and the steersman, when suddenly the skipper said, "There's a school on our weather. See it?" The man at the steering oar in the boat, who by the way was our regular seine heaver, John Burke, and who only took charge of the boat nights when it was necessary for the Captain to be aloft and guide us, replied, "Yes." Then came "Let go," and off we started. When the first hail came the writer glanced in the direction indicated and saw a great white phosphorescent spot on the water, just like a great white sheet. That was the school. Well, we started pulling for it but had only gone a short distance when the Captain sung out, "It's gone down. Come back to the vessel." And so we lost the first school we saw; in fact, the only school we saw for seven weeks. When we finally got back alongside, instead of going aboard, a towing-line was passed to us and we towed astern for several hours hoping that another school would show up. But none did. While in the boat I had a chance to look about. We seemed to be in the center of a large crescent formed by the lights of the torches on the various vessels. It was like looking out of a window into a black night and seeing a number of dim lights around the distant horizon. The experienced men could tell by the number of lights on a

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vessel whether they had caught fish or were simply working on their seine. When a set is made and no fish are caught it is necessary to get the seine back aboard the vessel and then "make it on" again in the seine-boat. It was cold and dreary in the boat and when we finally got the word to come aboard I was very glad. While sitting in the boat, by the way, Charlie Birch, who sat on the same seat with me, said, "I wonder who will be Mr. Shaw to-night?" I was curious and asked him what he meant. It seems that when you are out all night in the boat, "owling," as our experience described above is called, after you get back aboard tired, sleepy, stiff, and ready to turn in, that the man whose watch it is, is "Mr. Shaw." Well, I was "Mr. Shaw" that night and a longer two hours I never hope to see.

The next day I saw the fleet, some thirty or forty vessels. Inquiries made by the Captain of several other vessels informed us that only a few fish had been caught that night. Also that fish were scarce and hard to catch. And so for a few days we cruised around, a man always aloft, looking for schools of fish. In the daytime the fish show up, as a rule, like a big, black ring on the surface of the water. Sometimes in calm weather you can only see a shadow or a quiver on the surface, barely perceptible to even experienced eyes and not at all to those green at the business. At night when there is no moon and the water "fires," they show up plainly as before described.

Finally, some of the vessels were seen heading to the North one day and the skipper decided they were going up off Barnegat. So we started along with the rest. A mackerel fleet is like a flock of sheep. Let one vessel start off and the rest will follow. And that is the way

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they keep run of the fish. A fleet may be scattered over an area of thirty square miles, each vessel a mile or more distant from the next one. But let a vessel jibe over a couple of times or do any maneuvering as though they were trying to get near a school of fish, or let a seine-boat go out, and the lookout on the nearest vessels promptly report this fact to their captains. Although it is more than likely that the captains have already noticed it, for they are constantly watching the movements of the other vessels through their glasses. Then all sail is put on and they all start for the vessel that has started the rum-pus to find out about things. In this way a vessel thirty miles away, even though she could not see the first vessel, will know that something is up from the actions of the vessels nearest to her and start after the others.

On our way to Barnegat it began to breeze up and by dark it was blowing pretty hard from the Northwest. So the mainsail was slacked off a bit, the jib furled and the jumbo hauled to windward. And so we lay all night. At daylight the next morning we took in our mainsail. All day it blew and as night approached it seemed to increase. So much so that we finally took in our jumbo and lay to that night and the next day under foresail. To make matters worse, it began to rain and got thick and foggy. Seas commenced to break over the bows and those who were not on watch were glad to stay below. During the writer's watch one heavy sea came aboard, picked up the chain-box containing forty-five fathoms of heavy chain cable and upset it in the scuppers. I had been out in squalls and storms before, but never in anything of this kind. From the deck it seemed as though we were always sailing up-hill. A big wave would come up on our weather as though it was

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going to come aboard but we would lift over it and then the bowsprit would plunge out of sight in the water as our bows sank in the hollow. A glance astern would show us the seine-boat away up in the air on the top of a big sea half as high as the cross-trees and the next instant she would disappear from sight behind a huge green wall of water. The slings around the mastheads and the tackles for lifting the seine-boat aboard had not been rigged, so we could not take it on deck, although the seine had been hauled off two days previously. Then the Captain commenced to worry about losing the boat as the seas breaking over had partly filled her, making it necessary to bale her out. So we hauled her up as close to our quarter as we dared and three men performed an exciting acrobatic feat in jumping into her. She was then dropped astern with the three men baling away. Next a dory was put over the side and the Captain and "Big Joe" Hatch (who, by the way, was skipper of Mooween during the Winter) jumped in and dropped back to the seine-boat, a line having been made fast to the dory painter. Finally getting the seine-boat baled out the five men all got into the dory, we all tailed onto the line and hauled them alongside. The writer expected to see that dory capsize but it didn't. But the men had to jump for the vessel and all got safely aboard except the Captain, who only reached the rail and got a good ducking before we hauled him on deck. The next day it cleared up and by night was comparatively smooth again. We spoke several vessels the day following and began to get news of the fleet. One vessel, Norumbega, had been run down by a coasting schooner and sunk, although all hands but two were saved. Two other vessels had run ashore on Roamer Shoals going into New

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York but got off without any damage. Several others had been damaged more or less and one had lost her seine-boat. We came through all right.

And so for two weeks we cruised back and forth off Barnegat looking in vain for fish. A few vessels picked up small lots but nothing to amount to anything. The weather continued fine but it began to get monotonous. Then it began to breeze up again and the Captain decided to run into Sandy Hook. So off we started accompanied by a dozen other vessels. Going by Navesink Highlands there was the finest kind of a race on. All the wind we wanted and some of the vessels carrying sail until one would think they would either go over or take their spars out. Our lee-rail was under water all the way in, the skipper driving her for all she was worth until we finally anchored off Atlantic Highlands. The next morning we went ashore, taking some empty barrels with us, for water. This we finally got from the railroad dock, first having to telegraph to the superintendent of the line for permission. It was a long row in and really my first experience pulling the heavy fourteen-foot oar for any distance. It looks easy enough, but when you have to swing it back and forth for a mile you will be glad when it is over. I know I was and I am no featherweight either. The next day we started for Barnegat again, where we spent another two weeks cruising around without success. Finally on Saturday morning the fleet all bunched up. I counted seventy-six vessels. Skippers went visiting one another and the outlook was discussed. The general opinion seemed to be that there was "nothing doing," so that night we started for Block Island and No Man's Land. When we got up off the Eastern end of Block Island it was blowing so

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hard that the Captain decided to run into Newport. When we got in there we found the harbor so crowded with seiners that we had difficulty in coming to an anchorage. When everything was furled up we changed our clothes and went ashore for letters and papers. The next morning we started out for Block Island once more, but ran into another gale of wind. By this time our tackle for handling the seine-boat was rigged, so the Captain ordered the seine-boat hoisted on deck where it remained until we got to the Cape shore. That afternoon we anchored close in under the North side of Block Island and some of us went ashore to get fish for chowder. The next day the weather still continuing bad the skipper decided to run back to Newport, get fresh provisions and ice and start down East. So in we went, got our supplies, and started for Cape Sambro on Friday, May 18th.

The trip down was uneventful, the wind light and the weather hazy. The following Wednesday we spoke a haddock, as the vessels which fish for cod and haddock are called. They reported that they had only seen a few seiners on their passage from Cape North. The following Friday, just a week from the time we started, we arrived at our destination, Cape Sambro, a few miles to the Southwest of Halifax. Here we cruised about for two days, during which time about forty more seiners arrived. We saw no signs of fish until the third night, but it was too rough to attempt to set our seine. The next morning it was blowing a gale so we went into Turners Bay about noontime. This is a rocky bay about twelve miles West of Halifax. Two miles offshore you would not think there was any harbor there, the coast being so bold and rocky. Several of us went ashore to mail letters and incidentally to get some lobsters. Just

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imagine a dozen husky men, each with a pile of lobsters fresh from the kettle in front of him. We ate so much that I have since wondered how we were able to row the dories back to the vessel. One of our crowd called "Bunch," height five feet three inches, weight 220 pounds, liked them so well that he had to bring a lot aboard with him so that he could eat some more when he was able. I was very much interested in the construction of one of those forty-foot, soft wood boats which they build down that way. The next day we went out again but it was blowing too hard to fish, so we went into Prospect Harbor, where we lay for two days. We also visited another lobster factory there. When we came out it was a beautiful day with just enough wind to sparkle things up. We spoke several native fishermen to find out if they had caught any mackerel in their nets. They reported a few fish caught. We also learned that on the day we came out of Turners Bay three natives had been caught outside in the gale, their boats capsized and they were drowned. We spent that night off Sambro and then started the next day for Canso. That next day while off White Head we spoke Fame, who reported getting fifty barrels of fish that morning. Up to this time we had been well to the Eastward of the fleet, but about two o'clock the skipper, who had been looking about with his glasses, said he thought that the vessels to the Westward "were working on fish." So all sail was put on and we started back. The weather at this time was rather hazy and the wind light. We were about half-way back when the lookout aloft sang out "School to leeward." Into the boat we tumbled and started out. As luck would have it the fish were going to the Eastward and as we had been going in just the opposite direction it made it

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just right for us to get the seine over quickly, as it can only be put over the starboard side. When the skipper, who had the steering oar, thought he was far enough ahead of the school over went the end of the seine, to which is attached a buoy-keg. Then the nine men rowing just put in the best licks they knew how and that boat certainly did travel. The other three men were hustling the seine overboard. Now our seine was two hundred and forty fathoms long,—a little over a quarter of a mile—and eighteen fathoms deep. This had to be put out in a big circle around the fish and it has to be done quickly, for if the fish run into the meshes of the seine before you get around they are apt to sink and go under it or else go out by the end. When we got back to the keg, which had been picked up by our dory by this time, the oars were unshipped and placed in two iron cranes or brackers on the port side of the boat, where they were out of the way. Then the purse lines were rigged on the purser and we started to purse the seine in. The purser is a machine, placed in the middle of the boat, for winding up the line. It takes up both ends of the line at the same time and is worked by two cranks, one on each side, three men to each crank. It is hard work while it lasts, for you have to hustle as hard as you can. The men took short spells on the cranks, for it takes away your wind pretty quickly. Along the top of the seine are a number of corks which float the top of the seine on the surface, but on the bottom are small lead weights to sink it, so that when the seine is all out it is just like putting a circular fence around the school, only that the top and bottom are open. The purse line is used to close up the bottom by drawing it together just as you would close up a purse or clothes-bag. This

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purse line runs through a number of iron rings on the bottom edge of the seine. If you get the bottom closed quickly enough then you have your fish in a big bag, and all you have to do is to draw the extra seine into the boat until you only have out enough to hold the fish in a solid mass. Well, we finally got "her pursed up and dried in" and got a look at close quarters of our first school. Then a number of us went aboard the vessel in the dory to help work her alongside the seine-boat so that the fish could be baled on deck. Soon this was done and the fish knee-deep on the deck amidships. Then the seine was hauled on deck, then put back on the seine-boat, and we were all ready for another school, provided it would show up. It was lucky for us that we got the school just when we did, for twenty minutes after we got alongside the vessel it was rainy and foggy. In that school we got about eighteen thousand fish. That night we started salting them. Some of the crew split them,—that is, cut them open down the back—while others "gibbed" or cleaned them. Then they were thrown into barrels of clean salt water to wash them. That was then drained off and the fish repacked in fresh salt and water. In all we had ninety-two "wash" barrels. The next day they were repacked again, for the fish settle and shrink a great deal. When they were finally headed up we had sixty-seven barrels of salt mackerel.

The following day, it being foggy and stormy, we ran into White Head, near Canso. Before going in we had several heavy squalls, or "Weary Willies" as the men called them, but they did no damage as we could see them coming. The run into White Head was exciting. Blowing a gale, thick and nasty, we could

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barely see the lighthouse opposite the narrow entrance for which we were heading. White Head Bay has three entrances, but owing to the wind we were obliged to take the Eastern road. We passed a can buoy but it was capsized, so that we could not make out what it was. The Captain finally decided that he got the vessel placed right and started into the narrow opening in the cliffs. One could throw a stone ashore on either side. The Captain was plainly worried but we got through all right, and once inside it was smoother and we could see more plainly. Finally we came to anchor among a dozen other seiners. It was the most exciting bit of sailing I ever did, for if we had struck a rock I do not think any of us would ever have reached shore alive. While ashore the next day interviewing another lobster factory, we learned that there had been plenty of fish going to the Eastward close along shore. So the next day we sailed out to the Eastward but did not dare go inshore on account of the Canadian revenue cutters which followed our fleet. We went as far East as Gabarus Bay, where we turned back toward Canso on account of bad weather. Early the next morning we were nearly run down in the fog by a big tramp steamer. We could hear her whistle blowing for some time but just at daylight the watch on deck sang out, "Get on deck in a hurry, boys, there's a steamer close aboard." And we had hardly got on deck when a big tramp steamer loomed up out of the fog just astern of us. It was close quarters, although we had two more narrow escapes later on. One was a steamer off Highland Light. Apparently they never slacked up at all but were driving away at full speed. We got our seine-boat up ready to jump into and lit our torches, evidently

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just in time, for she only sheered off enough to go by the end of our bowsprit. Another time in the fog off Race Point a five-masted schooner just grazed our seine-boat fifty feet astern of us. Another time while feeling our way into Provincetown we nearly ran into one of Uncle Sam's battleships. I think it was Louisiana.

When off Canso the wind fell flat and left us becalmed. We thought we saw a school of fish but after rowing a mile found them to be pollock instead of mackerel. Well, we cruised around for another week, but the weather continuing bad and the food getting low, the skipper decided to go home. We reached Gloucester, after a rough passage of three days, on June 14th, where we sold our fish for thirteen dollars and fifty cents a barrel. Each man's share after deducting expenses was twelve dollars and sixty-one cents. Rather high pay for ten-weeks' work, although we were among the fortunate ones. Barely a dozen vessels, out of seventy or eighty, got any fish at all.

Leaving Gloucester after two days the vessel went into Provincetown, as the Captain and crew wanted to go home. Leaving there the next day we ran over toward Thatchers Island, where we got two small lots of "tinkers" or very small mackerel, which were sold for one hundred and thirty-two dollars. Cruising Southward into the bay we got a school of "blue-backs" or "kiyacks," which were useless. Having more bad weather we went into Provincetown, where the writer found word awaiting him which compelled him to leave for three weeks. During this time the vessel went to Georges but got nothing. Joining again at Provincetown we cruised around between Chatham, Middle

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Bank, and the Race, for another week. Finally one Saturday we got another school of seventeen thousand fish. That day there was fish enough for everybody. So much so that when we sold our fish in Boston on Monday the prices had dropped from thirty cents each for large mackerel and sixteen cents for mediums to fifteen cents for the former and seven cents for the latter. Even then the dealers would not take them all. We were obliged to sell about thirty-two hundred of ours to the canners for four cents each. Not for years had there been so many mackerel at T Wharf at one time. We got this time twenty-nine dollars and twenty-nine cents each.

On going out again the weather continued foggy. In fact, seven-eighths of our time, from the time we started out in April until I left, the first of September, it was either blowing a gale or else the fog was so thick you could cut it with a knife. Several times we ran into Provincetown for shelter, this giving us some excitement, as it always meant a race. During one of our stays there we capsized our seine-boat and cleaned her bottom. She was so foul that it was a wonder we could pull her at all.

Later we got two more schools, which we salted, thirty barrels in all, besides a barrel of codfish we caught one day with hook and line while becalmed. These fish we sold for twenty dollars a barrel. We saw plenty of schools but no one was able to catch them, as they were very wild and would not stay up. They were chasing sand-eels and going so fast we could not keep up. One day we chased a school, rowing just as hard as we could before a strong wind and sea, but it left us as though we were anchored. Another day we saw thirty

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or forty schools, with boats after them in all directions, but none could catch them. It was a case of "now you see them and now you don't."

The favorite way of "killing time" was playing poker. Our little game of "bluff" started about 6 a. m. and lasted until 8 a. m. Those who did not play either read, sewed, carved, or played solitaire. Then the Captain had many visitors, captains of other vessels. They would discuss the outlook and swap yarns. And some of those yarns were dandies. We were also interested in the maneuvers of Admiral Evans's fleet of warships. The life was pleasant and easy, the food plain, but good and plentiful, with just enough excitement to keep us contented. We had very few accidents, although the heart-shackle, which supports the throat-halyard blocks, broke one day and let those heavy blocks down on deck within a foot of the writer. Of course the pay is small, especially this year, which has been the worst year for forty years. The highest any vessel has made that I have heard of was two hundred and eighty dollars. This is a small amount for a good average year, then the men making from four to five hundred dollars each for six-months' work.

For any one who can spare the time and cannot afford a yacht of his own, this is an ideal way to go cruising. It is not necessary to go for several months, as you can go for a trip only if you wish, a trip lasting from ten days to three weeks. I know I enjoyed it and hope to be able to go again.



Sally Brown

(Halyards)

O SALLY BROWN of New York City,
Ay, ay, roll and go;
O Sally Brown of New York City,
I'll spend my money on Sally Brown.

O Sally Brown, you are very pretty,
Ay, ay, roll and go;
O Sally Brown, you are very pretty,
I'll spend my money on Sally Brown.

Your cheeks are red, your hair is golden,
Ay, ay, roll and go;
Your cheeks are red, your hair is golden,
I'll spend my money on Sally Brown.

The Landsman

By Edwin C. Dickenson

FROM the moment young Thurley tumbled over Consolation's rail with a large suit-case in each hand and inquired if he should take his things "downstairs," he had been the generally accepted "ship's goat" aboard the yacht.

The other men had been on previous cruises in her; had paid their dues to, and imbibed a wholesome respect for Old Neptune, and now could cast a fairly nautical eye aloft at the luff of the mainsail or to the windward for signs of "weather." But Thurley had known the sea only from the deck of a steamship hitherto, and looked temptingly young and fresh and verdant,—a fit recipient for the practical jokes and time-old railleries of the "tried and true," he fitted naturally into the position of "landsman" and held it. No time was lost in beginning his education. The Captain, after meeting us at the wharf and putting us aboard the yacht in two boatloads, had discreetly retired to his fo'castle and left us full swing in the cabin. Promptly we old tars made bids for the best berths and took possession, leaving the Landsman the cabin floor with sundry cockpit cush-

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ions for his berth; to this he objected faintly, until we all assured him he had the best of it in that he could not roll out of bed, while we could;—a doubtful consolation in view of the fact that if we did we should in all probability “bring up” on him. Then we spent half the remaining night in describing with utmost detail and minuteness the first symptoms of seasickness, including every possible forerunner of illness from toothache to smallpox, in the hope of including some passing ailment of his own. To all this he listened in a silence which spoke loudly of credulity and created much suppressed merriment until, in a most disillusioning manner, the stertorous breathing of the tired Landsman struck our ears, whereupon we rolled over in disgust and slept the remainder of the night out.

Next morning the Landsman was the first to “rouse out.” Moreover, not only was he “up with the birds” but singing with them as well, in a bass of uncertain timbre but conceded volume. One after another we awoke and remonstrated with him, but all to no purpose; it was late enough for any man to lie abed, he said, and, besides, he was hungry.

Then and there we decided upon the election of officers. It was astonishing how many of these were needed upon this forty-foot sloop. Every man aboard her was made a mate or a purser or a sheet-tender, except the Landsman, and then it was discovered that two important offices still remained, those of dish-washer and deck-scrubber; to these the Landsman was elected by an overwhelming majority, and then preparations for breakfast were hurried along with much better grace by all hands and the cook. America is essentially a country of majorities, we quoted to the newly-elect, and being

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young in the profession he yielded and began his duties at once with the deck-mop.

Whatever else he may not have been, the Landsman was thorough. He sluiced the water down the yacht's pathways in ankle-deep streams and followed these up with his mop so vigorously that the other members of the crew were obliged to go about in oilers or bathing-suits while the process was in being, and breakfast was half over before he could find time to partake of it. After this, the Captain, not being able to find a dry spot to sit down on within working distance of the wheel, concluded that one of us older hands should make this duty his particular lookout on the cruise, thereby releasing the Goat from one of his offices.

The position of dish-washer he held longer; in fact, for three meals. At the end of that time, judging that he had found a favorable time to discharge certain broken-handled cups and chipped plates overboard during a temporary absence of the Captain forward, with many chucklings he popped them one after another up through the open cabin hatchway. But alas! at a time when the Captain's own bald pate was popping up in a similar manner from the fo'castle hatchway forward.

In so much as these articles of crockery belonged to the Captain he meekly protested against this devastation of his tableware, and another man assumed the duties of dish-washer, while the Landsman found the time lay heavy on his hands.

At his own request he was instructed in the mysteries of manifold ropes connected with the jib, and allowed to try his hand at these. On the night of the second day out, however, after a long day's run, when the yacht was lazily luffing up to her anchorage ground and one

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of the crew was out on the bowsprit, passing the first stop about the jib, being requested to "get in a trifle more on the down haul," the Landsman inadvertently manned the halyards instead and so heartily that the unfortunate A. B. took a sudden back somersault off the bowsprit and rose sputtering angrily alongside in dampened fury.

But from all his mistakes and their following rebuffs the Landsman rose serene and confident for further experience, so it was that the daily prayers of the others came to be for a stiff gale and a heavy sea, that the Landsman might be subdued by that never-failing cure, the mal-de-mer. Not that we cherished any hard feelings toward him,—his never-failing good temper made such a thing impossible. But it went against our grain that a man should eat lobsters and drink milk at the same meal, with impunity; should be given all the hard falls and land invariably on the soft spots, and escape all the hard work of the cruise, by reason of that very greenness for which we had planned he should pay so dearly.

But it seemed, too, as if Old Neptune himself had succumbed to the boy's overweening self-confidence, for day after day the sun set in propitious red and rose in auspicious gray—the two harbingers of fine weather. Every day soft Summer breezes came with the turn of the tide, and wafting Consolation from port to port, died away with the setting sun.

In this manner we had "done" the quiet waters of the Sound; had run in through the Gut, and touching at quaint old Greenport, had circumnavigated Shelter Island, crossing back to Fishers Island; had glanced at the compass and hit Block Island fairly amidship and then, at last, running into the snug shelter of the New Harbor

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had felt the forerunners of a strong Southeaster working up for the night.

Late that afternoon, driving to the cliffs, we watched in fascination the ever-swelling heights of the long serried lines of sea roll in beneath us, breaking over the wreck of the ill-fated Government boat, flooding and hiding her decks beneath each surge of dazzling white and curving green. For once, even the flippancy of the Landsman was gone before the impressiveness and grandeur of the scene; yet on the way back, when some one proposed, in jest, that we run back before this storm on the morrow, in his blissful ignorance he remarked that he thought it would be "good fun."

This put the finishing touch to his audacity. Then and there each one of us swore that it was time and past when the youngster should learn his lesson of the sea, and that if by hook or crook the Captain could be prevailed upon to take Consolation out of the harbor next morning it should be done.

In the light of past events the mind of man seems pitiful in its inability to look into the future. Next morning when, against the advice of the old sea-captain, we got up and fished the anchor, gave the sloop reefed jib and doubled-reefed mainsail, and shot out through the canal-like entrance to New Harbor, we little knew that we were running out into the worst blow that had been seen along the coast for ten years. In the well-protected harbor the small chop-seas had scarcely given the yacht motion; outside, as she flew from under the lee of the island, the seas lengthened and heightened until they had all the weight of two thousand miles of ocean behind them. Then for a time we forgot the original

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motive of the run—the very existence of the Landsman, indeed,—for a driving mist had come on, the island loomed shadowy behind us, and ahead the low sky met the sea without sign of land or boat between.

The wind was near enough fair to render jibing a possibility, and the old Captain sat on his wheel-box and watched the great mainsail with anxious eyes as the sloop, surging along with the seas, fell off a point or more now and then.

Each one of us had found himself a place where he sat with his feet braced or clung desperately to some part of the boat's standing rigging, for there was no such thing as having sea-legs for this wild tossing, and then some one observed that the Goat was not on deck. We shouted to him and received a responsive groan issuing up from the cabin hatchway.

"Better lie down, old man," shouted A. B. wickedly, as he caught sight of him, bent before one of the lockers.

"Have a lemon?" inquired Jack solicitously.

One of the others, catching the Landsman's eye, puffed his cheeks hurriedly, put his hand to his mouth and made as if to run to the rail.

It was all decidedly unfair; down there in the dimly-lighted cabin the Landsman's face looked white and his movements seemed uncertain.

What was our surprise, then, to see him presently emerge with a huge piece of berry pie in one hand. A roll of the yacht sent him flying in Jack's direction, whom he affectionately embraced somewhat to the damage of the pie.

Now if there is one thing more offensive than another to Jack's epicurean senses it is berry pie. Thrusting the Landsman to the thwart beside him, he glowered in

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silence for a moment at him, then "D—— you!" he groaned in sudden anguish, and he turned and leaned far out over the cockpit coaming. For a long minute he hung there and then he arose and crawled below without a word.

"Better have some of this pie," the Landsman shouted after him blithely; "it's fine, I assure you."

"Somehow or other," he remarked, turning to us, "this salt air gives me a ravenous appetite," and he bolted the last crust.

"I believe I'll go below and take a nap," ventured A. B. weakly. "I didn't get much sleep last night, you fellows made so much noise."

"You will find some more of that pie in the forward port locker," the Goat shouted after him, smiling sardonically.

Soon from below came the sound of compound groanings and retchings and another member of the crew in sympathetic mal-de-mer made his way disconsolate below, followed by the cheerful suggestions of the Landsman.

All this time Consolation was going through the water in great surges, the huge waves towering over her counter until it seemed at times as if we must bring her to in order to save the tender, which we had pulled aboard, from being smashed into kindling wood. But always she slipped from under the threatening tons of water or tossed her buoyant stern skyward from them and boiled along in the turmoil of waters with drench-spray driving over us, such was the force of the following gale.

The mast creaked and groaned and the backstay felt like a rod of iron to the touch, but the danger of

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reefing was too great to attempt, so we topped the boom and dropped the peak, and with the sail thus reduced the yacht handled some easier.

In this manner we drove along until a sea greater than any we had yet seen, canted our stern until it seemed as though the yacht were trying to stand on her bowsprit end; then as it swept under her keel she was borne aloft, righting herself as she went. For a moment she was blown along on its crest; the next it seemed as though the bottom had dropped out of everything, and then with a tremendous "smash" her bow struck the water again, and as it did the topping-lift parted—the sudden jerk had been too much for it. Three of us sprang for the peak halyards.

The next sea tripped the boom and I thought for the moment it was all over with us, but a timely roll of the little vessel saved us, and before another sea could touch it we had the sail peaked high and the yacht nearly drove her bows under in the burst of speed which followed this.

"That toppin'-lift's got to be rove again," the Captain shouted as we made our way aft; "she can't stand this sail an' she needs some. Who'll go aloft?"

Now in calm weather it is a nerve-testing piece of work for a green hand to climb to Consolation's cross-trees, for she has no ratlines;—in a blow like this it took the courage of an experienced sailor. There were five of us on deck, including the Landsman. Be it to our shame not a man spoke up. Finally the Landsman arose from the thwart.

"I'll go, Captain," he said shortly.

The Captain looked from him to us in withering scorn.

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"Well, I'll be d——d!" he said.

Personally, I never was good at heights, but I would willingly have climbed to the moon to escape that expression in the old fellow's face.

"I'll go up myself," I said.

"No," said the old sailor, grimly; "he's the best one of ye at that."

The Landsman had never been aloft, as I knew. With all apologies for the simile, it was an instance of "Fools rushing in," etc.; but this particular fool had a knack of staying after he had "rushed in," which was to stand him in good stead now.

We passed the end of a new halyard around his waist and fastened it securely, then carefully making his way forward along the pathway he started up the mast, stepping from hoop to hoop and clinging to the halyards. The yacht was pitching frightfully now and going through every other motion known to her. A few feet up, the Landsman had a foretaste of what was to come; a roll of the vessel shook his feet from the hoops and he swung far out over the deck clinging desperately to the halyards, but on the return roll he found his feet again and nervily continued up the mast. Time and time again this happened, until it seemed to us below that his strength must surely fail him even if he kept his nerve. But his fighting blood was up. Foot by foot he fought his way up the mast-hoops until at last wearily he threw a leg over the gaff and rested with arms clasped about the mast until some of his strength returned.

It made one dizzy merely to see him up there sweeping through great arcs of the sky. Any moment the mast might go by the board and carry him with it in a tangle of wreckage, and there he sat, calmly looking

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about the horizon from his lofty perch with apparent unconcern. At last he turned to the topping-lift block, passed the line through it and again made it fast about his waist, and firmly grasping the weather shrouds swung himself onto these and slid down to deck.

An hour later Consolation was foaming into New London Harbor. Again all hands were gathered in the cockpit, all silently thankful for the safe harbor that lay before us.

"I say, old man," spoke up some one, addressing the Landsman with a sickly smile, "which do you prefer, a champagne supper or a box of your favorite brand? It looks to me as though this was on us."

And we all agreed with him.



A Cruise on Buzzards Bay

By I. P. L.

AS THE editor is always kicking about the subscribers not helping him out, I, a woman, will try to lend a helping hand, and in my feeble way describe to you readers the delightful cruise taken by myself, the owner's wife, on board a forty-foot steam launch. My husband had invited a very intimate friend and wife to join us on Saturday at 4 p. m., with all their apparel that was necessary on such a short trip, which consisted of a few articles thrown into a suit-case and a banjo.

We were anxiously waiting when, five minutes overdue, down came our friends all equipped for a tearing good time. We left the wharf at Mattapoisett just quarter past two on a charming day in August, steamed around to Sippican, arriving there at 3:30 p. m. After anchoring, made everything fast for a stay in Marion.

We comfortably remained on deck a few hours, viewing the beautiful shore of that old historic town. The gentlemen enjoyed their cigars and a delightful rest, while we ladies planned a trip ashore and supper at the Sippican House. We decided to go below and fix

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our hair so as to look presentable to the natives, thinking our husbands would take the hint and array themselves likewise; which they did. At seven we rowed ashore and were very pleasantly received, the proprietor of the Sippican giving us one of the best tables in the dining room. Jack's wife was a little squirmish in the interior, as there was an old swell on coming around Angelica Point, and not being the old salt the owner's wife was, felt the effects of it just at an inopportune time. But she did very nicely and what she could not do the owner's wife did, as the salt air had given her a ravenous appetite. We enjoyed a very pleasant evening on shore. There being a hop at the Casino, we were invited to join with the guests; although not being dressed expressly for it, we nevertheless had a delightful time and met very many charming people. At a late hour we returned on board Verna, ready to tumble in and have a good night's rest; for where can you sleep more comfortable than on board ship, with just rolling enough to sooth you to sleep, and with the lapping of the waves against the sides?

August 17th. The first thing that awoke us this morning was our friend Jack, who very politely invited us "to arise and prepare breakfast, for he and the owner were on the verge of starvation, as they had been sitting out on deck an hour (which meant fifteen minutes) getting up an appetite." We ladies thought there was no need for them to try to increase their appetite, as they were both doing very nicely as it was. Well, you might as well try to sleep in bedlam as to try with two hungry men around.

Jack's dear little wife peeped out from beneath her blanket and very sweetly said, "Good morning, have you

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used Pears' soap?" She was remarkable for her wit, especially on just awakening.

We hustled around and soon had a delicious breakfast ready, consisting of steak, fried potatoes and hot coffee. While we were clearing away the débris, the gentlemen went ashore for a few more provisions and also to engage a carriage for a drive around the town in the afternoon. After returning on board there was nothing to do but plan for lunch. We wanted an early start for land, as we were intending to steam out of the harbor that night for our next stopping-place, which was to be Wareham Narrows.

At half-past one we started on our drive around this delightful Summer resort. We passed the Clark cottage, where one of our noted writers spends his Summers—Richard Harding Davis; also saw the little chapel where he and Miss Cecil Clark were united in marriage. Marion has a few very pretty public buildings which were given her by the late Mrs. Tabor, an old resident of the town. Drove by the Hadley house at the upper landing, where ex-President Cleveland and Mrs. Cleveland held their reception while at Marion in 1885. And to end the day satisfactorily we asked where we would be able to find souvenirs, but was told a little story by a very interesting party, of an old gentleman who said "He told his darter as she came through Marion to jest stop off and get a feather for a souvina,"—that being the latest hit in the place, as the last exciting thing that happened in Marion was a tar-and-feathering,—which was now being tried in court.

Well, we didn't get our feather, but stopped at the post-office and of course invited our husbands to short on soda and candy, which they did. They said "it was

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nothing more than they expected, knowing a woman's nature."

Getting back to Verna, just had time to make our run to Wareham before supper. We started out from this picturesque harbor into the bay, being blessed so far with good weather. It was very choppy rounding Bird Island Light, until we got abreast of Great Hill, then we were in comparatively smooth water. We were studying the chart all the way up the river, which is called Wawkinko, and its course is as crooked as its name, but extremely pretty along the shores. A more delightful sail we have never enjoyed.

The sun was just setting as we threw out the anchor, and for the first time viewed the shores of Wareham. Going below we prepared supper. It truly seemed to us poor women meal time was about all the time. After we had satisfied the inner man, we brought up our pillows and prepared ourselves for a pleasant evening. Jack's wife played and sang all the latest music of the day, from coon songs to gospel hymns, and we joined with her, making some very charming music; but to our surprise we were encored from on shore however bad it was. At last the dampness snapped so many strings on the banjo and also on my voice, we gave it up and concluded to go ashore for a little exercise. We started from where we landed up the main street in utter darkness, until we walked about a quarter of a mile, it seemed. There we fell in with a number of people standing in a group at a corner of a street. First one would step out and glance up, then come back crest-fallen; then another would go through the same thing. This was too much for us. The owner stepped up to one man and asked him, "What the excitement was; if anything had hap-

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pened." He turned and looked us over as if he thought we were the spirits of some of the departed returned to view the new improvements of the town, for he told us: "They were only waiting for the electric. There was going to be a big time down to Onset and they had all been waiting for a car about an hour; guessed the power had given out, it happened that way quite often around here." We left them and I venture to say a few of them decided not to go to the big time at Onset, as a car didn't make an appearance for another half hour.

Every shop was closed excepting a restaurant and drug store. The restaurant being a neat little place, we had a college-ice all around, after which the gentlemen had a talk with the proprietor, asking where we should find the post-office and the best hotel in town, for the next day, as we had mail matter to go out in the morning to the friends we had left behind.

We started back rather nervous about finding the right place to get down to our tender. The crowd had dispersed (excepting a couple of men) from the spot we passed as we went up the street. We followed along behind the brave leaders, as they tried to find the right turn for the wharf, but, after stumbling over a few logs and several tons of coal (which at the time of my story seem as precious as so much gold), we heard at last a welcome shout from the dear boys (which must have disturbed the slumber of the natives) as they stepped their feet upon the stone steps at the wharf. We were glad to be again on board and all agreed that daylight was the best time to explore a strange country town.

Being rather late we thought best to turn in. But I have forgotten one thing—the mosquitoes. Of all the music we had, the "Mosquito Parade" was the most beau-

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tiful thing, and the torture of it was its being played by the composers themselves. Talk about the Jersey mosquitoes, they are not in it with the Massachusetts breed. However, we spent a very comfortable night, but on arising (as early as usual) we found it very cloudy and damp, preparing for a storm very soon. As we were in good quarters, Wareham being a very good harbor for boats, we were very well contented to stay where we were for a few days, if necessary.

After a luxurious breakfast, and doing a little writing, we all started for shore again to mail our letters. I will say Wareham cannot brag of its handsome buildings. It has not one public building that is attractive for its architecture. One feels sorry for the little town, as it has not had the help of a generous individual, as the adjoining town of Marion has. We remained here in town until Friday, August 23d. As it was a decided storm, we enjoyed ourselves immensely playing cards, reading, and principally eating. Took one meal at the Kendrick House, which is beyond mention, excepting this: "First one, first served," and the good people have pity on the last one, as we happened to be on that list.

Thursday evening we had callers, whom we enjoyed very much, as they were residents of the town and told us a great many interesting things about the place as it used to be when the old iron works were in running order; also at one time it was no uncommon sight to see twenty vessels lying at the wharf where now very rarely you will see three. Business at that time was very flourishing, but now very dull, although a delightful place for Summer residents.

August 23d. We left the sleepy little village behind, and started on our way to Onset, the once noted land

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of "Spirituality." We passed many handsome Summer residences along the shores, also the Summer home of our ex-President, which we could see at a distance. We found Onset Bay the most beautiful spot along the coast. Having my kodak with me, I got some very charming views while there. We anchored among a fleet of yachts, finding after a time that we were acquainted with the occupants of one. Of course we enjoyed returning calls and taking trips together ashore.

I must tell of one evening in particular we all spent ashore. As our friends had become very well acquainted with the lay of the land, the ladies, myself included, proposed attending a *séance* which we found was being carried on every evening in a little hall down a dark and sandy street. The gentlemen following on, not caring where they went if it only pleased the ladies (they were extremely kind that evening). We all paid a quarter and placed an article on the table, which the Madame read in rotation, while she claimed to be "under control." Of all the funny things she told us, some striking very near while more were way off. We remained in that little building two hours and a half, the gentlemen, poor creatures, suffering from the heat without a murmur until they got us out of hearing of the spirits; then we decided not to ask them to attend another *séance* while in Onset.

Bidding good-night to our friends, and as they were to start out in the morning we promised to be on deck and bid them "Bon voyage," we boarded Verna and did not spend as comfortable a night as we did in the other two ports, for the rabble on shore kept up a continual noise until a very late hour.

We kept our promise, arising at an early hour, and

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watched our friends as they circled around us and then steamed out of the bay. We went below and prepared another meal. Being Sunday we remained on board all day, hearing the band concert much more comfortably than if we were on shore pushing through the crowd that thronged the street, as Sunday is their big day, bringing people from far and near, being accommodated now by electrics and also the steamer making two trips to New Bedford. Viewing the crowd through the glasses, we came to the conclusion before the day was over, that the spot they term the "Bluff" ought by right to be named "Lovers' Bluff," for many of the couples had no regard for people's feelings, but seemed to be living in a little world of their own.

We made our plans that evening to start out the next morning for a run down the bay and fish a while, then run back into Monument and take supper at the Norcross, and continue our trip the next day, deciding to return to our starting point by Wednesday. We had received word while lying in Onset that some friends from the West were expected to arrive at our place August 30th, and as we had explored the shores of Buzzards Bay satisfactorily, we were very ready to return.

August 26th. Started out fishing at 9:30 a. m., going from Onset down to Bird Island then taking the range from Cleveland's ledge, having any amount of good luck and sport. Returned to Monument in time for dinner, which we rowed ashore for. Finding it very quiet on shore, we went back directly to Verna, remaining there the rest of the day. Retired early as we wanted to start out in good season in the morning.

August 27th. A bright, lovely day. Left for New Bedford in the morning. The sail across the bay was

A CRUISE ON BUZZARDS BAY

delightful. We passed two inbound vessels, which made a very pretty sight with sails all set. I was fortunate in getting a beautiful picture of them. The scenery going up the harbor is charming, passing Ft. Rodman on your left and on your right Ft. Phoenix. We found a great many handsome yachts lying at anchor, also a quantity of catboats, a great many of both belonging to the Club. We remained on board and enjoyed every moment of our last evening together, as our pleasant trip was to be completed the next day, although we should live it all over again many times when we went back to our Winter homes.

August 28th. We are now starting on our homeward course, ending the delightful cruise of about ten days on the beautiful waters of Buzzards Bay with our party of four very congenial people. As we come into Mattapoisett Harbor we can make out, through the aid of the glasses, a party of friends awaiting our return and giving us a cheerful welcome home. And thus ended this delightful cruise.



Poor Old Joe

(Halyards)

OLD JOE is dead, and gone to hell,
O we say so, and we hope so;
Old Joe is dead, and gone to hell,
O poor old Joe.

The ship did sail, the winds did roar,
O we say so, and we hope so;
The ship did sail, the winds did roar,
O poor old Joe.

He's as dead as a nail in the lamp-room door,
O we say so, and we hope so;
He's as dead as a nail in the lamp-room door,
O poor old Joe.

He won't come hazing us no more,
O we say so, and we hope so;
He won't come hazing us no more,
O poor old Joe.

Amateur Cruising

By J. Saunders Taylor

THE CRUISER has frequently published interesting accounts of amateur cruising, but none, I think, which show more enthusiasm, love of the water, self-reliance and nautical knowledge than that exhibited by the crew of the auxiliary schooner yacht Virginia, owned by Frank W. McCullough, of Norfolk, Va. This crew is strictly amateur, and is composed of five young society men of Norfolk, who now regard themselves as genuine "salts," and expert navigators and sailors, and for whom the winds and waves of the broad Atlantic have no terrors, and inland waters are very simple sailing.

Living in a seaport town, they early acquired a wide experience in small boat sailing on the Elizabeth River and Hampton Roads, but this soon became tame and monotonous, and this ambitious crew looked eagerly at Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, and thence out of the Virginia Capes upon the broad Atlantic, with its unbroken horizon. This enthusiasm and ambition soon led to the purchase of the forty-foot sloop West Wind in 1900, and then followed many cruises on Chesapeake Bay, James, York, Rappahannock and other rivers. This

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"gentleman" crew did everything except the cooking, from the weighing of the anchor to navigating the ship. These cruises were eminently successful, and rapidly acquiring experience, and venturing wherever the charts showed sufficient water, narrow and crooked rivers and channels were soon navigated as easily as the open bay. There never was a more self-reliant crew, nor one with a better opinion of their ability to go anywhere.

The Virginia Capes now became irresistible, and in August, 1900, West Wind was heading out the Capes, bound for Newport, R. I., via New York and Long Island Sound. Not one of the five men in the crew had ever been up the coast in a sailing vessel, nor through Long Island Sound, but they were thoroughly familiar with charts and their use, were good sailors and understood navigation. Above all, they had an abundance of nerve, and an exalted opinion of their ability, so nothing daunted, they sailed out of the Capes, and made a most successful trip to New York, and thence through the Sound to Newport. The return trip was made through the Raritan and Chesapeake and Delaware Canals, which, though very pretty, was monotonous and tiresome. Numerous other cruises were made during this and the following season, including a trip up the coast to Atlantic City, N. J., but I only mention all these in passing to show the training of this amateur crew, for the purpose of this story is to tell of the auxiliary schooner Virginia, and her cruise one Summer to the yacht races and Newport.

It had been decided that the sloop was a poor boat for outside cruising, so West Wind was sold. After a long and tedious hunt through many copies of *The Rudder* and examining and looking over numerous designs,

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the boat desired was found. It's a hard man to please who cannot find something to suit him in *The Rudder*, so through this channel plans were secured for a 65-foot auxiliary schooner, which was built in Norfolk, Va., under the personal supervision of her owner, and launched in September, 1902. She was especially designed and built for deep-water cruising, is of powerful construction, heavily rigged, and carries small working sails, with large light air sails. She draws eight feet of water, and it would be hard to build or design a more able and comfortable deep-water cruiser for her size. Luxuriously fitted up, she has good accommodations for eight, with room for cook and cabin-boy in galley. A 25-h.p. Buffalo gasoline engine furnished the auxiliary power, and by ingenious piping, hot salt water for baths and kitchen use. Under power alone she will make about six miles. She is manned by the same amateur crew that sailed *West Wind*, of which her owner is a member. Navigator's, sailor's, skipper's, deckhand's, engineer's and all other work except the cook's is done by amateurs, and the proof of their efficiency lies in the results achieved. After several trial trips for testing and tuning up, and some short cruises, including a trip up the Potomac River to Washington, plans were made and everything put in shape for a trip to Newport and the yacht races off Sandy Hook. The date booked to sail was Saturday, August 8, 1903, at 3 p. m. At the last minute several of the crew were prevented from going, and the day of sailing found only three of the crew signed up.

I will now introduce them to you as they come aboard. This is Mack, the owner, skipper and assistant

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engineer, who is worried because a deckhand he signed up at the last minute to make up the crew has not put in his appearance. With him is his wife, who is to have the distinction of being the only woman to make the trip. This next one is Pat, whose experience, though limited, has made him a good sailor and a very handy man aboard ship. He is not Irish, in spite of his name. It only remains to introduce myself, the third and last member of the crew. I am known as Jay, and fill the positions of navigator, first mate and engineer, alternating with Mack in sailing and navigating the ship and running the engine when under power. You see our crew is versatile, though small. The cook and cabin-boy, both colored, make up the ship's company, and after waiting until 10 p. m. for the absent deckhand, we decided to leave without him, and have him join us in New York. At 10:45 p. m. on Saturday, August 8, 1903, we sailed out of Norfolk harbor, with a short crew of three amateurs. The watches were divided between Skipper Mack with the cook as mate, and "yours truly" with Pat as mate, and four-hour reliefs. With a fair Southerly wind, we made a good run to the Virginia Capes, and passed out at 2:30 a. m. Sunday. At 6:15 a. m. Cape Charles Lightship was close abeam, and with light wind astern, we made a very remarkable run for sixty-five miles, "wing-and-wing" to Winter Quarter Lightship, which was close by at sunset, when the wind, almost gone, shifted and came out of the North'ard. Sunday night we made slow progress, but being in no hurry, and short in crew, we took advantage of the light wind to rest up. Monday morning we lay becalmed off Ocean City, Md., but the weather was cool, and we enjoyed the rest and quiet, and did not start the engine.

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Monday afternoon we had a light breeze, and again started up the coast, making about five knots. During the night we passed the Delaware Capes, and at 10:30 a. m. Tuesday we were off the bell buoy at Atlantic City, meeting numerous small craft coming out and going in the inlet. The wind was very light, and in order to catch a small boat and send a telegram home, we started up the engine, but one of the valve rods broke, and put the engine out of commission temporarily. Barnegat Light was passed Tuesday night, and Wednesday morning we ran into a fierce squall, the first bad weather since leaving Norfolk. We were at this time in company with two four-masted schooners, and they immediately stripped sail and anchored. The engine being disabled, we could not strip sail and run under power, so decided to run it out under foresail, the wind being offshore and slightly favorable. It rained so hard sou'westers were no protection, and we were drenched, but it lasted only a short time, and at noon we were off Seagirt, and slowly making for the Highlands. After a quiet run we passed in Sandy Hook at 5 p. m., with a head wind, and through the Narrows at 8:45 p. m., and sailing up East River, anchored off Twenty-fourth Street at 11 p. m.

We spent Thursday in New York, where we were joined by Jim, the colored deckhand we had left in Norfolk, who now relieved the cook as mate to Skipper Mack. Here we were also joined by two sisters of the Skipper's wife, increasing our party to six. The disabled cylinder was cut out of action, and from this time on the engine was run on three cylinders, and did noble service.

Friday at 11 a. m., with head wind but flood-tide, we

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started under power only, and ran up East River, on through Hell Gate and the narrow winding passage out to the Sound. When off College Point at 12:15 p. m. we had a favorable slant of wind, and put sail on to help along. We passed Execution Rocks at 1:48 p. m., which is the beginning of the Sound, and set our course for Stratford Shoal Light. In good weather Long Island Sound is easy navigating, sometimes as many as six lights being visible at one time. There was not a breath of wind, so we ran all the morning under power, taking things very quietly. We passed Stratford Shoal Light at 7:25 p. m., having shut down the engine when a light breeze sprung up in the afternoon. Heading for Cornfield Lightship we had a quiet run all Friday night, arriving at the Lightship early Saturday morning. As the tide was against us, we decided not to go through the Race, but inside, through Fishers Island Sound, and passing Bartletts Reef Lightship at 7:20 a. m., and Ram Island Reef Light-vessel at 8:55 a. m., we came out at Watch Hill at 10:15 a. m., with the wind still very light. The run through Block Island Sound and up Narragansett Bay was uneventful, and we arrived at Newport at 4:30 p. m., and secured an anchorage just off the New York Y. C. landing.

As we were due at Sandy Hook for the yacht races on Thursday, we could only remain at Newport two days, so Monday at 5:50 p. m. we weighed anchor and started for New York. We passed Brentons Reef Lightship at 7:10 p. m. with hardly any wind, and a dead beat to windward. All Monday night we were in sight of Point Judith Light, and made little headway. About midnight we passed Uncle Sam's squadron coming from Oyster Bay, after being reviewed by the Presi-

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dent, and it was quite an imposing sight. We passed through the Race this time, and gradually made our way down the Sound, passing Bartletts Reef Lightship at 3:25 p. m. and Cornfield Point Lightship at 5:15 p. m. Tuesday night we had a fine breeze, but were thrashing to windward all night, and most of Wednesday, with decks almost awash. Beating through the narrow entrance to the Sound was slow work, but at 6 p. m. Wednesday we arrived off the anchorage at Twenty-fourth Street, East River. We decided not to stop, but continue down to the Hook, so we would be ready for the race the next morning. Just at this juncture one of the peak halyard blocks gave way, and the sail came down. It was nearly dark, and we were in the busiest part of the East River, but after half-an-hour's hard work we succeeded in replacing the block with a new one, and continued on down to the Hook, where we anchored at 11:30 p. m., close by Reliance and the Shamrocks, and ready to be out early in the morning for the first race.

THE YACHT RACES.

Any one present at the yacht races will remember the schooner Virginia as being very conspicuous, and the only sailing vessel inside the line of steam-craft. We had come a long way to see these races, and were determined to see them. I think we succeeded as well as any one present. Using both sails and power, we kept as close to the yachts as the revenue cutters would allow, and at the finish were always close to Navigator, the committee boat. Just before one of the races we were so close to Shamrock as to talk with the crew, and wish them luck. At the finish of the best race,—the triangular race of Tuesday—we were inside of all the

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steam-craft, close by the stakeboat, with an unobstructed view of the racers as they crossed the line. After each race we would return to Sandy Hook, and anchor off the Atlantic Highlands, spending the off days in New York and surrounding places. We would get underway about nine o'clock in the morning, so as to be out at the Lightship in time to get a good position for the start. From the numerous comments overheard, and the number of snapshots taken of us, we must have become pretty well known as a craft during the races, and our unmitigated nerve and gall in striving with such yachts as Corsair, Narada, Kanawah and Niagara for position, mixing up with them and pushing to the front, no doubt caused comment and wonder at the audacity of our skipper and crew; but we were amateurs, with a good deal of experience, and knew what we were doing, and had not a single unpleasant experience or mishap, which cannot be said of some of the professional skippers and crews. We had come a long way to see the races, and we saw them. No doubt many readers of *THE CRUISER* saw us, and will be interested in hearing of our crew and craft.

Having witnessed the first three races, and seeing Shamrock had no chance of a single race, we decided to start down the coast immediately after the race on Tuesday, so after making our way through the large excursion fleet, we passed Scotland Lightship at 3:45 p. m., and heading South, were soon leaving the Highlands behind. Every person in the fleet will remember the terrific storm which broke upon them as they raced up New York Lower Bay after Tuesday's race, and it was right in the face of this storm that we started down the coast. We knew we were in for it, but it was easier

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to go with it than return against it, and our craft was staunch and able, and we were rather glad of the prospect of being driven down the coast at a good clip. We were far enough in advance of the storm center to miss its full force, and must have kept about on its outer edge, for after a good stiff blow it settled into a good, stiff breeze from the Northeast, cloudy and threatening, but growing no worse. We had a fine run, and Wednesday at 1 p. m. were off the bell buoy at Atlantic City, where we lay to for several hours, to see if it would break away and quiet down. At 3 p. m., with no prospect of a change, and high seas running, we gave up the idea of going in and started down the coast.

The wind had dropped somewhat, but weather was still threatening, and wind from Eastward, making a fair and easy run. During the night we crossed the Delaware Capes, and at sunrise were in the vicinity of Winter Quarter Lightship. The wind was lightening all the time, but we had a fair run all Thursday morning, and passed in the Virginia Capes at 2 p. m. We were once more in home waters, and in the late afternoon ran into Norfolk and anchored off the boat club. We had made the run from Sandy Hook to Hampton Roads in just two days, after a most enjoyable and successful cruise of nearly four weeks. In view of the fact that the boat was handled from start to finish by an amateur crew of gentlemen, I thought it might be of interest to readers of *THE CRUISER*, especially as many of them no doubt saw us during the races, and, like us, are enthusiastic cranks on the subject of boats and cruising. Our next cruise is booked to the Bahamas, and I hope to give you an interesting account of it.

Tommy's Gone to Hilo

(Halyards)

TOMMY's gone, what shall I do?
Tommy's gone to Hilo;
Tommy's gone, what shall I do?
Tommy's gone to Hilo.

Hilo town is in Peru,
Tommy's gone to Hilo;
Hilo town is in Peru,
Tommy's gone to Hilo.

He never kissed his girl good-bye,
Tommy's gone to Hilo;
He never kissed his girl good-bye,
Tommy's gone to Hilo.

He signed for three pound ten a month,
Tommy's gone to Hilo;
He signed for three pound ten a month,
Tommy's gone to Hilo.

A Sail from Portland to Tennant Harbor

JIM was the first one to wake up, as usual. You never saw such a man for waking up early on a boat (he never gets up on shore). His usual formula, on awakening, is to reach for a cigarette. On this particular morning he knocked a couple of plates off the centerboard-box in his endeavors, and Bill and I opened our tired eyes. We had to curse him for his carelessness, of course, whereupon he took occasion to reprimand us for taking the Lord's name in vain so early in the morning. By the time he had ended his discourse, we were thoroughly and savagely ready for business.

Peace was almost instantly restored, however, as Jim had awakened us in much the same way for a month and a half now, and we were getting used to it. When he had joined us at Newport, his knowledge of a boat consisted in one remark, something about "swarming on deck." During the sail down to New York, he picked up the rudiments of sailing rapidly, and by the time we had retraced our steps and reached Boston, he was quite proficient with the tiller, and knew where most of the ropes were.

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The calm that followed the storm on our rising was broken by Jim, who cast away his cigarette, ran his hand through his mop of black hair, and slid over on the edge of his bunk.

"How's the wind this morning?"

"Southerly, I think," I replied, taking a peep at the compass on the floor, where it had been placed the night before to protect it from the fate of the two plates.

"Clear?" This from Bill. (Bill is scared to death of fog.)

"Clear as a bell," said I, pushing back the companionway slide, and inhaling a chestful of the morning air.

Have you ever gone to bed in a fog, and the next morning, found the sun shining, and a fair, Southerly wind stirring the ripples of the harbor? Then you know the feelings we shared when we started to dress.

"Where in blazes are my pants?" came from Jim. He had been hunting all over his bunk, and messing things up in great style.

"You've got them on," said Bill; and Jim did not speak for five minutes.

While I was preparing breakfast, Bill was folding up the blankets and straightening out the cabin generally. My bunk was on the starboard side, next to the clothes locker, while my friends slept on the large bunk on the port side, next to the galley. I used to sit on Jim's bunk when cooking, but this was prohibited when Jim found a sausage folded up in his blanket.

While I was cooking and Bill was housecleaning, Jim was busy on deck. We could hear his footsteps overhead, as he walked forward to take down the riding-light. He occasionally fell off the short bowsprit in



DOWN THE COAST WITH A FAIR WIND.

A Sail from Portland to Tennant Harbor.



IN THE SQUALL.

A Sail from Portland to Tennant Harbor.

FROM PORTLAND TO TENNANT HARBOR

doing this, but no catastrophe occurred this morning, and after he had taken off the forward hatch, letting in a square of brilliant sunlight on the galley floor, he took off the sail cover, and started washing decks. This energy was unusual, so Bill and I stopped our work to watch him. Calista is a twenty-five-foot raceabout, so his undertaking was not very tremendous; but to see Jim wash decks was well worth the watching. A sizzle from the galley reminded me to attend to my own work, and in a few minutes breakfast was ready.

Oatmeal, coffee, and bacon and eggs were our "internal fittings," and we stowed them away with a relish. After breakfast, the cook smoked a cigarette and watched the crew, Bill and Jim, wash dishes and pans. I wish you could see Bill wash dishes! Naturally of a dainty and gentle disposition, he goes about it in a manner suggestive of manicuring, but the daintiness disappears soon enough when he tackles a greasy plate or a sticky frying-pan, and strong language takes its place.

Things went very pleasantly on this morning, however, except that Jim protested against my using two forks, and threw a dish towel at me because I smiled. Cigarettes and dishes were finished about the same time, and the sail was hoisted. During this process, I, the captain, stand below in the cockpit, and boss. The crew finally "got her peaked up enough," while I stowed the boom-crotch, and straightened out the main-sheet.

"Jib all ready to hoist."

"Yes."

"Get your anchor up, then," I yelled back; and for the next three minutes, the slimy, wet warp came ooz-

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ing over the side, to the accompaniment of the clicking windlass.

"We're up on it now; ready aft?" Jim yelled.

"All right, break her away," I answered, and soon, "She's clear," came back and I payed her off before the slight breeze. Up went the jib and we were started.

I had the first trick, and an interesting hour it was. The day was perfect, our wind was fair, and the glory of sun and water was irresistible. The harbor was showing signs of life, sails were being hoisted, decks holystoned, and everything looked bright and clean. Over toward Fort Scammel, a big yawl was slowly working out of the channel, and as we watched, she swung about and stood out toward Portland Head. We were in high spirits, and sang and yelled like idiots. Soon we were past the long breakwater with its light-house, and stood across the harbor, to the Whitehead Passage, between Cushing and Peakes Islands. A chart was spread out on the cockpit floor and Jim and Bill knelt down and picked out our course.

"We've got to keep outside the red buoy off the entrance," said Jim. "Leave the next one to starboard, and go out between the spindles."

"What's the course after that?" I asked.

"Half a point South of East, until we pass the whistle off Halfway Rock, then East one-half North to Seguin Island; a good twenty miles."

We were in the channel now, with the smell of the pines in our nostrils and the open sea, all hazy and shimmering in the morning sun, opening out between the high rocky cliffs.

"By golly, there's a peach of a swell out there! Look at it break over that spindle!"

FROM PORTLAND TO TENNANT HARBOR

We were in it, soon enough, and were rolling and dipping in a most uneasy manner. Long green swells would rise up with the breeze ripples running along them, and up we would go, while the gaff-jaws would groan and the sail give itself a slap. They would slip away underneath us, only to be replaced by others, gliding along toward the shore, where we could see a long line of dazzling white, as they fumed and bit at the relentless rocks.

The time passed, the sun rose higher and higher, and at about ten o'clock, a little more breeze came up. The boat leaned farther over, and the tender began to realize that it was coming with us "willy-nilly." As we rose on the long swells, we could see the purple blur of the islands inshore of us, and gradually Seguin Island detached itself from the haze on the horizon, and we could make out the little white spot in its green setting of pines, that marked the lighthouse. It was noon before we were abreast of it, and how grand and imposing it looked! We skirted it as close as we dared and studied the coast-line with our field glasses.

"I'd hate to be wrecked off that bunch of rocks," murmured Jim, and we all agreed with him.

Soon a sloop bound for Portland passed us, rising and falling in the heavy swell. Her sharp bow was splitting the sea into two waves of dazzling whiteness at the cutwater, and occasionally she would rise up until we could see half her bronze underbody. She was spick and span, and beautiful,—like a lovely woman when she knows she is lovely. The next craft we passed was a lumber schooner, methodically pushing along on the same course as the sloop, but oh! so differently. She was old, and worn, but strong and sturdy and businesslike.

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There was no coquettishness in her dipping and rising,—she was earning her daily bread and the age of foolishness had long since past for her. She seemed to say, “I may not be good-looking, but I am strong and sturdy, and when it blows, just watch me!”

It was blowing harder now,—we were off Damiscove Island,—and after a while we took in a couple of reefs. Even at that, a little rim of water was running along our lee-rail and the tiller was bending under the strain. We were just off Pemaquid Ledge and Jim was at the helm. I was down below, when I suddenly slid off my bunk, and mixed up with every other movable article on my side of the boat.

“Let her up, for heaven’s sake!” I yelled. “Watch out for those puffs, you idiot,—we came d—— near going over that time.”

“Near nothing,” said Jim; and we nearly capsized again.

“Get that jib off,” I howled, and rushed forward. “Leggo those halyards, Bill, and let her come up a bit, Jim.”

The jib was slacked away, and I hauled it down, and stowed it, hanging on for dear life all the time, and soaked by the spray.

I stayed on deck after that, but the wind soon dropped again and we hauled up the jib, and shook out our reefs. The afternoon was slowly going, and the chart was consulted as to a harbor. Tennant Harbor was the one finally chosen. We shaped our course for it, and were soon in the maze of islands and rocks off Port Clyde and Allens Island. The late afternoon breeze kept us rippling along, and the setting sun threw the rocky headlands, with pine-covered tops, into bold

FROM PORTLAND TO TENNANT HARBOR

relief against the gray horizon ahead of us. Astern was a dazzle of light, with the trees and rocks showing black against it. We were soon around Mosquito Island and could head for Tennant Harbor Light. The sun had disappeared behind the shore-line, only the tops of the pine trees shining with a golden-green light. The ominous roar of the surf had sunk to a gentle murmur,—the only sounds were the lap-lap of the water at the bow, and the sizzle of a Primus stove in the galley. A great calm had fallen over the world, in startling contrast to the rush and flurry of the squall in the afternoon. The light had faded from the tops of the pines, and the shore-line was permeated with a soft, mellow afterglow that made it most mysterious and fascinating. We held our breath, spellbound by the beauty and peacefulness of the scene, satiated with the spirit of friendliness and quiet that reigned over everything.

Jim finally broke the silence, with a sigh and the remark, "I wish dinner was ready; I could eat a rope."

The sun had already sunk behind the pines as we rounded the point, and entered our harbor. On one shore were some scattered farmhouses, with trees and meadows, and a heavy background of woods, while far down the harbor was the small village. A fishing sloop was just anchoring and we could see her sail, black against the brilliant sky, as she swung to her mooring. A church clock struck seven and the mellow sound drifted off the land, carrying with it the peace and quiet of the village life.

We anchored in the crystal water, close to the shore, and I prepared supper, while the others furled and fixed up. How good our supper tasted! We had soup, chops, potatoes, bread and jam, berries and coffee.

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"Gosh!" said Jim. "If I felt any better I couldn't stand it."

Cleaning up was soon finished and we went out on deck again. The moon had coyly risen during our stay below, and was now clothed in all her majesty, flooding everything with her silver light. The sea shone white and mysterious at the harbor's mouth, and the light-house winked at us with great regularity. On shore, the lights in the houses were shining in a nice homelike sort of way, and the little harbor itself was sprinkled with the yellow dots of the riding-light.

We talked, as fellows will, on every known subject, —on our hopes, our disappointments; told stories and smoked incessantly. So the evening passed and the moon rose higher and higher, the lights went out on shore and another day was ended.



Little Cruises of Onkahye

By Winfield M. Thompson

CRUISE III

IT was in brown October that Onkahye made her last cruise under the ownership of Sea Wolf. That worthy mariner, a prey to ambition's insistent voice, had yielded to his soul's desire for a larger boat, and the excellent little craft that had given him and his friends so many happy hours was to be sold. A cockpit as large as the parlor of a suburban villa, a cabin with sleeping accommodation for four, were the anticipatory delights that lured Sea Wolf from his old love. He had tried Onkahye in many ways, and had found her good. He had even changed engines, to give her a fair chance to show her quality; and though he loved her like a mistress, he found her small. He was large, and his hair was thin between his ears, so that bumps against cabin carlines carried a poignant sense of injury and pain. He would have full headroom, which was not possible in a Cape cat of $21\frac{1}{2}$ feet over all, or any other boat of that length. Another reason for giving the sack to the faithful Onkahye was her absence of galley accommodation. When Sea Wolf ordered her he made no provision for a galley, or even for stove space.

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"Short cruises; go ashore and eat; no use messing up the cabin," said he. That being his creed, his friend Captain Kidd was content to let him try it in practice. One cruise was enough to show Sea Wolf that something was lacking in Onkahye. On his second cruise he introduced on board, as one would smuggle contraband, a small force-draft oil-stove.

"Better'n nothing," he had said apologetically to Kidd, who stood for a real stove. "Better'n nothing; next boat I get I may try a Shipmate range, if you insist."

The oil-stove and the new engine, the latter conspicuous for the red paint with which it was adorned, pleased Sea Wolf so much that he decided on a little cruise in Autumn just to try both, and to provide a fitting farewell appearance for Onkahye. The trinity of earlier cruises could not be maintained on this, since the genial Pan and his pipe were required on shore; and Little Brother, playmate and mentor of Sea Wolf in many a jaunt of boyish grown-ups, was shipped in his place. Kidd was bidden to be on hand at a given hour on a certain date; the usual provisions were put aboard, and on the day and hour set all was ready, except the weather.

A strong Southeaster was kicking up whitecaps on New Bedford harbor, and a cold rain swept in sheets through the streets of the old whaling city, when Captain Kidd, bearing a grip and a bundle of oilers, climbed down from the Boston train, and looked about him for a friendly hail.

The tender of Onkahye, which was wont to await him off the station in the shallow pool of the upper harbor, was not there this time. Rain pelted across the troubled water, and the wind whistled around the corners of the station.



SEA WOLF PUMPS OUT THE ENGLISH TENDER.



AN OLD LANDING.

Little Cruises of Onkahye.



HADLEYS HARBOR, LOOKING EAST.



THE MANSION HOUSE.

Little Cruises of Onkake.



A VISTA THROUGH THE OAKS.

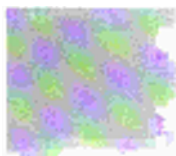


THE NORTH SHORE, HADLEYS HARBOR.

Little Cruises of Onkahye.



THE LANDING.



IN A SNUG BERTH.

Little Cruises of Onkahye.

LITTLE CRUISES OF ONKAHYE

Faithful Pan, though he could not sail on Onkahye, was on hand at the station to greet his friend. Together they rode in a seagoing cab through the wet to the house of a publican, and there sat in friendly converse until the lights shone in blurred radiance through the heavy evening air, and the workers in mills and shops trudged sloppily homeward with their Saturday evening's purchases.

Warm and cheerful was the back room of the inn, and there the twain caused to be spread before them good food—cold meats, hot vegetables, the fragrant and friendly onion, and the always excellent salad of sundry greens. Here also a bottle old and cobwebbed graced the board in its basket, and started a train of talk that banished all thought of rain, or gale or whitecapped seas.

It had been agreed that the final cruise of Onkahye should be, after a call at Quisset for memory's sake, to the locally celebrated haven of Hadleys Harbor, on the island of Naushon.

"It is a perfect punch-bowl," said Pan, with happy simile, holding his glass to the light, and turning it slowly by the stem, "its banks wooded, where the deer come down to walk in the water in the morning, the marshes alive with wild fowl, and the bushes with birds."

Kidd needed but half this glowing description of the yachtsman's ideal harbor to fire his imagination, for he knew well from tradition, written and spoken, the history of Naushon, "queen of the Elizabeth Isles." A barrier between the turbulent tides of Vineyard Sound and the shallow and often disturbed waters of Buzzards Bay, the island is an object of admiration to the lover of nature and of inspiration to the romancer. More than three centuries have passed since the first

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English voyager to behold it, Bartholomew Gosnold, entered its position in his log. On the neighboring island of Cuttyhunk stands a memorial to that excellent sailor, with the date 1602, the year in which he found the islands and named them for the Virgin Queen.

Gosnold left a charming account of his voyage to the Elizabeth Isles, and his stay there, written by John Brereton, one of his company. This narrative, published in London in the Autumn of 1602, is the first book in English on New England. Ingenuously dedicated to Sir Walter Raleigh, it does not state, what historians generally know, that the voyage of the worthy Gosnold was a poaching expedition on the preserves of Raleigh, who held an exclusive right to English trade in this part of the world. Only when Gosnold had discharged his cargo, which contained much sassafras, a valued article of commerce then used extensively in medicine, did Sir Walter learn, from a break in the price of the prized commodity, on which he had a monopoly, of the trip of Gosnold to and from America. As certain high personages were associated with Gosnold in the venture, the affair was smoothed over and Raleigh allowed the report to go out that he had authorized the voyage.

Brereton's narrative is good reading indeed, especially to him who would cruise to the Elizabeth Isles. The expedition sailed from Falmouth in March, 1602, and made the American coast above Cape Neddick, Maine, on May 14th. Sailing South they discovered and named Cape Cod, and rounding it, entered Vineyard Sound. Anchoring near the islands they named for Elizabeth, they landed on one, and built a house on an islet in the center of a small lake. Here they remained until well into the Summer, visiting all the islands. They found

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the earth rich in its gifts, the sea full of "great store" of fishes, big and little; the climate mild and of "great holsomnesse, so that the company found our health and strength all the while we remained there to renew and increase"; and the Indians "well conditioned, excelling all others that we have seene; so for shape of bodie and lovely favour, I thinke they excell all other people in America . . . Their women . . . much delighted with our companie; the men are very dutiful to them."

Many a voyager has come and gone past those islands since Gosnold, and many another has left his bones to bleach there among the brown seaweed and the flowing kelp of their rocky shores; for in storms of Winter Vineyard Sound is a rough place. The flood-tide here runs East, though it runs West along all the rest of America's coast, and this strangely perverse current has carried many a good ship to her end.

Besides Naushon and Cuttyhunk, there are in the Elizabeth group the islands of Pasque, Nashawena, Penikese, Wepecket, Uncatena, Nonamesset, and Monahan-set. The latter is very small, and like Uncatena has been connected with Naushon by dykes, thus losing its identity as an island.

Although Hadleys Harbor, and all Naushon, in fact, is private property, yachtsmen are welcome to come as often and stay as long as they like. The Forbes family, members of which own Naushon, have always been public-spirited patrons of sport, and particularly of yachting; and since the days of John Murray Forbes, who established the family estate on the island half a century ago, no attempt has ever been made to limit the privileges of the humblest cruiser who may choose to anchor in Hadleys Harbor, or land on the island.

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"The Forbeses have all been good sportsmen," said Captain Kidd, as the talk lingered on Naushon, "and here's a nightcap to them, and their island of Naushon!"

With that he boarded another maritime cab and journeyed in a downpour to the New Bedford Y. C. house by the bridge, where he sought sweet repose in the bed of the club's one sleeping room. Here, in the small hours, Sea Wolf and Little Brother came upon him. They announced a lull in the storm, and clearing weather, presaging a Northwest wind for the morn. Then they departed for Onkahye.

At 6:30 Sea Wolf aroused Kidd from his slumber. The wind was strong from the Northwest, the sun was coming cheerily through the pane, softening the crisp chill of the frosty morning, and off the clubhouse Onkahye was swinging in sprightly fashion at her long mooring-leader.

Breakfast was soon cooking on board, and after it all hands turned to for reefing. A double reef was put in, but as the wind seemed to be increasing a third followed. This brought the throat of the gaff down to within five feet of the boom, and left Onkahye about 200 square feet of cloth.

This was enough, and she filled away from her mooring with scuppers awash, and fled down New Bedford harbor before the green Nor'wester. She had all the sail good for her, and after the first mile it was necessary to top the boom well up, and ease the peak. A bag was thus thrown into the sail, and she went on very easily; whereas with peak hard up and boom untopped she would have steered badly. No boat needs more humoring in a strong breeze than a Cape Cod cat, and none responds more quickly to intelligent treatment.

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Thus Onkahye did bravely as she sped down the harbor of New Bedford and around Black Rock. Before her Buzzards Bay lay dark under a bright sky. The water was deep blue, almost black in the waves' hollows, having a color value observed only in the Northwester of Autumn. The whitecaps were making in legions on this dark surface, giving an aspect of disquieting activity to the scene. New Bedford lay distinctly outlined on the weather shore, and to leeward the horizon line was broken by the shaking white manes of hurrying sea-horses. The crew of Onkahye knew that fourteen miles across the bay, where lay the little harbor of Quisset, the tumbling seas must be breaking hard on the lee shore.

The course was laid E.S.E., and Onkahye, when clear of the land, buried her nose level to the stem head in each hard puff, and ran as for her life.

Although the sea grew rapidly rougher as the weather shore was left, the wind steadied, with fewer cat-squalls, and longer periods of strength in the gusts. Steering now settled down to almost mechanical movements to meet the boat as she plunged into the hollow of a wave, or to steady her as she felt the impulse of a rising gust.

The miles spun astern rapidly, until the West shore of the bay was low on the horizon, and the brown foreland in the neighborhood of Quisset rose steadily out of a tumble of broken water. First it was merely a saffron line to leeward, then the contour of the land was discernible, and lastly the houses on shore stood out clearly. As the land was approached, and the water grew shallower, running from eight fathoms up to five and then quickly to four, the sea became steeper, and Onkahye's tender, towing on a long warp, gave notice that things were not going well with her.

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Captain Kidd had his hands full with steering, believing by this time that each menacing wave, as it chased Onkahye, intended to come in over the stern-board. Sea Wolf watched the tender anxiously, though fortifying himself with strong words about her, and her honorable career.

"English style, that tender," said he. "Yes, sir, English style. Great tenders them. Can't tow 'em under."

Just then a greedy wave climbed over the tender's stern, and careening heavily, she filled. The combined strength of Sea Wolf and Little Brother brought her to the stern, and there, her nose tied up to the transom, she wallowed uneasily.

The shore was rising ahead all too rapidly for comfort, and it could be seen that the harbor mouth at Quisset was barred by a white wall of breakers.

"Better not try it," said Kidd.

"Hadleys Harbor for ours," said Sea Wolf.

Giving Onkahye as gentle a jibe as he could, Kidd trimmed sheets until the wind was about a point aft the beam, and started for Hadleys Harbor, two miles off, on a course S.W. by S.

"If you can't handle her, we'll put her under power," said Sea Wolf, with the readiness of the engine-worshiper to dodge the chastisement of the Sea Gods. "We'll start the engine anyway when we get into smooth water."

It was hard driving for a mile, then gradually, as Woods Hole was opened out,—a vent to the raging waters of the bay, stealing its fury and pouring it in sullen tides into Vineyard Sound,—the waves grew less and less steep, until, running under a point on the island of Uncatena, Onkahye found herself in millpond sailing.

Sea Wolf was for running to the anchorage with the

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engine's help, and essayed to start it. One "kick" was the only response. Meanwhile Onkahye worked rapidly on under sail only.

The wind came over the point in sharp puffs, but its force was broken, and by vigilance, to avoid knockdowns, the boat was brought safely into a pleasant cove or bay. The shores were rocky. On the West side was observed a fine estate, with lawn and wharf, off which lay several small yachts of modern build. A handsome large yacht, Merlin, a Burgess schooner built by Lawley twenty years ago, lay at anchor in the middle of this sheltered roadstead. She looked as jaunty, smooth and trim as in her earliest years. This was the Summer home of the late J. Malcolm Forbes, who defended the America's cup in 1887 with Volunteer, and sailed that yacht, both as a schooner and as a sloop, in his later years.

Along its South side the bay, or cove, is wooded, and toward this side Onkahye was headed. There seemed no opening in the rocky shore to permit further progress, but Sea Wolf, who had been there before, assured his friends that a certain break in the rocks concealed the entrance to Hadleys Harbor. When the point indicated had been reached the opening appeared, quite unexpectedly, developing into a curved passage where, in good depth of the clearest water, between wooded banks and rocky, sandy and sedgy strips of shore, one may sail into the fairest little harbor fancy ever pictured.

"Stevenson says," quoth Captain Kidd as the pleasing prospect of this sylvan retreat opened before him, "that some harbors 'charmed him like sonnets.' I can fancy this would be one such."

Noble oak woods clothe its Southern and Western shore, and through the vista of a broad avenue cut in the

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virgin growth a fine old-fashioned house was seen on a commanding knoll.

On the North side, above rocky foreshore and pasture upland, on a bold eminence, another house was observed standing quite "four-square to all the winds that blow," for there are no trees about it. It is built of stone with wood gables.

Over the brow of the wooded hill to the South of Hadleys Harbor, on the South foreshore of Naushon, facing Vineyard Sound, are three other houses. These are the Summer homes of various members of the Forbes family, completing a list of six mansions on the island.

Onkahye proceeded slowly toward the head of her embowered haven before coming to anchor, in ten feet of water, off the wharf, at which ended a road low arched by spreading trees. Out in Buzzards Bay, scarce a mile off, great green waves, topped by frothing whitecaps, were chasing each other in hurried procession, and dashing themselves, impotent in their fury, into masses of foam upon the rocky shore of Naushon. In Vineyard Sound, barely a mile to the South, the waters were raging over a West-going tide. On the island the high Northwest wind of Autumn roared through the oaks.

In the anchorage all was peace and quiet, as on a sheltered pond. Two beautiful ducks, their plumage glittering in many colors, swam contentedly in a calm spot near the wharf. Onkahye swung easily and slowly to her rode, the anchor having found sure holding-ground. Once in a while a puff came down from the volume of wind rushing high overhead; but it was never violent, and was quickly spent.

When all had been made snug, and Sea Wolf had pumped out his English tender, and had resumed his

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futile labors at the engine, Little Brother and Captain Kidd put off for an hour's row about the harbor, and inspection of its landings and boats. An hour thus employed was time well spent.

At the wharf off which Onkahye swung so contentedly was a neat little steamer, named Coryell, used on the private ferry between the island and the railway terminus at Woods Hole. Travelers to and from Marthas Vineyard and Nantucket by rail and steamer may observe almost any day, beside the railroad wharf at Woods Hole, this neat little black steamer having the appearance of a yacht, yet fitted with the accessories of a passenger boat.

Every day from early Spring to late Autumn Coryell meets the morning and the afternoon train at the pier and takes on a small mail-bag. Then she steams away Westward across the rushing tides of "The Hole," and disappears seemingly in a pocket in the rocky shore of the farther side, as she enters Hadleys Harbor.

Many a trip is made without a passenger to occupy the well-fitted cabin or sit on the linen-covered cushions of the circular space at the stern; but very often persons of evident gentility arrive, with luggage bearing the marks of travel far and near, and embark for the passage of the tide; or laughing and chattering companies of rosy-cheeked young people, their eyes glistening with holiday mirth.

Whomsoever comes or goes by the little steamer is a source of interest at Woods Hole, for the craft is invested with the power to arrest attention of the permanent resident through her private ownership and employment as a ferry to the estate of a family of whom everybody in Massachusetts professes to know, as Major Pendennis assumed to know all the smart people in London.

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A shed is built to protect Coryell from the weather, and under this she steams on her arrival. There is ample water for her to float at all stages of the tide, and a ventilator in the roof of the shed takes off the gases from her stack.

Beside the house of the little steamer a cutter yacht of moderate size lay under Winter covers. Moored at the outer end of the wharf was a knockabout. Several rowboats and skiffs were about, afloat and ashore. Near the dock were two small marine railways. In the stream lay a beautiful sloop of Herreshoff's build, and another knockabout.

Somewhat below the head of the harbor, on the North side, is another dock and boathouse. A dozen boats could be counted within the shed, from a high-speed power launch to a rowing shell. Still farther down is a private wharf at which the steam yacht Wild Duck was berthed in Winter, in John Murray Forbes's day.

The total fleet at Hadleys Harbor could not have been less than fifty boats, large and small, at the time of Onkahye's visit; sufficient, it would seem, to convince any one that the families on the island were fond of yachting.

As the men of Onkahye returned from their exploration of the shores of their charming port of the prosaic name, they saw a young man from a yacht anchored near theirs wading in shallow water along the shore, with a short-handled dip net in his hand. He was searching for scallops, and in this gentle pursuit Captain Kidd soon joined him. An hour's quest, all about the shores, revealed about a peck of these delicious bivalves, which, when shelled, made a woefully small quantity to satisfy three hungry men for supper. The captain of the

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ferry steamer volunteering the information that there were clams in abundance along the shore, which might be dug without the formality of asking permission, Little Brother set out a-clamming, while Sea Wolf continued to tinker Onkahye's red-headed engine, and Captain Kidd took a stroll in the quiet shades of the island roads. He had been told that strangers were free to walk anywhere on Naushon, and he found that nowhere along the shore were trespass signs, only here and there merely a politely-worded request to picnickers not to light fires or land arms or dogs.

Immediately on landing the visitor experienced the pleasant sensation of being in touch with unspoiled nature. As he pulled his boat up among the grasses a marsh hen was disturbed, and winged her sluggish flight to some new retreat. A flock of crows rose, scolding noisily. In the trees innumerable birds, seemingly of every variety known in New England, fluttered and flitted ahead of the walker, shy, yet tame, for no mischievous hand is ever raised against them there. Beside a little bypath a turkey called her young about her, and, having them safe, walked gravely out of sight in the bushes.

Within the depths of the woods of oak and beech abundant signs of deer were seen, even the smooth place amid fern and bayberry where the wild creatures had made their beds. The path led to a fresh-water pond, and there a wild duck wheeled in splashing flight at the approach of man.

A turn in the road brought into view wide barns and a comfortable farmhouse. Over a stone wall, in a rocky half-acre, many fat white pigs were basking contentedly in the sun. Beyond, on a rocky height, several horses stood

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close together, back to the wind, yet enjoying their lofty pinnacle. Some of them neighed as a gay cavalcade on horseback passed along the distant white road from the Stone House, a merry party of young people, out for an invigorating ride to the West end of the island, beyond Tarpaulin Cove, where the lighthouse is, marking the harbor for coastwise craft in hard Northerly blows. It is six miles to Tarpaulin, and a mile beyond that to the West end of the island, and all the way a Forbes may ride over his own land.

No vulgar "improvements" have marred the natural beauties of Naushon. The wealth of the new-made millionaire could not parallel the perfect felicity of its rugged charms, upon which the houses of its owners do not obtrude. In the whole length of the island's seven and one-half miles not a single element of natural beauty has suffered from the presence of man, while intelligent care of its forest, the stocking of its covers with game and its fresh water with fish have so added to its natural resources of land and water, both salt and fresh, that no estate in America can boast such a natural variety of material for rod and gun. On the one hand, Buzzards Bay affords an incomparable ground for still-fishing; on the other, Vineyard Sound and nearby waters the greatest variety of sea-fishing on the Atlantic coast. Shellfish of all kinds abound around the island's shores, to be had for the taking; the waters thereabouts are incomparable for yachting; the island roads are good for riding; with plenty of good boats, plenty of good horses, the sea full of fish and the woods full of game, what landed proprietor could ask for more?

These thoughts, mingled with certain information he had gleaned from different sources, passed through the

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mind of Captain Kidd as he walked slowly along the main road of Naushon, coming suddenly out of the woods into view of its oldest house, that which he had seen through the vista in the trees, on coming to anchor in the harbor. This was the original grand habitation of the island, and is known as the Mansion House, a name given it, now sixty years ago, as a tribute, perhaps, from the dwellers in the low-browed, weather-beaten farmhouse which, we feel sure, must have stood in some sheltered nook selected for his rooftree by a pioneer.

In the center of a green field stands the Mansion House, commanding to the North and East a view of Buzzards Bay, and to the South, down a little vale, one of Vineyard Sound, half a mile off. A driveway, white with powdered shells, leads in a gentle turn up to the mansion, whose low stories, wide piazzas and mansard style of architecture proclaim the modest tastes of its builder.

Gazing in the sunlight of late afternoon upon this interesting house, of which the sailors voyaging up and down Vineyard Sound catch a distant glimpse in passing, as of a palace in an enchanted forest, Captain Kidd recalled what he had read of the place, and of John Murray Forbes, whose descendants now people it. Mr. Forbes is remembered in Massachusetts chiefly as one of the founders of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad system, through which he acquired wealth. During the Civil War he gave much of his time to building up the auxiliary navy. He was an excellent example of the progressive American of the middle nineteenth century, when wealth was attained more slowly than it is to-day. In his youth he had tried his fortunes in the famous house

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of Russell & Co., in China, with his brother, Robert Bennet, but after three years at Canton he was ordered home for his health. Here he met, as a schoolmate of his sister, Sarah Hathaway, whom he shortly married, at the home of her uncle, William W. Swain, of New Bedford.

Mr. Swain, who had acquired a fortune as a merchant in whale oil, had purchased, in 1833, from James Temple Bowdoin, the island of Naushon, of which he was jocularly termed the "governor," owing to his living there, after his retirement from business, six months in the year. It was on a visit to "Governor" Swain, in the early days of his romance, that John Murray Forbes first landed on Naushon, in which he bought an interest in 1843, and which he finally purchased outright in 1856. In pursuance of the policy of its earlier owner, the "Governor," Mr. Forbes preserved the simplicity of the island, which was, both felt, and justly, "after all, the great charm of the place." As the railroad had not been extended to Woods Hole in 1856, Mr. Forbes ordered a schooner yacht to serve as a ferryboat from New Bedford. On this yacht, *Azalea*—built by D. J. Lawlor, of Chelsea, in 1857, and still in service, being now owned by a Bostonian—many an illustrious guest was carried to Naushon.

Sometimes they landed bedraggled from seasickness, but all soon fell under the charm of the island, and left some record of their feelings in the "Island Book," a sort of log kept at the Mansion House, in which each guest was asked to set down some sentiment or his name. Nearly all chose to inscribe a few lines to the island's beauties, or to the qualities of their host. In one distinguished company, which gathered at the island in October,

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1864, Ralph Waldo Emerson was numbered. He was seasick on the voyage to the island, but he found in Naushon ample compensation for his discomfort, and the wrench it must have cost him to set out on a journey from the quiet routine of his Concord home. His name appears in the Island Book, and in his journal he wrote :

"Mr. Forbes at Naushon is the only 'squire' in Massachusetts, and no nobleman ever understood or performed his duties better. I divided my admiration between the landscape of Naushon and him. He is an American to be proud of. Never was such free, good meaning, good sense, good action, combined with such domestic, lovable behavior and such modesty and persistent preference of others. Whenever he moves he is a benefactor.

"It is of course that he should shoot well, ride well, sail well, administer railroads well, carve well, keep house well, but he was the best talker also of the company.

"I came away saying to myself of J. M. F., 'How little this man suspects, with his sympathy for men and his respect for lettered and scientific people, that he is not likely ever to meet a man who is superior to himself.'"

Daniel Webster was another illustrious American who felt the charm of Naushon. In the Island Book he made one of his rare ventures into the domain of verse, as follows :

" 'Tis not the capture of the finny race,
'Tis not the exciting pleasure of the chase,
But hospitality, that gives the grace
And sweetest charm to this enchanting place.
Though skies and stars and seas unite their power,
And balmy airs their softest influences shower,
To gild the outspread wings of every hour,
Yet oft nor eye nor ear these objects seeks,
Drawn both away while Beauty smiles and speaks."

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"Mr. Webster," says an old Naushon letter, "used to be very keen for the venison, and a very good shot, bagging his game as he used to do ideas, succinctly, in a paragraph. But when Mr. E—— (Emerson) was down there, the Governor, Mr. Swain, gave him a favorite stand, with injunction to take the deer when it emerged into the open. The deer did well enough; but when it came through, Mr. E——, shaking his double-barreled Manton wildly in the air, capered about, shouting, 'There she goes! There she goes!'"

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was very fond of Naushon, and in his collected verses will be found several poems referring to the island.

An intimate glimpse of the life at Naushon in those fine old days is contained in the "Letters and Recollections of John Murray Forbes," edited by his daughter, Sarah Forbes Hughes, who in an introduction to the work says:

"As to Naushon, my parents always felt that this 'Paradise for children young and old' must be shared with all their cousins and friends, and their respective small people, and, I may say, in passing, that in war-time it became a convalescent hospital.

"A constant stream of guests poured through the house and took part in the joyous Summer and Autumn holiday time, and its boating, riding, fishing and hunting. There was always room for one more, and the food was abundant and very simple.

"My father, with keen pleasure in the young folks about him, would sit at the long table, chaffing and teasing this one and that. . . . All this in the kindest spirit . . . and so the meals were very merry, pervaded with a sense of vivid life, of which all felt my father to be the center. . . .

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"The house was generally in the hands of the young people; and with such an army of them the hurly-burly which occurred when an expedition to the West End was on foot was prodigious.

"My father would be writing for dear life at his table, while a concourse of boys and girls would tear through the rooms shouting for bait, hooks and lines, luncheon, or for choice of which should ride and which go in the wagons—he continuing to write as if perfect calm prevailed. But that over he was ready, double quick was the order, and we were soon off and away."

On reaching the West End pond the joyous party would fish and have lunch under a spreading oak. "Then home, sometimes in the dark, when the horses were the best guides."

But the great event of the year then, as now, was the annual deer hunt. According to the European custom, the deer are driven up from the woods and swamps by men and hounds, and the huntsmen fired at them from certain vantage points, or stations, such as elevated rocks, or points commanding bridges or open spaces. Signals were given by means of the hunting horn, Mr. Forbes acting as head huntsman and giving the signals. If an animal were wounded it was always followed up and dispatched, to end its pain. Mr. Forbes's humane nature toward animals, though he was a keen sportsman, never allowed cruelty to enter his hunting.

"Once on a cold, gray Autumn day," says Mrs. Hughes, "having left me in the woods near West pond, he managed to wound a duck badly, and not being able to stand seeing the poor creature flapping about on the pond, he stripped and swam for it, reclothing himself in

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the bitter wind, and came back to the wagon with his game, triumphant but rather blue."

After the deer hunt, it was "back to the Mansion House, the cold of the October evening nipping one's fingers and making the blazing wood fires in all the rooms most welcome."

"Then dinner, at the long hunt table, with plenty of fun, and the food seasoned with the appetite of an open-air day.

"After dinner, our father, who never smoked, would call for a song, and sit listening and marking time with his hand in the air, and vehemently applauding 'Come, Brave the Seas with Me, Love,' or some favorite war-song. And so, with a game of cards thrown in, would pass the evening."

John Murray Forbes continued to spend his Summers at Naushon until the year of his death, 1898.

"He was an American of the older school," said Kidd, in the cabin of Onkahye, as the evening lamp burned bright, and the talk turned on Naushon and its former owner, "and his memoirs, like his island, leave a strong impression on the mind. The country and mankind are the better for such rugged characters."

"And we're the better for having come to Hadleys, eh?" said Sea Wolf. "But we've got to get out tomorrow. Good things don't last; it's back to the mines, my lads, back to the mines."

With these commonplace remarks Sea Wolf fell to studying the tide-tables. His entire afternoon had been spent cranking the engine, taking off and putting on its various parts, cutting out and coupling on piping, and otherwise seeking to introduce the spark of energy into the

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cold chambers of dead steel. All his labors had come to naught.

"Water in the base, that's what it is," said he ruefully, "and the blame thing sits so low on the bed I can't reach the drain cock; yes, sir, water; came in through the exhaust in that following sea; never had that happen before; you bet next boat I have . . ."

He began a fresh chapter, forgetting the charm of Hadleys Harbor, which he had found no time to enjoy, while the island's story, peopled with grand old figures of another generation, had left no imprint on the record of his brain. Gasolene obsessed him, and it was not until the morrow, when the engine was given up as hopeless, that the beauty of the place made its proper impression on his naturally receptive nature.

Then, in glorious, mellow sunshine, with the harbor silvery calm, and the russet foliage along shore reflected on its mirror-like surface, the crew of Onkahye drank in a farewell portion of delight. The air was sweet, with mingled odors of leaves, fern and salt marsh, and as soft as in Summer. Sounds carried an extraordinary distance. The tinkling of a bell in the Stone House was audible on the harbor. Conversation could be heard far, and from a power boat anchored a little distance off the voices of a man and a woman reached the ears of the crew of Onkahye.

"Well, dearie, this is a great trip to finish the season with, isn't it?" said the man's voice.

"Heavenly!" said the woman, "and you were such a good boy to bring me! I feel that I shall be contented to stay at home all Winter, after this."

A sound suggesting a kiss came faintly to the ears of the involuntary eavesdroppers. They looked

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at each other, and Little Brother blew a reflective after-breakfast whiff.

Kidd watched the young couple attentively while they got underway, the little wife steering the boat and operating the engine while her husband pulled up the anchor.

The crew of Onkahye, feeling secretly rather lonely, followed the power boat, and a gentle South wind wafted Onkahye out of the charmed harbor of Naushon.

Kidd was landed on the main. An hour later, as he took a farewell look for the season at Buzzards Bay, from the train bearing him to Boston, he caught a glimpse of a white speck on the horizon that he knew was Onkahye. It was his last glimpse of that excellent little craft. Before another Summer came Onkahye had a new owner, and Sea Wolf had satisfied his craving for a larger boat.



First Cruise of Marjorie

THERE were four of us young fellows on the St. Lawrence who had known each other and sailed together for a number of years ; but it so happened that we had never taken a cruise together. About the middle of August we decided that we should like to take a trip up to the Bay of Quinte. The Bay of Quinte is an arm of Lake Ontario on the Canadian side running in behind Prince Edwards. It is open enough for good sailing but is much more sheltered than the lake and, in fact, reminds one of a large river.

The party of four consisted of Able Seaman Bill, son of the owner of the yacht ; the Cook, Ed, his brother ; the Mate, Ernie, from New York, a capital sailor ; and the Skipper, Jack, hailing from Boston.

Our boat was called Marjorie. She was built by J. I. Gardner, a yacht-builder on the St. Lawrence, for Mr. Charles Kruse, of Cincinnati, Ohio, from *Rudder* knock-about design. As the boat was intended somewhat for cruising, a nine-foot cabin was put on with a large watertight cockpit. The cabin was fitted with extending transoms, ice-chest, lockers, table and all that goes to make a boat cozy and comfortable. The sails were made by Cousins & Pratt and were an exceptionally fine job.

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In preparing for the cruise, one thing that we needed was a stove, as we had always used a fireplace on the river. We went up to the Park Store and with great fortune found a Primus. Provisions had to be provided and here Mr. Kruse showed himself familiar with the amount of food four college men can consume, for he had soups, canned beans, canned bacon, canned pineapple, peaches, jams, grape-nuts, eggs and all needed supplies sent aboard the yacht.

The morning of August 17th dawned with a light Southwest breeze. We had intended to get an early start, but, as usual, everything was forgotten until the last minute, so that it was not until ten o'clock that we had our duffle aboard, cast off our moorings and set out with the dingey in tow.

Every one brought clothes enough for a year, and we had to load the dingey four times to get things aboard; the Cook was especially guilty, as he thought he was the only ladies' man in the crowd. The crew soon lit up pipes and the Skipper, with much persuasion by the Mate, was induced to try a pipe of Old Duke, with very unfortunate results. So all swore that the Old Duke should be left as a present for some Canadian farmer. About two miles from home we passed the large steamer Cambria, crowded. As we came abreast she gave us three long whistles and the Cook got out our horn and answered them. It was slow work to windward and we reached Clayton, six miles up the river, at twelve. At Clayton we laid in a supply of fruit and some insignificant but very powerful lady-killers. Just before leaving we met W. P. Stephens, the yachting editor of *Forest and Stream*, who was up to see the international races at Toronto. After a pleasant

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chat we once more set out. Four miles farther on we got out our new Primus and our Deckhand, Bill, began to play with it—a playfulness which he ever afterward showed when allowed free access to the stove. After the Mate had used a soother on it, the Cook went below and got up a fine dinner with some innocent-looking army beef as an important part. The result was that the Mate felt a slight fulness in his midship section.

After clearing up we proceeded, with a nice breeze, up the river. The Deckhand again showed his playful disposition in tightening the rudder-nut. After this he went by the title of Nut-tightener. The Mate took the helm while Bill took off his rubber shoes and mended them with needle and thread; the Skipper and Cook went forward and lay down on the forward deck. The afternoon wore away without any mishap except a watermelon contest and an aerial flight of the dingey occasioned by the swell of the new steamer Empire State, of the Folger Line, formerly Sylvan Stream, an old Harlem River landmark.

As it was now nearly sunset, the Skipper gave the order to lower the colors. The Cook got out the almanac and found the exact time of sunset, while the Mate rigged up the battery, consisting of a forty-four revolver. Bill loosed the flag-halyards and as he lowered the colors the Mate saluted with the gun. Night came on very quickly and found us half a mile below Miltons Island, four miles from Kingston. Supper came next, and its remarkable features were the potatoes, which had been fried four hours by the Skipper, and the rushing of the condensed milk-can by the Nut-tightener. At the conclusion of supper the Cook and Skipper got into the dingey and worked an ash breeze while the Mate

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steered. When the yacht had been towed nearly to the island, a voice through a megaphone shouted to come up and tie at the wharf. On nearing the wharf, quite a number of young ladies were seen; whereupon a struggle occurred between the Cook and Skipper, for the Cook is a ladies' man, while the Skipper is somewhat bashful. The Mate decided the day by seeing a Jersey girl on the wharf and steered for the island. All hands enjoyed the evening with the exception of the Cook. No one could tell just what happened, but he was heard to remark something about a young lady carrying the society air of Winter into the Summer.

Before turning in all hands cleaned up the yacht. This was indeed needed, as everything had been thrown into the cockpit and cabin without any attempt at order. The supper dishes were everywhere, with scraps of bacon and potatoes; the jam had been tipped over and sat on by the Skipper's clean white ducks; the stove, anchors, lights, and in fact everything lay all around. After an hour's hard work in stowing, cleaning and making flemish coils, the yacht was once more in condition and ready for the night. When an anchor light had been put out and the Cook had given a few selections on the mandolin, all turned in. The day's run was twenty-eight miles with light and mostly Southwest winds.

Then the trouble began. The Cook and Nut-tightener had swiped all the blankets on their side of the center-board box, and so to be revenged the Skipper and Mate insisted on talking until about two o'clock. The next two hours were spent in finding the softest spot of the bunks. About four the Nut-tightener, who had tried to sleep sitting up, woke up and went out to tighten the rudder-nut. Suddenly, however, without any warning,

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he descended like a scared cat, pursued by a terrific odor, which was occasioned by the coming into our vicinity of a small black-and-white animal. After remaining below with closed hatches for half an hour, the Mate, on looking through the bull's-eye, said our friend was still there. Happily the thought of the army beef came to him. Grasping it firmly with one hand, he carefully raised the skylight and let fire; at once dropping out of sight. The result was most satisfactory. The animal stopped long enough to take a whiff and then ran up the bank. Half an hour later the man of the house showed up and supplied us with milk, butter and cheese, but would take no gold, for he belonged to the outfit of the island.

The weather was clear and a heavy breeze blew from the lake. The Skipper insisted on leaving before the ladies awoke; so Marjorie set out with three reefs and jib, making short work of the four miles to Kingston, where all hands put on their Deer Island suits, went up town, and reported our arrival at the Custom House. As our bacon was nearly out, we went into a store and were soaked \$1.50 for ten square inches. It must have been the looks of our suits that made the storekeeper spot us for Americans.

As the wind was now much lighter, we shook out reefs and on our first tack stood out into Lake Ontario. When well out of Kingston a racing cat gave chase, but after a couple of miles turned back somewhat farther astern than when she started. After clearing Snake Island Light we laid a course toward the South of Brothers Island. The Cook had been busily engaged for the last half-hour in making some lemonade. At last he announced it as finished and staggered out of the cabin with it. The Mate tried it first, but he made for the

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scuppers. The rest followed and Bill was about to throw the whole outfit overboard when the Skipper decided that the Cook must drink a quart of his own lemonade, and appointed the Mate to enforce his order. The Cook, however, did not need to be any sicker, for he was stretched out on the after-deck feeding the fishes and groaning like a sick pup. The ground swell and the close cabin made the trouble with our usually reliable Cook, and that explained his mistake of substituting salt for sugar.

As we neared Brothers we made out a long bar. According to the chart, there is eight feet of water; but on drawing near, as the water looked shoal, we laid to and the Cook and Skipper went out on a sounding trip in the dingey, with the result of finding barely eighteen inches of water at the deepest places. So squaring away we ran around Brothers about three-quarters of a mile to leeward and then laid our course Southwest. The Skipper and Cook lay on the bow deck while Bill and the Mate alternated in reading a *Rudder* and steering. As the breeze freshened, we put in a reef and sailed until five o'clock along Amherst Island and crossed the upper gap before six. Not having made the progress we had expected, we decided to sail all night and so tossed for watches. The Mate and Cook won and took the first, from ten to two, while the Nut-tightener and Skipper were forced to take from two to six. For the first time the Skipper's lucky penny seemed to have failed. It was now time for supper, but the Nut-tightener had been playing with the stove, with the result that neither of the burners would work, so once more the Mate had to persuade them, which he did very quickly. The Nut-tightener now decided to help prepare supper, so quickly

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cut some bacon about the thickness of a slice of beefsteak. Disappointed with this, he turned his attention to making a lantern burn and after playing with it for an hour, while the rest cleaned up, let the "lens" fall out and so deprived the yacht of one of its lanterns.

As the weather looked bad and puffs were nasty from the South, all hands put in three reefs and the Skipper and Nut-tightener turned in, leaving the other watch on deck. The Mate and Cook decided to take hour tricks and the Mate started in. The night was very cold; the Cook soon had on three sweaters and a coat, but even then he nearly froze, ending up by taking on a bad cold. The breeze kept going down until there was barely steerageway and at twelve it fell completely. After drifting for an hour and over, the Mate tied the hatchet to the flag-halyards and tried to sound, but without success. He then manned the dingey and as he towed for shore the Cook lowered sails. About twenty yards from shore the bottom was found to be about fifty feet below and the yacht came to anchor. The day's run was nearly forty miles; from Kingston to within a few miles of Glenora.

The Skipper once more swears by his lucky penny, for the watch below slept on until awakened by the squeaking of the boom, which was thrashing about as the yacht rolled in the wash of some seven steamers which passed in rapid succession. The Skipper and Mate went on deck in scant attire and put in the shears.

Early next morning the crew were awakened by the Nut-tightener, who was hailing a farmer on shore in regard to getting drinking water, as the bay water had become unfit to drink because of a thick green sediment.

The second sickness here occurred. It was of a kind

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far removed from the help of the medical profession. The Skipper had left his pipe out all night in the heavy dew. This, coupled with an empty stomach and some Old Duke, brought about some very bad results with our usually healthy Skipper.

When every one was up and the Cook was preparing breakfast, the Nut-tightener went ashore in the dingey after water for the coffee. The next two hours were spent in waiting for the appearance of the Nut-tightener. When he finally returned he told a confused tale of many miles and many milkmaids. The weather was so warm as to be almost unbearable, so the mainsail was put up as a shelter from the blazing sun. We then sat down to breakfast of grape-nuts with Eagle brand condensed milk, baked beans, bacon, stale bread and six cups of coffee. Before finishing, a nice breeze sprang up. Six miles to near Glenora were covered very quickly when the breeze left us, and the Mate and Nut-tightener took the dingey and towed to the steamboat landing while the rest washed dishes.

At this point is situated the Lake on the Mountain, a small lake about one hundred and fifty feet above the surface of the bay. After ascending the mountain and passing a private opinion upon the millpond, we wandered down again to the wharf. Here we laid in a supply of ice, which lasted for a week.

After sailing up the bay until the spires of Picton were in sight, we felt that we ought to make use of the fair Southwest by West breeze homeward. The spinaker was soon set by the Mate and Bill. The latter spent the next hour in trying to make the jib draw and asking the Skipper whether the mast would break or not. About two, the Mate called out that there was a large

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black loon in the water off the lee bow. The Skipper let drive with the revolver and hit the woods a mile beyond. The next time he hit about forty yards this side of him. The loon now dived. When he reappeared astern the Mate tried his hand, and after two shots in rapid succession succeeded in hitting the water where the loon had been but a fraction of a second before. We will never cruise again without a rifle, for there are few worse things at long range than a bulldog revolver. As all hands were thirsty the Skipper, on Bill's recommendation, undertook to make the lemonade. The resulting product was a great success.

As the afternoon passed the wind worked up and Marjorie went along at a lively rate with all the sail she could carry. We crossed the upper gap at three and the lower gap at five; making some forty miles since twelve o'clock. At the Brothers the wind died out and a squall was seen in the East. While the Cook was preparing supper, the rest got everything stowed snug for a hard squall. To the disappointment of all, however, the squall went to the South and Marjorie sailed slowly down the river. At eleven we were abreast of Miltons Island and, remembering our former welcome, we went under the lee and anchored. The Nut-tightener turned in and made up his bunk, while the rest cleaned up and then sat in the cockpit and listened to the mandolin played by the Cook. Every other piece attempted came to a conclusion in "Just One Girl." All hands then turned in. The day's run was about fifty miles.

Next morning the Nut-tightener awoke the crew by trying to give the Old Duke to a poor, innocent farmer, but the Mate, hearing the discussion, substituted a good article and probably saved a life. The Nut-tightener

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decided that he would like to take a trip to Toronto and take in the International Races. So with a light East wind we retraced our way and landed him, with his grip, on the Kingston wharf, where he could take a Richelieu and Ontario line-boat for Toronto.

After sailing some distance down the river the wind dropped and we drifted for a long time. All hands declared it the hottest day known. The Cook got up a fine Sunday dinner of soup, boiled potatoes, Boston beans, bacon, pickles and olives, and coffee with canned fruit as dessert. The Skipper was most anxious to get home, as he was expecting a very important letter. The Mate said that if a pin were put in the mast a fine fair wind would spring up; so he placed one in the forward side, and almost immediately a strong Southwest wind sprang up which drove Marjorie quickly down as far as the Blankets. Here it was decided, as every one wanted to reach home quickly, to run across rather than follow the steamboat channel. So placing a man in the bow, the boat going a lively clip dodged the shoals, going between them much as a serpent travels. After much winding in and out Marjorie got safely across. We then set the spinnaker and made the mast groan. A little after four we passed the new Richelieu and Ontario liner, Toronto, on her way up to take Bill to Toronto. About half-past four we passed Clayton and at five picked up our moorings at the Thousand Island Park. All hands piled into the dingey and pulled to the shore, after one of the most enjoyable cruises on record. Too high praise cannot be given *The Rudder* for its design. Built from book "How to Build a Knockabout." Length o. a., 31 ft. 10 in.; l. w. l., 20 ft. 1 in.; width, 9 ft. 11 in.; draught, 1 ft. 8 in.

Around Pt. Judith in a Twenty-Foot Cat

By Pearce P. Williams

ON the tenth of August, the Captain, the Mate and myself started on our cruise from Bristol, R. I., to Shelter Island and back in a twenty-foot cat, belonging to the Captain.

We had laid up enough stores to last us for a week, besides our small compass, charts and other navigating necessities. We made Fall River at about ten in the morning and had a new sail bent, which had been ordered a week before. After everything was in shipshape order and ready to start, we wandered through Fall River until we found a fairly good restaurant and had a most remarkable table d'hôte dinner for fifty cents. At 2:30 p. m. we set sail for Newport, had a fair wind until out of Mount Hope Bay, then we struck a flat calm, and drifted around until eight in the evening, when a little breeze came up from the Southeast, and at 10:45 we dropped anchor in Newport Harbor, North of the steamboat landing, which is not a very good anchorage.

Turned in at 11:15, and about one o'clock the Mate was aroused by some one calling "Hayes, Hayes" (which is his real name). Crawling out of the cabin, he saw

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the Captain rowing as hard as he could, in our little nine-foot tender, and asking piteously where he was and what he was doing. The Captain had gotten up in his sleep, stepped into the tender, cast her loose and rowed ashore and, half-way back, on waking up was very much frightened at finding himself adrift in that small craft.

August 11th we sailed over and anchored off Spring Wharf, Newport, and waited for a friend who was to meet us and go as far as Shelter Island with us. We waited all that day and the next, but he did not appear, so on the thirteenth we sailed at 4:35 in a thick fog for New London. None of us had ever sailed by chart and compass before, but we had been informed how it was done before starting, and we got along very well. Point Judith Breakwater was as much as we could make that day, so we ran in there to spend the night.

I rowed over to a lobsterman to buy some lobsters for supper. On asking him how much he would charge for five or six of them, he said he would sell a whole keg of them for fifty cents; but I said that I only needed a few, so he threw a dozen of them into my boat, and I rowed back and we had a very good supper of lobsters and coffee.

August 14th, in a two-reef Northwesterly breeze we started for New London, made the run of eighteen miles from the breakwater to Watch Hill in three hours, and it took us eight hours from Watch Hill to New London. On arriving at New London, we went ashore and had a very poor dinner at the Mohican Grill for a very steep price. Stayed in New London the fifteenth and sixteenth, when the Mate was called back to Providence on business. On the seventeenth the Captain and myself started for Shelter Island, but as we had to put in at Fishers Island

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for the night, going into the harbor we came very near running upon a ledge but put about just in time; we came out all right.

We let the anchor go at about four in the afternoon right next to a pretty little yawl belonging to the New York Y. C. We had a refreshing swim and then dressed, went ashore to look up some friends, but they had left the day before. We then went back to the boat and had supper; turned in at about six thirty and slept until eight next morning, when we started for Shelter Island again. We had very little wind until we struck Race Rock Light, when it came in strong from the Southeast and as the tide was on the ebb it kicked up a horrible sea.

At about one o'clock a thunder squall struck us off Plum Island; being unable to make any harbor, we ran in on the Plum Island shore and anchored. There was a very big sea running, and all in all it was very uncomfortable. We started to sail around under the lee of the island with three reefs in our mainsail, but we had no sooner gotten under sail than the wind died out entirely and it took us nearly two hours to get back to the place from which we started, where we anchored for the night.

Next morning, the eighteenth, we made Shelter Island in the fog by ten, took a friend aboard and started immediately back for New London, where the New York Y. C. was going to meet. We tried to go through Plum Gut, but the current was so strong we could only get half-way through and then we made no headway at all but kept drifting on Plum Island all the time, so we put about, came down on the South side of Plum Island, and went through between Old Silas and Plum Island. We arrived at New London at about five o'clock and

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anchored near the Pequot House. The Captain and myself went ashore, made some purchases, and then had a most elaborate supper.

In the evening there were fireworks sent off from the Pequot House wharf, the boats in the harbor being all decorated and, together with the fireworks, it was a great sight. We turned in at about 10:30.

On the morning of the twentieth we put our friend, who was going back to Shelter Island, ashore, and the Captain and myself started back on our homeward journey. We saw the start of the New York Y. C. race to Newport, then headed East through Fisher Island Sound. We got along very nicely until about six in the evening, when the wind died out entirely. We were then about six miles from the breakwater off Point Judith. We drifted about, rowing a little and talking about our bad luck, and it did seem rather uncomfortable at about eight when there were still no signs of wind and a storm coming up. So we took watches of one hour each until three in the morning, when we got a little wind, making the rest of the distance to the breakwater in about two hours.

We had to take turns standing before the mast or sitting with our feet dangling in the water, looking for the lights off the breakwater; but we got in there at last, very thankful at not having been caught by the storm.

Eight o'clock, the twenty-first, we started for Newport with a brisk Southeast breeze, but when we got off the South side of Point Judith it commenced to blow pretty hard and a big sea was running. We kept on, with all canvas set; by the time we were off Narragansett Pier it was blowing a gale and our poor little craft was having a hard time of it, every sea coming clear over us. The job of steering was not an easy one by any

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means, and we took turns every few minutes, while the other fellow bailed. At last we got into the lee of Beaver Tail and had a chance to straighten out things. All our anchor rope had gone over and it was only hitched to the anchor, which was placed across our bows. That had to be taken in and coiled and a good deal of water pumped out. When the Captain went into the cabin, he found all of our clothes were wet and about half of our food was destroyed, but we were only too glad to be in the lee of some land to care very much.

As we ran into Newport Harbor all the 70-footers and the big schooners were going out to race for the Astor Cup and they seemed to be having all the wind they needed.

We reached home about noon of the twenty-second and were very glad to get there and have a good meal, having fed on baked beans, coffee, crackers and bread for the past two weeks. But we had some exciting and pleasant times to look back upon.



Reuben Ranzo

(Halyards)

O do you know old Reuben Ranzo?
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo;

O do you know old Reuben Ranzo?
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

Old Ranzo was a tailor,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo;
Old Ranzo was a tailor,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

Old Ranzo was no sailor,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo;
Old Ranzo was no sailor,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

So he shipped aboard of a whaler,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo;
So he shipped aboard of a whaler,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

But he could not do his duty,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo;
No, he could not do his duty,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

A Day's Sail

By Florence S. Hartshorn

ON the morning after the Fourth, with mainsail and jigger set, we dropped our moorings and got underway for a day's sail to nowhere in particular.

We were six, not seven, as the poet has it. In fact, there was nothing poetical about us. We were merely six enthusiasts of the salt water, with not even an acknowledged engaged couple aboard to add romance to the day.

For men, there were the Skipper, whose devotion to yachting made him always ready, and generally waiting, for a start; Herman, a stalwart German fellow, an untiring worker and familiarly known as "The Human Derrick"; and Paul, a blunt chap, warranted to say precisely the right thing at the wrong time; for girls there were Elizabeth, Agnes and myself. As for these girls, little need be said. Each was of medium height, of medium complexion plus a coat of tan, of medium age, and resembled most healthy American girls in midsummer. I felt a trifle more important than the others, perhaps, from the fact that I am the Skipper's sister and fortunately included in all the sailing parties.

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We had passed Fort Schuyler and Stepping Stone Light before any one was inspired to suggest an objective point. When Rye was proposed and the Skipper predicted fair weather, there wasn't a dissenting vote, so to Rye we went.

The sail there was without incident, and with a fair breeze there was nothing to desire. Agnes took the wheel; Herman occupied himself, as usual, with making artistic coils of anchor rope and halyards, coils which were constantly being disarranged, thus keeping him occupied and the rest of us entertained; and Paul, contrary to custom, was seized with a neat fit and scoured everything scourable and many things that weren't, embellishing his efforts with his proofs of man's superiority over woman. The rest, including the Skipper, acted the part of guests, not then realizing how much work would fall to them before the day and night were over.

Our destination reached, we dropped anchor, furled the sails, and crowding into the leaky tender, (and was there ever a tender that wasn't leaky?) landed at a pavilion commanding an uninterrupted view of the Sound. Here we had dinner, doing justice to a varied repast as only six hungry sailors, fresh from a five-hour sail, can do.

Before finishing, we noticed a black cloud gathering above our heads with rumblings which suggested a thunderstorm. Now I don't like thunderstorms; in fact, I make bold to say I quite dislike them, so we voted to wait until the storm passed. It proved to be but a scare, and by four o'clock everything was clear and we started for home.

When about three miles on our way half-a-dozen thunderstorms spied us at one and the same moment and

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came to pay their respects. The sky truly looked treacherous and, without wasting time in consultation, the anchor and sails were dropped. We girls were ordered most abruptly into the cabin, and none too soon, for scarcely had the hatchway been drawn when the rain descended in torrents. Not a gentle Summer shower, but a deluge with some hail, left over from last Winter, for dessert.

The Skipper and crew were drenched while tying in three reefs in case we should drag anchor and be forced to run before the storm. When the sun came out half an hour later, it found a trio of very dry maids and a trio of very wet men in earnest consultation of ways and means.

In spite of vivid imaginations, we were forced to agree that the wind had disappeared with the storm and we were becalmed ten miles from home. A jackknife in the mast failed to raise a breeze, so Signet was turned over to the girls and the men disappeared into the cabin to exchange their wet for dry apparel. When they reappeared it can truly be said that Solomon in all his glory never was arrayed like any of these. Each had on his bathing suit supplemented by whatever fate and his fancy had offered, and the effect was unique to say the least. When their discarded finery was tied to the reef points to dry Signet looked like a portable Monday morning out for inspection.

The tide running flood we weighed anchor and drifted toward home. About six o'clock, Agnes and I, having been relieved from watch, were detailed as a committee of two, to prepare tea. We are talented young ladies but our experience is not in the line of housekeeping and we make no pretenses, but in spite of interference from

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our four companions, who really knew less, we presented to the Skipper and the crew such a repast as is seldom seen. The bread, which was thick or thin according to the end you got, and the canned goods passed muster successfully, but the coffee—well, the coffee has always been a matter of dispute, we never could settle it. But Agnes and I don't care for coffee anyhow.

Drifting is all very well but ten miles of it is all one cares for at a sitting. By nine o'clock even the stars failed to arouse animated conversation and one by one we found snug little corners for a nap, leaving always some faithful one at the wheel.

About midnight, as we rounded Fort Schuyler and headed for Whitestone Light, a dense fog closed in about us, without warning, enveloping everything as in a blanket. All hands were called and responded promptly, but before we were fairly awake everything was concealed and no two agreed as to the direction of the fog whistles or the lighthouse bell. We did agree on one thing, however, and that was in the proximity of two tugs, which seemed altogether too near for comfort. Little was said but we all felt very diminutive, and hoped the tugs would pick out some one their own size.

The Derrick, armed with the horn, mounted the bowsprit, where he certainly did his self-imposed task nobly and well. Having no binnacle, I was shut into the cabin with a tiny compass to read direction by the light of the lamp.

With scarcely steerageway we headed North, South, East and West in turn, accompanied always by the two tugs puffing in our ears and the Derrick keeping up his incessant tooting at the bow. Whenever the Skipper would ask how Signet headed, "t-o-o-t" would go the

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Derrick, making any reply inaudible; whenever Paul took a sounding and was questioned as to the amount of water, "t-o-o-t" went the horn. Then it was that everybody was pressed into service, Agnes and Elizabeth acting as interpreters, running to and fro, carrying the answers to the Skipper.

About 1:30 a. m., with the Whitestone bell bearing South Southeast, we dropped anchor in three fathoms of water and the Skipper assured us we must be near our moorings. Was he as positive of our location as he appeared? This is an unanswered question, which his surprise and evident relief at finding we were very near home, makes us doubt.

Little time was spent in good-nights, for we girls were bundled into the tender and rowed ashore, glad to be safely at home again, though secretly happy over a new experience.

The boys returned to Signet to make everything ship-shape, and the girls, in spite of the lateness of the hour, 2:30 a. m., congregated in my room "to talk it over." On answering a knock and the question as to whether or no we wouldn't take some brandy to prevent a possible cold, we saw Paul. Evidently he had grown chilly in the fog and had donned one garment after another, little thinking of the *tout ensemble*. He wore a most marvelous suit of pajamas ever conceived—a brilliant pink plaided off with sky-blue. They had shrunk about six inches in the course of their long and varied career. He boasted no socks, but wore a pair of most disreputable sneakers, such as only Signet can produce. A black coat and a jaunty yachting cap completed the toilette. His anxious expression and absolute unconsciousness of the figure he cut, sent us into spasms of laughter, which prevented all danger from heat or cold.

Hand over Hand

(Hand over Hand)

A HANDY ship, and a handy crew,
Handy, my boys, so handy;
A handy ship, and a handy crew,
Handy, my boys, away oh.

A handy skipper and second mate, too,
Handy, my boys, so handy;
A handy skipper and second mate, too,
Handy, my boys, away oh.

A handy Bosc* and a handy Sails,†
Handy, my boys, so handy;
A handy Bosc and a handy Sails,
Handy, my boys, away oh.

* Boatswain.

† Sailmaker.

A Short Cruise

By Frank R. Tucker

IN the first place, the Captain had a cold—never saw him without one—but it did not seem to bother him so much in Marblehead,—possibly because he discovered it was a temperance town.

We were walking down the main street the day before we left,—I say we, meaning the Captain, Harry Earce and myself—when we happened to pass a drug store. Suddenly the Captain stopped, and we noticed he was shivering violently.

“What’s the trouble, Cap?” we asked, with some misgivings—we were young then.

“Got a bad chill,” answered our Skipper through chattering teeth.

We hastened back to the drug store and the Captain ordered a bottle,—we couldn’t catch the name; but he subsequently told us it was his favorite remedy, which I am bound to say was a most marvelous medicine. If he jammed his finger in the hatch, his medicine was certain relief; if he happened to fall overboard (as he had), his wonderful remedy would put him to rights at once and he would commence singing, “How Dry I Am,” which was also true. Something was generally the mat-

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ter with him but when there was not, his *spirits were low*. We noticed upon leaving the drug store that our Skipper had recovered. He told us the worst was over—we didn't know whether it was or not.

What a quaint old town this was and how proudly would the old tars relate experiences of bygone days! One's first impression on landing is the seeming age of the surroundings; even the people strike you as being old. Doubtless this was due to the fact that we happened upon a veritable nest of retired sea-captains, old fishermen, etc., who seem to delight in gathering on the wharves to discuss topics of local interest or to listen to the spinning of a yarn by some shipmate who invariably starts his story, after having heard one of his neighbor's, by, "That er reminds me of," etc. Probably nine out of every ten of the New Englanders who may read this article have seen this same sight or listened to one of their delightfully-told yarns along the wharves of this picturesque harbor, especially as Marblehead boasts of two yacht clubs.

The Captain, not caring to trust to the help of Earce and myself, shipped an old retired pilot to help sail the boat to Newport, for which port we intended starting with the first favorable wind.

Our boat was a thirty-foot keel sloop, and one of the most comfortable cruising boats, for a small one, I ever had the good fortune to sail in; but alas, we also had one of those much-abused kerosene stoves in the galley—but no bacon, or misfitting bathing suits.

Our pilot came aboard this same night, as we wished to be prepared to start at a moment's notice, as I have previously stated, and it is well that we took this precaution, for the day was followed by a most gorgeous

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moonlight night, with a spanking breeze from the Northwest. As we ran before the wind, I took occasion to view our new shipmate. He was a tall, lean man, with twinkling eyes and a short, scraggly beard, hollow cheeks and called Captain by courtesy—every one in Marblehead who owned a skiff was called Captain. He was a very congenial old man and took the Captain's "jollies" very good-naturedly. We all liked him, possibly I more than the rest, as he complimented a cup of coffee which I had made; of course I knew he was not sincere in his praise—I had tried a cup.

It was my first experience on the ocean at night—and such a night! Never shall I forget the gorgeous scene presented to our sight upon leaving the waters of the harbor; the full moon in the East, its shimmering reflection on the vast expanse; the weird phosphorescent lights in our wake; the total absence of sound, save the splashing of Gladys as she dashed along under full sail, and the occasional breaking of a wave close by—all added to this awe-inspiring scene. It is such scenes as these that thrill the very soul of some people and cause them to reflect. A sort of sadness stole over me and I lost myself in reverie. Such were my first impressions of the Atlantic by moonlight. Toward morning, we saw it was coming in thick, so decided to lay to for a while hoping it might lift. There was a heavy ground swell and I wondered how long I should last under the prevailing conditions; however, I said nothing to my companions. I decided it would be a good plan to cook some breakfast for the crew. I knew how to cook johnny-cakes and my coffee *could* be drank—the pilot had proved it. In a short time I had a fine fire, but found that most of it was outside the stove and feeding on the 'woodwork of the

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galley; a dishpan of water skilfully applied was all that was necessary. I soon found that every time the boat rolled, the oil ran out of the stove, so I finally gave up the hot breakfast and took some pilotbread on deck instead. Of course explanations were demanded, and they all seemed indignant because I was unable to keep the boat from tipping out the oil and thus preventing their usual supply of hot johnny-cakes. I heard the old pilot damning such fare between mouthfuls, but I said nothing—what was the use?—he knew how to do it better than I.

Having partaken of his rations, he retired to the bow of the boat and coiled himself up among the ropes for a nap, as he had been up the entire night. Suddenly we heard the most terrific yells from our new friend, who seemed about to commit suicide; he was evidently trying to throw himself overboard and probably would have succeeded had he not become snarled in the ropes. To say that we were alarmed is putting it very mildly. We thought the man had gone crazy, and were much relieved when he awakened and informed us that he had had a nightmare and dreamed that we were about to be run down. The Captain swore "he'd never ship a Marble-head pilot again."

We finally decided, as the fog showed no signs of lifting, that it would be better to start along, as this was a dangerous berth in case of a sudden storm.

What a strange fog this was!—at least to my eyes. *We* were in bright sunlight and could see clearly in every direction, excepting that in which our course lay, which was a solid bank, from the top of which appeared the topmasts of several vessels; but as soon as we had entered this shroud, we could hardly make out our own bow-

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sprit. This was one of the Cape Cod fogs. The three weird blasts of a ship running free were constantly heard, and once a big freighter, probably bound for Portland, loomed up out of the fog so close that we could have thrown a biscuit aboard.

We sailed all that day, finally leaving the fog astern, and about nine o'clock p. m., off Brenton Reef Light, while my friend and myself were dozing, we were startled by a loud cry of, "Starboard your helm, reef ahead on port bow." This was followed by great commotion on deck; the sails flapped, the blocks rattled and the boat careened alarmingly, and we rushed on deck to discover the cause of this uproar. We found that the old pilot had been asked to keep a sharp lookout, and when he had cried out, the Captain had thrown the helm over just in time to take the waves of the New York boat broadside. It was a dark night, the moon being obscured, and the old man had taken the large waves for reefs. You should have heard the Captain swear. I sometimes think swearing is a science.

We finally came to anchor in Newport Harbor, where we had a most delicious supper at two o'clock in the morning, and the next day, when our congenial old pilot bade us good-bye, I for one, felt heartily sorry.



Haul Away O

(Sheet, Tack, and Bowline)

AWAY, haul away, boys, haul away together,
Away, haul away, boys, haul away O;
Away, haul away, boys, haul away together,
Away, haul away, boys, haul away O.

Louis was the King of France afore the Revolu-ti-on,
Away, haul away, boys, haul away O;
Louis was the King of France afore the Revolu-ti-on,
Away, haul away, boys, haul away O.

But Louis got his head cut off, which spoiled his con-
stitu-ti-on,
Away, haul away, boys, haul away O;
But Louis got his head cut off, which spoiled his con-
stitu-ti-on,
Away, haul away, boys, haul away O.



THE START. FROM THE HEAD OF THE JETTY



THE HARBOR AT HIGH TIDE, LOOKING OUT TO SEA

A Regatta on the Island of Jersey

Slocum and The Big Three

By Edwin C. Dickenson

THERE were many in Slocum's class at the big university who wondered at that individual's popularity with its three most distinguished men: Brigham, of football fame; Todd, the star half-miler, and Eldridge, the social arbiter of the class. These men were the closest of friends, rented an expensive suite of rooms together in the most exclusive of campus dormitories, and were a people unto themselves, until Slocum was admitted and "The Big Three," as they were known, was no longer a "Three," but a "Four."

Why Slocum, unassuming of demeanor, without any of those exceptional mental or physical qualifications which make a man popular among his classmates, and without any claims to social distinction, should be the "chosen of the gods" and the envy of his fellows, was beyond the comprehension of the average collegian.

There was one thing certain, however, and that was that this popularity was not the result of slow growth, but was rather the mushroom growth of a single night, so to speak, and dated from one day in June in the second year of the class's existence,—a day, when, for some strange reason, which, too, was a part of the mystery, the four men had chartered a catboat from "Chap-

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pie" White and sailed on pleasure bent out New Haven Harbor.

It resolved itself into this, then: something had occurred on that sail which had raised Slocum enormously in the estimation of "The Three," but what it was no one outside of these four knew, until long after each was able to write the two letters of his degree after his name. And then, at an alumni dinner where all four men were met again and spirits were high, the story of that trip was told and incidentally a side-light let fall on the character of the quiet "Down-Easter" Slocum;—and this is the tale.

The examinations were nearly over for "The Three." It was Saturday afternoon and from that time until the following Tuesday when the last "exam." came there was nothing to do but grind, and none of "The Three" approved of grinding. So, after lunch they sauntered down through the elm-shaded streets to the city's docks where a whiff of mud-scented brine was wafted to them across the naked flats on either side of the long piers, for it was low tide and the harbor was at its worst, which is saying much.

Yet, as they lingered, indolently, here, the tide changed and a great breath of fresh salt-air came hurrying to them, straight from Old Ocean, bringing with it thoughts and longings for the cool, clean depths outside and the feel of the seas beneath one, and stirring the thick waters of the harbor into rippling, dimpling blue. There was one thought in common with the three men, now, and Todd voiced it when he suggested a sail. So they followed the line of wharves until they came to "Chappie" White's, where they negotiated for a boat.

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Now, not one of "The Three" knew enough of sailing craft to handle a boat in all emergencies that might arise. Brigham and Eldridge had never been at the helm of a boat in their lives, while Todd had accumulated most of his knowledge of this intricate art by watching club runs from the deck of his father's steam yacht. But never does one know so much as in one's sophomore year. It was a foregone conclusion with "The Three" that this part of the proposition was of no moment. Besides, after the first few warning gusts the breeze had settled to a fine, strong Summer wind, steady and true, and to all appearance, as far as "The Three" could see, was going to remain so for the balance of the afternoon. They put this question aside, then.

"Chappie" White was used to taking risks. It was a part of his business, a necessary incident. At the worst he would find his boats floating capsized about the harbor, none the worse for a little water, or safely shelved on one of the many mud-bars which render navigation difficult in that body of water, waiting to be floated at high tide. He gave "The Three" a large catboat, generous of beam and shallow of draught with a centerboard which, when lowered, would scrape every bar in the harbor and sheathed would, to use a common nautical expression, "let the craft over a clover field after a heavy dew." She steered with a wheel and her name was Bramble. A spacious, if homely, "house" took up most of her deck space, leaving, however, a generous cockpit and a small deck forward. From her gunwales rose a six-inch bulwark which might better have graced a fifty-foot schooner, and gave a clumsy appearance to what was really a graceful hull. From the

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same schooner might have come the huge mud-hook which lay on its cable on deck forward of the mast. It might have been the very one which inspired Pat to inquire the whereabouts "ov the man that swung that pick." "The Three" laughed at it then, but how thankful they were a few hours later that it was that which the catboat swung to and not a smaller one.

The men got aboard the yacht from the float, hoisted her mainsail and started to cast off her moorings when Todd caught sight of their classmate Slocum seated on a dock-post watching their preparations with envious interest. He, too, had wandered down to the docks that afternoon, not as had the others, from pure chance, but because of a distinct longing to be near the sea, the definite ache which only those who have lived on the sea for weeks at a time experience after a long absence from it; for Slocum came from Marthas Vineyard and had lived nearly as much on the sea as on land; and welcomed the sight of it and the strong scent of the brine as old friends.

Now all three of the men had a bowing acquaintance with Slocum, but this was all. There was nothing in common in the lives they led and his, of quiet unobtrusiveness. They did not know him, to be sure, but they did not care to, and neither did Slocum, on his side, care to seek their better acquaintance.

But Todd was big-hearted and, moreover, unlike most big-hearted men, was considerate. The posture of the man on the dock struck him as being almost disconsolate. He jumped to the conclusion that he, too, longed to feel the roll of the sea under him, and scarcely had the thought entered his head before he had called out an invitation to Slocum. The other two looked at

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him inquiringly, but the will of one was the will of all with "The Three." They seconded his invitation with warmth.

Yet, to Slocum the invitation was almost unwelcome. Of a somewhat retiring disposition, the idea of going off thus with "The Three" did not present a particularly congenial picture to him. Indeed, if he had been envious of them it had been rather of their boat than of their company. Yet something in the spontaneity of the invitation, in the loyal warmth of its endorsement by the other two, struck a sympathetic note in the "Down-Easter's" nature. He accepted the invitation in the spirit given and boarded the yacht, shoving her bow off as he did. After all, he thought, these fellows were not so formidable as they had been painted, nor so snobbish.

Todd was at the wheel. He filled the yacht's large sail on the starboard tack, for the wind was blowing straight up harbor, and stood across the narrow slip in which Bramble had been moored. At the further side of this lay a coal barge in ballast, moored to the dock, her shapeless wall-like sides rising high above the deck of Bramble. Todd was not an adept at wheel-steering; in fact, he remembered now that all the sailing craft with which he had had to do were steered with a helm. He made the very natural error of supposing a wheel worked the same way, and when it came time to go about put the wheel over to port.

"The other way!" Slocum cried out involuntarily. Todd, seeing his mistake, spun the wheel back. Bramble's bow just cleared the slimy hull of the barge and her boom swung slowly out of danger. But the catboat's quarter bumped heavily into the barge and scraped

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along its rough side until they fended her off and, her mainsail filling, she had drawn slowly away from it.

This was not an auspicious start, but no damage had been done and Todd had learned a lesson by which he profited, for he worked the yacht into the harbor, proper, without further mishap.

Eldridge lighted his beloved pipe and sprawled along the cockpit seat, his back against the house, in lazy contentment. Brigham smoked cigarettes (which he offered to Slocum, who did not smoke) and stationed himself, at Todd's wish, at the main-sheet, no very confining duty, considering the fact that the blocks of this traveled smoothly along the "horse" without the necessity of starting the sheet. As for Slocum, he had caught sight of a rolled chart, tucked inside a brace in the cabin, and this he brought out and spread on deck aft of the wheel with a sailor's caution. "Plum Gut to Stratford Shoals," it was entitled, and on it he found the narrow, winding channel of New Haven Harbor. He was just observing the great difference between the apparently navigable water which stretched on either side of them and that of the narrow stream charted, when Bramble, which had been moving along at a creditable pace, came to a sudden and ominous stop, her mainsail slowly pushing her bow into the wind. "The Three" looked at one another in mild surprise; they had not counted on anything so out of the ordinary happening so far from any visible land. But Slocum was not so taken unawares. He sprang to the main-sheet and let it go on the run, then jumping to the center-board halyard tried to run the board up into its trunk. He could not start it. Evidently it was fast in the muddy bottom. But now the other three men, seeing

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a "method in his madness," came to his assistance and together they got it up into its box. Bramble drifted slowly back into the channel and gathered way as Brigham, obeying orders, trimmed her down once more.

Small as was the incident, it served to raise Slocum in the estimation of the others and to promote a spirit of good fellowship (which, before, had been but a pretense) between him and the other men. The "Down-Easter" picked out the various channel-buoys and pointed out to Todd how certain ones were to be left to port and certain to starboard; explained the maze of figures and letters on the chart, and all in such a modest way as not in the least to offend that man's sense of vanity; while the other men lay about at ease listening and good-naturedly adding now and then their word to the conversation in a way which made Slocum feel much at ease.

So an hour went by pleasantly enough and Bramble had worked out against wind and tide until Morris Cove lay abeam of her and the breakwaters, with the Old Light to the port of them, a scant mile to the windward. In the last hour the wind had steadily freshened and the seas, piling in between the breakwaters, were beginning to make Bramble pitch and roll. She lay well over to the breeze and when Todd put the wheel up, came about in grand surging rushes, and was off on the other tack while the noise of slatting canvas and rattling blocks still lingered in the ears of her crew.

A new light was in Slocum's eyes at the song of the sea. He longed to feel the fierce tug of the wheel and hold the yacht down to her work until the water came over her lee-rail. He drank in the leagues of ragged sea which stretched away outside the breakwaters to the

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horizon, with all the longing of a deep-sea sailor, and read with delight the promise he saw there, of more wind. He became suddenly grateful to these men who, as good as strangers, yet had invited him to be one of them on this glorious sail, and when a dash of spray burst over him from the yacht's bows he laughed out of the pure joy of living.

As they neared the breakwaters, gust after gust, each stronger than its predecessor, swept down on them, keeping Todd busy luffing and paying off again, and often knocking the craft down until the water was on her lee pathway.

During a lull Todd glanced hurriedly at his watch. It was four o'clock, "too early to turn back," he shouted, to make himself heard. "Why not take a short run outside?"

Brigham nodded acquiescence; Eldridge seemed to be a trifle indisposed and said nothing.

"It would be a good idea to reef, first, wouldn't it?" suggested Slocum, his mouth close to Todd's ear, for the noise of sea and wind was great, now.

But Todd was having too glorious a time with the kicking wheel to listen to this suggestion. "Oh, she will stand it around the breakwater," he shouted back confidently.

Slocum shook his head dubiously; experience had taught him that a "reef in time often saved nine;" but he resolved to say no more until it was absolutely necessary.

When Bramble shoved her bow out from the lee of the breakwater a huge crested sea came surging down on her, lifted her and sent a smother of foam over her forward deck, and along her pathways as a foretaste

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of what was to come. But Slocum had providently clamped the cabin-ports and although for a moment the seething froth hid the deck from view, yet the next, Bramble had shaken herself as might a dog, and shot out into the ugly seas of the Sound.

The wind had settled into a steady gale now, and up to the windward stretched an unending line of green white-crested seas. Once outside the breakwaters, Todd let the yacht's head fall off and she leaped away in great surging plunges, the beam seas lifting and dizzily rolling her, slapping viciously her dripping strakes and curling from under her. Slocum, who knew the danger of this point of sailing, and yet was chary now of giving further advice, would not have been surprised to see the yacht capsize any moment; but Todd was in his element. Not knowing the sea as well as Slocum, his enjoyment of the sail was unalloyed by any real sense of imminent danger, and he held the craft down to her work with only feelings of wild exhilaration and pride of mastery over her as she swung over the seas. So engrossed had these two men been in the sailing of the craft, they had not for the time so much as observed the other two. Now as Slocum's eyes rested on Eldridge for a moment he saw in a glance that this aristocratic young man had already the first symptoms of the weird *mal-de-mer*. His face was greenish white, his lips had lost color, and his eyes wore the hunted look common to all sufferers. As the "Down-Easter" watched him, half in pity, half in amusement, the sickness seized him and he leaned sadly out over the coaming. The others railed him, thinking, perhaps, that this was good medicine; but Brigham, who still stood stolidly by the main-sheet himself, turned a shade

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paler at the sight. He shut his lips firmly together and as firmly made up his mind that he should not be sick. But no amount of grit can put off the claims of Father Neptune; soon he had joined Eldridge, who was now retching horribly. Yet, however much these men suffered, not a word did they say of turning back. Whatever else one might say against "The Big Three," thought Slocum, one could not accuse them of lack of courage; and he, who had never in his life been seasick, felt, along with his pity for the men, a vast amount of respect for the nerve of all three.

But Todd had no idea of prolonging the misery of his companions for his own selfish pleasure, and he decided to put the boat about. He put the wheel up, but as he did a gust struck the full sail of the yacht and knocked her down with the quickness of thought. The water poured into the cockpit over her lee coaming in tons, and as the men clung desperately to whatever lay near at hand it seemed as though her time had come, but slowly, so slowly that Slocum thought she would fill before she did, she righted and shook the green water from her deck, her mainsail heavy with water thundering in the wind. For a time at least they were safe.

Todd was taken down somewhat by the mishap which might have been a tragedy. Brigham and Eldridge, for the time, forgot their illness. Several inches of water were washing about the cockpit deck and the craft rose heavily to each sea.

Almost as a matter of course Slocum took command. Brigham and Eldridge he had man the pump. Todd, he took forward with him, and together they let go the halyards and got the flapping canvas muzzled preparatory to reefing. With the pressure of the sail off the

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yacht, she jumped about like a thing of life, trying to shake these crawling creatures from her back, dipping, pitching, rolling,—it seemed to “The Big Three” that there was not an antic known to the bronco that she did not try on them. Brigham and Eldridge had often to desert their pump to rush to the rail, while Todd, who, with Slocum, was tying in reef points, also began to feel the effects of the nauseating motion, and when the pennant had been passed and the last knot tied in, he, too, dropped limply into the cockpit, suddenly weak from the sickness.

How he ever got up even that small spread of canvas single-handed, Slocum was never able to tell clearly. It seemed one deafening maelstrom of thundering canvas, of reeling deck, and drenching spray, and through it all, himself, as in a nightmare, pulling, ever pulling, on ropes that cut and burned his hands and tried demoniacally to draw his arms from their sockets.

But at last he accomplished what for a time had seemed the impossible. He made his way aft along the slippery pathways to the cockpit. This, he found, Brigham and Eldridge had pumped dry, at least, although every roll of the craft brought the water swishing up between the boards of its decking, showing that there still remained plenty of water in the hold. All three men had arrived at that stage where they did not care what happened; that second stage of the sickness when, as some one has wisely put it, one no more fears he will die, but fears he won't.

Slocum trimmed in the sheet and took the wheel. The yacht shuddered as the first few gusts struck her sail, and then, listing well over, shot ahead into the curling seas once more. But with this canvas Slocum could

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not see that she made any progress to the windward. The wind had shifted straight into the West, and their mishap and its results had found Bramble more than a mile dead to the leeward of the nearest breakwater. It would not do to hold this tack long, Slocum saw, for Bramble was sagging steadily in toward the Connecticut shore. Maybe she would do better on the other tack, he thought. He put the wheel over. The yacht came slowly into the wind and would have hung there had he not quickly put her back on the old tack. She carried too great a lee-helm. The plucky "Down-Easter" tried again to put her about but in vain. The three reefs they had put in her sail made it set too far forward for her to go about, in this gale.

Night was not far off now. No one of the four men knew the coast thereabout. The nearest harbor of which any of them knew a thing was the lee of Tuxis Island, a small island off the town of Madison, some twenty miles down the Sound. Here, Slocum had run in on his father's sloop, before, in an Easterly storm; whether he could find his way in now was a question. He conferred with Todd, the least ill of the three others, and they agreed that this was the only course left for them to take; so the yacht's wheel was again put over and falling off before the wind she shot away like a frightened deer, the huge, green seas piling, threateningly, over her stern.

Now, with the exception of an occasional yaw, which Slocum promptly met with the wheel, the sailing of the craft gave no trouble. She swept along before the wind in steady surges, and after a time this had a salutary effect on "The Three." Todd and Brigham and finally Eldridge, recovered from their illness and, although all

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three were as "weak as cats," as Todd put it, yet they began to take a new interest in life.

Nowhere are such firm friends made, and so easily, as on the sea,—or enemies. Man, confronted with death, in a small craft, is stripped bare of all conventions, and then at least he appears just as he is. If he pass this test with his fellows, friendship is assured, for there is no greater. To "The Three," Slocum, standing doggedly at the wheel, as they swept on, mile after mile, had sprung from esteem to a warmer place in their hearts. He no longer was an outsider, but one of them, not for the time alone, they felt, but for always. Something of a similar nature was passing in this man's mind as he noted the tired faces of "The Three," who still had murmured not a word, in spite of their illness. After all, he thought, these men had that in them which made their distinction among their fellows deserved; a subtle understanding which almost amounted to *un esprit de corps* had sprung up between him and "The Big Three."

As evening grew over the water they passed Bramford Light, brought the Thimbles abeam and dropped them astern, and as darkness was settling over the sea they saw before them the white gleam of breakers, standing out sharp against the darkening horizon, where the seas burst on a long reef stretching seaward. Slocum gave the wheel to Todd and taking the chart down into the cabin, lighted a match and saw by its aid that this was Guilford Reef and that they must stand far out to clear it; so he went back to his wheel and waiting for a "smooth" had the other men jibe the boom, which they did without mishap in spite of the gale behind the sail.

For a half-hour Bramble stood out to sea, running

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on a course nearly parallel to the reef, with the seas almost abeam, and when again the yacht's bow was pointed for Tuxis Island it was quite dark, and over the starboard quarter shone the light on Falkners Island, while all along the Connecticut shore cottage lights were peeping out of the darkness. By the bearing of Falkners Light Slocum judged Bramble to be nearly on her proper course.

While the seas and wind did not seem to lessen, neither did they increase apparently, and the stars came out in a cloudless sky. It was simply a "blow" they had run into so inopportunately. Slocum guessed rightly; it might last an hour, it might last all night.

Bramble fled steadily on in the darkness, and as their confidence grew in the boat the men began to take a certain pleasure in the wild 'scends and swooping drops of the craft; in the howl of the gale and the swish of breaking seas about them. As for Slocum, he could have sailed thus forever. It was not the open sea he feared, but the land which the yacht was swiftly running down. The difficulty of finding this lee, which he had seen only on one occasion, and that in daylight, weighed upon him the stronger the nearer shore Bramble got.

After a time, sullen, indistinct, carrying with it a little thrill of fear, came to them, up wind, the sound of breakers, ever growing in volume. The land loomed like the blackness of space ahead of them, with seemingly, beneath it, the long dash of white where the seas broke on the beaches of the Connecticut shore. But as they closed in on these the keen senses of the "Down-Easter" noted that on the starboard bow these breakers seemed to extend out farther and the sound of them

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seemed to be plainer. Here, then, he guessed his island to be, and peering steadily in that direction after a time he saw the shadow of land which he decided must be Tuxis. When, in the next few minutes these outer breakers were hidden by the shadow, he felt that his conclusion had been near enough the truth to warrant changing the yacht's course, and this he did until he had brought her running parallel to the inner line of breakers; their white line seeming dangerously near at hand in the darkness of the night.

Above their roar and that of the wind he called "The Big Three" to him. They were getting where the anchor would have to be let go soon now, he told them, and he asked Todd and Brigham if they felt equal to the task. They shouted back an affirmative and without loss of time made their way carefully forward along the pathways to prepare its cable for running, leaving Eldridge, who was the weakest of the three, from his longer sickness, to tend the main-sheet when the occasion should arise.

Slocum held on until a semicircle of white surf lay before them. He saw then that the seas were breaking between the island and the mainland and in the same moment that if they would benefit by the lee of the former they must work close up under it, for they had run much too far inshore.

There was but one thing to do,—they must beat out again.

With a shout of "Hard-a-lee!" he put the yacht's helm over. But he had forgotten that the craft would not go about. She shot into the wind with the gale roaring through her rigging and hung there. In a fury of haste he grasped the swinging boom and backed the

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mainsail until once more she payed off on the old tack and pulled slowly ahead again. For a moment he thought of wearing ship, but a glance at the breakers a few hundred feet to the leeward told him there was not room. They were fairly cornered between the semi-circle of breakers and the faulty mainsail. Again he put the helm over until Bramble a second time lay shuddering in the wind. With a word to Eldridge to gather in the sheet, he sprang forward and cast off both halyards, shouting to Todd and Brigham at the same time to let go the anchor.

The plunge of the anchor was lost in the shriek of running halyards, and as Slocum lay along the boom and muzzled the flapping canvas he felt the yacht gather sternway with amazing quickness. He passed a tyer around the mainsail and sprang forward beside the other two men.

The coils of the cable were flaking off with fascinating speed. Slocum carried a bight to the mast and gradually snubbed the boat's drift, but foot after foot, fathom after fathom he gave her until but a few lengths were left. These he made fast about the mast and the sudden jerk of the yacht as she was brought up nearly threw the men off their feet. A minute passed,—two—five, and the anchor held firm.

"It's all right, boys; she'll hold," shouted Slocum thankfully.

"The Three" made their way aft to the cockpit.

So this is the story of Slocum and "The Big Three." All that night the gale held and so, too, the anchor, and then when dawn was stealing over the sky the wind died down and soon the sea, and Bramble and her crew

SLOCUM AND THE BIG THREE

were out of danger. But "The Big Three" was no more; it had changed to "The Big Four";—in a day, in the quiet, unassuming Slocum "The Three" had discovered a "fourth."



Paddy Doyle

(Furling)

T_o *my*,
Ay,
And we'll *furl*,
Ay,
And pay Paddy Doyle for his boots.

We'll *sing*,
Ay,
And we'll *heave*,
Ay,
And pay Paddy Doyle for his boots.

We'll *heave*,
Ay,
With a *swing*,
Ay,
And pay Paddy Doyle for his boots.

A Sunday's Cruise on the Penobscot

By Orrin J. Dickey

IT WAS one of those warm Summer Saturday afternoons, in September, when a party of four embarked on board the yacht *Glide* at Belfast, Me., and began preparations for a Sunday's cruise among the islands in the Penobscot Bay, where wind and tide should determine.

The yacht *Glide* is one of those trim little Maine crafts, of some thirty-five feet in length, built at Belfast, in 1895, and holding the reputation of being the fastest yacht in her class on the Penobscot. She spreads some five hundred yards of canvas in the four sails she carries, viz., mainsail, topsail, jib and flying jib, and when set before a fair breeze she bowled along at a ten-knot rate, cutting the water into a seething foam and sending the ripples hither and thither on each side, toward the land. The sails are so arranged that they can be handled with the greatest of ease and when the yacht was under full sail, with sheets well trimmed, she presented a most attractive picture.

The party on this trip consisted of four, Captain Walter Decrow, who commanded the yacht and was a part owner; the genial Captain Ding, of the Rudder Station at Belfast; the Squire, an all-round good fellow

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and amateur theatrical man; the writer, better known as Dick, who kept the log and made up the party of four.

As the yacht cleared from her mooring, the day was just drawing to a close, the golden tints of a September sun, a pleasant reminder of those corn-huskings of boyhood days, striking the distant windows of far Islesboro's Summer cottages and the placid waters of the bay, tinted here and there as the light Westerly breeze stirred up the tiny wavelets.

Thanks to Captain Decrow of Glide, all plans had been made for an early start and when the party had been taken on board the trim little yacht was then tugging at her moorings, impatient to be free, while the white canvas of her main and topsails quivered and ruffled in the breeze.

Only a few minutes were lost in getting underway, the moorings were cast off, the foresails were hoisted in place, and the yacht with her happy party glided swiftly out of the harbor of Belfast. As we passed down the harbor the little steamers lying at the Boston & Bangor Steamship wharf gave us a shrill toot of farewell and we were soon out beyond the monument and buoys, which mark a dangerous ledge, well on our way. The breeze seemed steady and our plans were to reach Rockland that night, possibly Whitehead, where we were to spend the night and then cruise along the outer islands, reaching home late Sunday night.

Our plans had been well laid and the wind was surely in our favor, for ere we had reached the Batteries just below the city of Belfast, where cannon were mounted in the Revolutionary War for the protection of the city, the breeze came stronger and the good yacht sped on with greater rapidity. We passed Wesleyan Grove, the

A CRUISE ON THE PENOBSCOT

Methodist camp-ground, Shore Acres, and with the strong gusts of wind which drew down over Dickey's Bluff, towering some six hundred feet above us, our passage by Temple Heights and Saturday Cove on the right and the island of Isola Bella owned by the Folwells of Philadelphia on the left, with Islesboro in the background, gave us but little time for more than a passing observation.

The tide was on the ebb and the strong breeze crowded the little yacht along, but even then in the far distance we could see that it was but one of those evening land breezes so common in Maine waters and was not farreaching.

A Southerly and calm was surely awaiting us, and as the yacht sped in by Gilkeys Harbor Lighthouse, for we were sailing a Southerly course, and neared Warrens Island, where the Folwells of Philadelphia are building a \$50,000 log cabin, we began to feel the effects of the light Southerly air from the broad expanse of sea outside the islands, and the quivering of the topsail proved but the forerunner of an evening Southerly and later a calm. By the advice of Captain Decrow and the Squire, who had received his title from a former appearance, and strongly objected to anything but an even keel for sailing, the course was changed to a Southeasterly one and the yacht's nose was headed toward Camden across the bay, figuring that the offshore breeze from Camden Mountains would surely make "harbor speed." The wind steadily abated, however, and just as the lights for the night beamed out from Negro Island Lighthouse, we passed in by the bell buoy with its mournful ring and dropped our anchor in Camden Harbor, under the shades of old Megunticook, which towers

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high above the village, with its sloping sides coming down to the water's edge.

Only about twenty miles of the forty planned had been made thus far, on the first run, yet we were not sorry to spend the night here. After a light lunch on board the yacht, leaving Captain Decrow in charge, we were rowed on shore and after visiting the points of interest in the town, on the proposal of one of the party the ascent of Mount Battie, 1,400 feet, was begun, the night being clear and an early harvest moon favoring our trip. Camden was incorporated in 1791, and named in honor of Lord Camden, it originally being a part of the Muscongus grant and the mountains in the background assuming those early Indian names. The town has a population of nearly five thousand, and ship-building is one of the chief occupations, in which it is one of the leading seaports of New England.

The shades of evening had fallen over the village, but were offset by the brightness of the moon and the lights of the town as we looked backward in climbing the mountainside. The cottages of the Summer residents were beautifully aglow with colored lights, as the parties of guests were being entertained. The ascent of the mountain path was rough and made with some difficulty; but as we stopped from time to time to look down on the village beneath, with the steeples and public buildings, rising here and there, the beautiful light of the moon, as it rose, glinting over the calm waters, a steam launch, or sailing craft, with perchance a row-boat in the harbor, going here and there, the effect was beyond description.

The varied collection of both sail and steam yachts which had made anchor for the night, in the harbor, the

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dark shadows and deep reflections of the near and distant islands, all impelled us to push forward, until we had reached the summit. Then we beheld at our feet the village, the harbor, islands, and bay, with thousands of sailing craft, the whole bathed in the golden moonlight and strengthened by the deep reflections and dark shadows. Here and there the beautiful picture was pierced by the streamers of light thrown out by, and marking the location of the five lighthouses, which are plainly seen. The picture is not one to be painted; it is simple in its beauty, yet the grandeur is sublime, the richness appeals to the artist, and the shades and variations of the landscape are unequaled. A soft breeze draws over the mountain and to our ears are brought the bleat of the sheep on the distant farm beyond the quiet cemetery, at the mountain's base, on the back. From the village come the hum of noises and the barking of dogs, while the faint strains of music from some pleasure boat are wafted gently through the air.

The striking of the village clock, followed by the shrill bugle call on board the revenue cutter anchored in the harbor, as a new watch is called, awakens us from the reverie in which we had fallen and we begin our descent down the mountainside. This is accomplished with even greater difficulty than was the climb in going up, for there are many loose rocks and one must cling to the nearby trees to prevent sliding down at the peril of many bruises. On reaching the foot of the mountain, we pass through the streets and in their stillness are reminded of the Deserted Village, and are again on board our yacht, where, rolled in blankets, we are soon lost in slumber and pass a quiet night.

The sun's rays are just striking the tiptop house on

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the mountain above us, when we are called out by Captain Decrow and find a light breeze drawing from the land. No time was lost in getting underway and while our brother yachtsmen were still sleeping at the various moorings, we were passing out of the harbor, taking the inside passage by Negro Island, which the high tide permitted.

One by one, the party, the Squire, Captain Ding and Dick, have turned out and while all are busy in preparing breakfast, supervised by Captain Ding, the yacht is steadily creeping along over the broad expanse of water toward Whitehead. We glide by Rockport and its stately lighthouse on the right and a little farther the Graves on the left, whose lone spindle is a silent danger-signal. The wind grows fresher and we draw away from the land and begin to leave it astern with Owls Head, our destination, dead ahead. Inland is Bay Point Hotel and from Bay Point, stretching across the harbor, lies the long stone breakwater protecting the smoky city of Rockland, in the rear.

We are nearing Owls Head, and here meet the steamer City of Bangor, on her trip East from Boston, whose waves surprise the Squire, but do not delay the breakfast, thanks to the precaution of Captain Decrow. Passing Owls Head, the keeper, who is apprised of our approach by a fog-horn blown by one of the party and who is apparently returning from his lonely watch in the lighthouse, responds by ringing the fog-bell, as we glide by.

We are now making good speed with a fair tide and wind, passing many little Summer places along the broken coast, gliding here and there among the islands, buoys and ledges on our way. There has been but little

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swell until we reach Owls Head, but it grows more apparent and the Squire becomes a noticeable occupant of the quarterdeck. At nine o'clock our lines have been made fast at the Government wharf, of quarried stone, and we set out on an inspection of the Life-Saving Station. Whitehead is very attractive to the visitor, with its grand old boulders, hewn as it would seem from the granite rock; and with the beautiful glimpse which one has of the broad Atlantic, whose waves are dashed into pieces, seemingly, upon the jagged rocks at one's feet, the picture is awe inspiring. The population of Whitehead is comparatively small, for other than the homes of the lighthouse keeper and the men at the life-saving stations, there are only a few fishermen's huts, where bright families of those hardy New England boys and girls are raised. The South side of the island is ragged and steep and very hard climbing over the granite. On the highest point and outer extremity of the island stands the lighthouse and keeper's home, the steam whistle, and a little farther in the two life-saving stations on either side. The keeper and family find it rather lonesome in the Winter, in their home near the lighthouse, but there is usually plenty to do, for during a heavy fog the bell must be rung at stated intervals, while the big steam whistle blows a five-second blast, and then during the night-time the lights must be watched. The past year was not a bad one, but when the weather is heavy and fog is abundant the life-savers must keep a patrol and then occurs their hard work. During the Spanish-American war, Whitehead was made a signal station, and the light-keeper, with two assistants, was expected to keep a sharp lookout for either American or other war-craft, and with the international

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signal code ascertain the character of the vessel and immediately dispatch the results over the wires to Portland, with which the station is connected.

A strong Southerly breeze had sprung up while we were making a tour of the island, inspecting the life-saving apparatus, and the sea was now pounding in on the boulders and rocks on the Southern side of the island with terrific force, bringing terror to the hearts of the Squire and Dick, who had gained no favorable "mention" from their sea-life. In the far distance, notwithstanding the bright sunlight, could be seen a heavy bank of fog, and the moan and rumble of the sea increased our desire to sail. Bidding farewell to the light-keeper and his family, the life-saving crew, friends we had made in our brief stop, and with the deepest regret in giving up the bounteous fish dinner nearly ready, we repaired to the wharf and the white sails of Glide were soon drawing freely, as we ran off before the wind, the breeze growing stronger as we reached the open sea.

A large flock of sheep are feeding on an island as we sweep by, and on another, that of a Summer resident's cottage attracts our attention, the cottage looking most inviting, while a variety of rowboats are dipping in the swell. Dix Island, with its unused granite quarries, attracts us but a moment, for we have taken the inside course to Owls Head and from there will shape our course to Vinalhaven, which we have planned to visit, ere our return home. Otter Island, Sheep and Monroe Islands have quickly gone by and we are viewing the opening by Owls Head, when we are called from lunch by Captain Decrow, who found the little yacht pushing into the sea with everything set. Another yacht was observed lying in the lee of Otter Island and we

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were about to take in our topsail, by special request of the Squire, when the other yacht was observed getting underway, and by the direction of Captain Decrow our work was stayed. The other yacht, seeing our approach, had got underway and from appearances, which were later demonstrated, was about to give us a "brush." She was a smartly rigged little craft about the size of *Glide* and had a happy party on board. At her helm was an old seaman, who looked the picture of a Yankee skipper, and as she ran out and squared away along beside us, the mainsail was peaked a little more and Captain Decrow directed that we should make the run under full sail.

The yacht held her own well for a time and we easily read her name, *Spray*, although her hailing place could not be discerned. Twice our way was impeded by an excursion steamer, but when we reached the open, near *Owls Head*, and squared away to make the run to *Vinalhaven*, after jibing over, in which some of our goods were precipitated into the sea and we found ourselves in the lee scuppers, our companion boat was some distance astern, and amid the toots of a fog-horn in the hands of Captain *Ding* the race was given up, *Glide* easily proving the better boat. It was hardly noon when we left *Whitehead*, the run had been quick, the course across the bay quickly run, and we were soon at anchor at *Vinalhaven* making harbor after a circuitous route, through channels, between ledges and buoys. Our first stop was at *Hurricane Island*, where a pleasant time was spent in looking over the granite quarries and climbing over the big slabs which had been cut, and the selection of curios from the quarries which were once the scene of great activity, being operated by General *Davis*

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Tilson, who opened them up in 1870. Few people reside here now, some two hundred perhaps, who are divided between fishermen and granite cutters, all affected by strikes.

Returning on board the yacht, having brought our camera into play, we continued our sail three miles farther to Vinalhaven, named for Sir John Vinal, of Boston, and incorporated in 1789. Here we visited the principal places in the island town and spent some time in looking over the quarries of the famous Bodwell Granite Works, where some massive pieces of stone have been quarried for Washington, D. C., and Philadelphia buildings, besides many public buildings throughout New England. Out in the distance where the "sky and water seemed to meet," only broken here and there by an island, the weather looked bad, the wind was fresh and a heavy sea rolled in. Our good skipper was getting impatient and had already taken the topsail and flying jib in, with the intention of the homeward trip and the expectation of a breezy run.

We did not feel inclined to hurry, however, and first paid a visit to the boat-building houses of Leroy Coombs, whose work in that line is quite noticeable among the yachts owned by the Summer visitors in Maine. Plenty of work was found in progress there and Mr. Coombs had then on the stocks the frame of the yacht he was building on similar lines as *Glide*, for the Roberts Brothers, of Reading, Mass., who annually spend their Summers at Northport. The yacht has a pretty model and when she is completed will be a beauty and surprise many a companion on the *Penobscot*. After being regaled on boiled lobsters, we joined our craft again and as the shades of darkness were just falling, made sail

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for home, the remainder of the island cruise being postponed for a future day. Thus far the party had no thrilling experiences of mention, but we were not to escape so easily, for in leaving the harbor we were nearly run down by a large steam yacht, whose pilot was not sure of his bearings, and the big boat jostled up alongside of *Glide*, giving us a thorough drenching, besides the heavy sea. The boat sped on with a breeze growing stronger and we rounded the last buoy and were homeward bound.

The wind blew fresh and the mast and shrouds creaked as the yacht pitched forward into the heaving sea, with the darkness of night about us. A Southerly at this season of the year is usually very strong and it gave signs of a storm. The yacht pitched about and her passengers were anxious to make the first harbor. Captain Decrow said little, but experienced with the coast as he was and knowing well the strength of his yacht he guided her in a masterly manner. With every fresh gust we expected our sails to go and the heavy sea and foam dashing upon her frail bow were terrifying to the party. The course had been laid for the homeward trip through the Western Penobscot Bay, and after we got by Crabtree Point at North Haven, it seemed calmer and we gained courage. On the left were the little islands of Robinson Rock, Mark, Saddle, Lassells, and Jobs, while to the right was a little mixture of islands extending from North Haven to the mainland. With the lee, reefs had been made and while the breeze was apparently abating we were making good time in the semidarkness.

The rising moon was breaking through the rifts of clouds, and to us after the heavy breeze seemed a glad

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visitor. Islesboro had been reached and the glad lights of the many Summer residents of that most popular place—Dark Harbor—shone out with pleasing brilliancy. Hughes Point and Ryders Cove were soon left behind and we were nearing Castine Lighthouse, which had long been seen in the distance. The wind, which had begun to abate, was fast going down with the coming on of night, and when we had rounded Turtle Head, once the Summer home of Dr. Davis, of patent medicine fame, the water far ahead toward Belfast Bay was nearly a flat calm. We stood away toward Searsport and in the dying wind which played about us had given up our return to Belfast that night. Fate was not against us, however, and ere the church bells in the distance had tolled the hour of twelve, we were overtaken by the launch Orca and by the kindness of the party on board, who were returning from an outing at Castine, with lines made fast, we were towed to our moorings in Belfast Harbor.

Thus closed a Sunday's cruise on the Penobscot, and while the vivid experiences of shipwreck had not been encountered by us, the two hundred miles sailed and the curios which hang in the office of the Rudder Station at Belfast, bring most pleasant memories, and as a one-day's cruise it can be recommended to all lovers of nature and the rough, broken coast of Maine.



From Cape Cod to New York Single-Handed

By Hazen Morse

ONE Friday morning about the middle of May, 1892, I received a letter from Carlton Nickerson, captain of a little trading schooner at Cotuit, Cape Cod, that my yawl Kittie was in commission (that is, ready to sail), so I looked around for a companion and finally settled on a young fellow, Louis Robinson, about twenty years old, who said he was a good sailor and would enjoy the trip. We packed our dunnage and took the Fall River Line steamer that same Friday night, reaching West Barnstable, Cape Cod, via Old Colony Railroad from Fall River, about twelve o'clock Saturday noon. A lovely, quiet May day, warm and bright, made the scene very enjoyable. Here we were driven over in the regular United States mail-stage about four miles to Cotuit port, through a lovely country studded with small ponds and heavily wooded with pine and oak. It is said there are three hundred and sixty-five ponds in this county of Barnstable, or, as the stage-driver put it, one for each day in the year; as many of these ponds are stocked with small-mouthed black bass you can have good sport fishing here during the Summer months. Ex-President Grover Cleveland visits these ponds near Cotuit regularly for the bass fishing.

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We were finally dropped, bag and baggage, at Carlton Nickerson's little wharf about 2 p. m. and expected to make immediate departure; but found Kittie was not nearly ready and it was only by dint of hard work that we were able the following afternoon to make our start. A few words about Kittie: She was a center-board yawl, built in 1890 at Osterville for me; twenty-nine feet long on load water-line, thirty-two feet over all, ten feet two inches breadth, drew three feet of water without her centerboard, and had 1,900 lb iron ballast bolted outside to her keel and carried about as much more inside next to her planking; a plumb-stern boat with a high bow about four feet six inches from the water to deck, with a moderate sail plan, some eight hundred square feet, she was an ideal sea-boat and very fast. With the sheets started, or on a broad reach she could hold her own with anything of her size and the best sea-boat I ever put my foot in; in fact, there is no style of boat can compare with a moderate-draught yawl for seagoing qualities.

Well, Lou and I, after getting provisions and dunnage aboard, started on our trip for New Rochelle, N. Y., from the beautiful little Cape Cod harbor of Cotuit, Sunday at 2 p. m. The wind was moderate and about S. S. W., so we beat out of the narrow sand entrance about six miles to the Suconesset Lightship, which marks the Northwest end of the Horseshoe Shoal and the Easterly end of Suconesset Shoal, where the channel between is scarcely a half-mile wide; from here we skirted quite close to the shore of Cape Cod, running within two hundred yards of Nobska Lighthouse off Woods Holl and then along by the Elizabeth Islands,

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which separate Buzzards Bay from Marthas Vineyard Sound.

With our sheets started and a good whole-sail breeze of wind we were running along with a fair tide at about seven knots per hour. Everything was lovely and bright, a smooth sea and warm sun, and my crew (Louis Robinson) was quite chipper, singing and making merry. We ran through Quicks Hole, the channel between Nashawena and Pasque Islands, and about dusk anchored to the North of Cuttyhunk Island, the most Westerly island of the Elizabeth group, and after cooking our supper in Kittie's roomy cabin, we rowed ashore in our little skiff and inspected the island, which has probably two hundred inhabitants, who live mainly by catching lobsters and fish, and it is remarkable to see them go out in their small catboats in almost any weather to haul their lobster-pots.

We also visited the Cuttyhunk Fishing Club, quite a wealthy organization, whose members come there at the proper season for sea-bass fishing. They catch, according to the tales told us by the natives, some monster bass running as large as eighty or ninety pounds each. Cuttyhunk has practically no harbor; there is quite a pond, as the fishermen call it, but in order to get into it you have to sail your boat within fifty feet of the beach, then through an opening not over thirty feet wide and perhaps one hundred and fifty feet long, through a channel that is shoal, narrow and crooked. You must be thoroughly acquainted to be able to use this entrance, so we, being strangers, contented ourselves by anchoring in the roadstead, a poor place on account of the long eel-grass that rises almost to the surface of the water and causes your anchor to foul up

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and pull away easily from the bottom, which is hard sand or gravel. We returned to the yawl early (by 8 p. m.), feeling tired out, as we were as yet unused to the pulling of ropes.

Monday morning at daylight I awoke, looked out and saw that it was blowing very hard from the Southwest. This wind, especially with an ebb-tide, makes a very nasty sea, as it blows right into Buzzards Bay from the Atlantic Ocean. Lou was sleeping soundly and as he was a youngster I let him snooze, made myself a cup of coffee, which with some fried ham and eggs made me a good breakfast and quite comfortable, as where the yawl was anchored was smooth as a millpond. After stowing things away carefully, I tumbled up on deck, turned in three reefs in the mainsail, one reef in the mizzen sail and set a small jib, got underway by myself, bringing the anchor and rode into the cockpit, my crew apparently still sound asleep below. I stood to the Westward between Cuttyhunk and Penikese Island, where the institute for fish exploration was located, and found I had about the right sail on the yawl; in fact, all she wanted. As I stood across Buzzards Bay on the port tack and got clear of Cuttyhunk, the sea came in heavy and kept me busy. I ran about halfway across the bay, came about standing well out by the Sow and Pigs Lightship on the starboard tack, so when I came about again on the port tack I would have a good offing, and it was well I did so, for soon after making my third tack the wind increased to nearly a gale and I took in jib and mizzen and tied them down securely and then had all the sail I wanted with a three-reefed mainsail. About this time, 9 a. m., things were pretty rocky, and the yawl was pitching about lively. I had called to Lou

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once or twice without response; finally I lashed the wheel, opened the cabin doors and as the wind was roaring about me, yelled to him to come on deck as a schooner had capsized about three miles away; she was in tow of a large tugboat and I judged her cargo of lumber had shifted. Lou stuck his head out of the cabin, saying he didn't care for any d—n schooner; he wished Kittie would capsize, too. Then I saw the trouble was, that he was seasick, and the whitest object I have ever seen. I kept the yawl jogging along until about 11:30 a. m., when I was abreast of Sekonnet River. As I saw a twenty-six-foot catboat running in, I followed her example, passing her just before we made the harbor. It was lively work all alone, dead before the wind and a heavy sea rolling, so I had to pay close attention to Kittie to prevent jibing. Some of the big rollers here reminded me of the blind rollers, as they call them, that make Provincetown Harbor a dangerous one to enter in a heavy Easterly storm. I, however, anchored all right in the mouth of the Sekonnet River, alongside of three porgy steamers and a big pound-net for keeping the fish in, at about noon.

I routed out my crew. He was a sorry sight, as was also the cabin. I finally got things cleaned up and shipshape and rowed Lou ashore in the skiff. We lay around in the bright sun on the beach, drying off, most all the afternoon, I taking an hour's walk. Lou could not eat anything and looked miserable; said he had recently had jaundice and was afraid he was going to have another attack; finally, after considerable talk, declined to accompany me farther, leaving me at daylight the next morning in a milk-cart for Newport, just across the country from Sekonnet.

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This left me in a nice predicament. I knew there was no chance of getting any one at Sekonnet as, outside of the crews of the porgy steamers, the residents were wealthy Summer people; so I had the choice of leaving Kittie at anchor at Sekonnet and coming on to New Rochelle by train for help, or sailing down alone. I chose the latter course, and as soon as Lou was safe ashore, I rowed out to the yawl, made fast the skiff and had my breakfast. At 5 a. m., under reefed canvas, I beat out of Sekonnet River with a W. S. W. wind. Profiting by my experience of Monday, I stood well offshore on the starboard tack toward Block Island, until about eight o'clock, when I came about on the port tack. The wind acted about as it had the day before and by nine o'clock it was blowing very hard, so that I took in jib and mizzen and went along under a three-reefed mainsail. After a hard tussle I succeeded in getting the skiff up on the port quarter of Kittie and lashed her there firmly. This took me about half an hour. The yawl broached to, and the sail slapped around considerably during this time, so that a training ship out on practice trip from Newport ran over toward me thinking, I suppose, that I needed assistance. Before she got within hailing distance I had made everything shipshape and kept away on my course for Brenton Reefs Lightship; and luckily for me I was well to windward, for alone I doubt if I could have tacked Kittie in the heavy sea that was running and with so small a sail set. It was blowing now a half a gale, so hard that a big three-masted schooner, bound to the Westward, had stood off and was making for Newport Harbor. Kittie was doing great work, taking aboard no green water, though deluging me with spray; as she had a water-

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tight, self-bailing cockpit and the cabin doors were closed and locked, I felt perfectly safe. After passing Brentons Reef I stood off with the wind on the port quarter. I found that there was a strong ebb-tide to buck against and with only a three-reefed mainsail set Kittie was not going fast enough and was in danger of being pooped by the following seas, so I lashed the wheel and hoisted the reefed mizzen and storm jib and the old boat fairly flew along, riding the seas like a duck, and by one o'clock I had passed Fort Dumpling and Fort Adams and was anchored all snug in Newport Harbor. Here I hung up my wet clothes to dry and turned in for a snooze, as I was completely tired out by my single-handed fight with Old Boreas.



John Francois

(Halyards)

BONEY was a warrior,
Away-i-oh;

Boney was a warrior,
John François.

Boney fought the Proosh-i-ans,
Away-i-oh;

Boney fought the Proosh-i-ans,
John François.

Boney fought the Roosh-i-ans,
Away-i-oh;

Boney fought the Roosh-i-ans,
John François.

Drive her, captain, drive her,
Away-i-oh;

Drive her, captain, drive her,
John François.

Give her the top-gallant sails,
Away-i-oh;

Give her the top-gallant sails,
John François.

It's a weary way to Baltimore,
Away-i-oh;

It's a weary way to Baltimore,
John François.

A Cruise on Barnegat Bay

By Samuel Fleming

WE HAD engaged a fine boat by letter but when the three of us, Skipper, Mate and Cook, reached Toms River one Friday morning we found that the owner had rented it to some one else—evidently thinking a bird in the hand worth two in the bush. After scouring the town and environs for several hours we saw a man willing to trust his “yacht” to us—for a sufficient remuneration. It was a catboat of the usual Barnegat Bay type, twenty-eight feet long with cabin room for three. We saw in gilded letters on the stern the imperial name Francis Joseph. On our return we learned that it was twenty-seven years old.

At one o'clock we cast off from the wharf and started down the narrow channel. A mile below town the river widens. Here we put on sailor clothes and felt comfortable. A dandy breeze on our quarter sent the boat skimming along and in half an hour we were through the draw at Island Heights. We made sure of passing to starboard of the red buoy marking a long bar where we had once been hung up for several hours.

Now we were really in Barnegat Bay. Here was a combination of all that man could desire—blue sky, good breeze, and a boat. What cared we if our boat re-

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sembled a garbage scow in speed! Skipper and Mate knowing some girls in Bay Head, the brawny helmsman turned the prow up the bay. The water, as is always the case in Barnegat, had scores of boats dotting it, mostly sail, thank the Lord!—for the power-boat craze has not struck this splendid sheet of water.

We had fair wind all the way and soon left Seaside Park in the rear. One by one the little towns dotting the ocean side of the bay slipped by and in a short time we came in sight of the Bay Head water-tower. These water-towers are the landmarks of this region. Every town owns one. They rise far above the other structures of the place and can be seen a long distance over the water. Before we could see anything of a town the outlines of this immense barrel would float out of the distance. There it seemed to hang supported by nothing, till we would draw nearer and the dainty steel structure holding it up would come in view.

The channel becomes quite narrow after going through Mantoloking draw, and though of necessity being followers rather than leaders, we were very glad to have guides through this complexity. Indeed, one part, called the Gunning Ditch, is not more than sixty feet wide and at the Northern end, where one has to make a sharp right-angled turn, it is scarcely forty feet in width. It is impossible to get through without tacking and with the tide running strong the job is not easy. However, our capable Skipper, with the help of directions shouted from other boats, pulled us through safely.

We reached Bay Head, where the bay comes to an abrupt end, at four o'clock, having made the eighteen miles in three hours—not so bad for a boat twenty-seven years old in strange waters. This little harbor

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was crowded with craft but we found good anchorage. The Cook got busy and prepared a delicious supper, consisting of fried potatoes, eggs, bacon and bread. There was a certain sameness about all the meals, as we learned in the course of the cruise, but then real hunger does not demand great variety. After supper the usual washing of dishes took place and from the tenacity of egg remnants to cling to a plate and the skill combined with patience required to remove the same, we all had a larger place than ever in our hearts for cooks.

With the usual equipment of clothes we set out for shore, gamboled around till eleven and then rowed back to our little ship. In the darkness it was hard to recognize the graceful lines of Francis Joseph in spite of the lantern on the mast and we bumped into several other boats before striking ours. Mate and Cook slept on one and Skipper on the other side of the cabin. About three in the morning Mate was awakened from a dream about floods by water trickling down his face. Rain was pattering on the deck and leaking through one of the many holes. He sat up, tried to find a dry place, but to escape the many streams of water was hopeless. In a few minutes Cook was aroused—indeed, who but a fish could sleep in that aquarium! Surely Francis Joseph was showing her age. Skipper, across the cabin, had not yet been touched, so Cook and Mate, with half a dry blanket, crawled in the bow where some old sails were stored. A dismal picture they made. Huddled together in a space three by six by two feet and almost suffocated, they spent the rest of the night praying that rain would cease from the earth. Soon to their delight aqua pura reached the Skipper, and they had the laugh on him. He lit a match, searched the boat for a dry

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spot, found none and swore. The others suggested bailing the boat as a means of keeping warm. There was no pump on board so he used a bucket, standing sans culotte outside in the driving rain. By daylight the weather cleared before a great Westerly breeze, the night's gloom was over and we had no more rain on the cruise. I shiver on recalling that horrible night.

We set sail early and another corking day it was. Wet bed-clothes, ordinary clothes, underclothes, clothes large and small were brought on deck and allowed to dry. The whole morning we sailed in the upper end of the bay and up the picturesque Metedeconk River. We started back for Bay Head in the afternoon and, alas! when near home ran aground. After poking around with poles for an hour a boatload of girls came along and showed us the channel. We were to start for Beach Haven, at the lower end of the bay, early the next day, so retired at nine.

Just as we were hoisting sail in the morning an acquaintance hailed us from shore, suggesting that we sail over to the wharf to say good-bye. We reached the wharf all right but kept on going. Skipper here made his only bad landing and hit the piles at the expense of the turnbuckle on our forestay. After a long search in the country Mate found one in a barn, and as he was coming on the dock with the prize an interested onlooker kicked the only available ball of marline in the water. This was quite necessary in repairing the forestay, so Skipper—it still being early morning—slipped off his clothes and dived for it. He dived again and again but in the muddy water could not find the ball, so we fixed up as well as we could with ordinary twine. We were delayed three hours by this accident and did not push

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off from the wharf till eleven, and in addition the wind was going down.

We got through the sharp turn and the Gunning Ditch all right, creeping through slowly. Below Mantoloking, as an insolent launch passed, we heard some disparaging remarks about our tremendous speed. A few hours later, near the mouth of Toms River off Seaside Park, we went by this same launch, stuck in the mud. As we passed we said nothing but dragged a rope in the water and smiled. We went through Barnegat Pier draw at three o'clock—more than four hours for twelve miles—and saw the usual crowd of Sunday excursionists fishing off the bridge, some of whom were evidently provided with cure for snake-bite. As we drifted along, a fleet of twenty or thirty good-sized cat-boats passed us going up the bay to the Pier, taking their fishing parties to the train. A little time after this we introduced a novelty in swimming. The boat had scarcely more than steerageway, so letting the sheet rope trail in the water fifty feet behind the boat, we took turns diving off the bow, grabbing the sheet as we went by the stern and allowing ourselves to be pulled through the water at what seemed to be a tremendous speed. Barnegat Lighthouse was now in sight down the bay. This is an unusually high, white affair and presented a beautiful, fairylike appearance. Toward sunset, the wind dying down to almost a calm, we decided to anchor off Waretown, about half a mile from shore. It had taken us eight hours to come twenty-two miles.

A school of porpoises was sporting around the boat, this being directly opposite Barnegat Inlet, where they could easily get in the bay. For protection against pirates we had brought a 32-calibre revolver and this

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was used to amuse the porpoises. A three-inch gun would probably be needed to pierce their lubberly carcasses, but this was no excuse for Cook to miss one that came up right under the bow. Cook, now being in sporting mood, decided to go crab shooting and to give the prey a fair show would swim for them, then being in range would blow off their bloody heads with a quick shot. After swimming around for a couple of minutes, revolver held high in air and no game coming in range, he gave it up. The night was ideal; hardly a breath of air stirring, perfectly clear sky, full moon and every now and then the great light on Barnegat flashing over the quiet bay. There was not a ripple or gurgle, not a sound of any kind. How alone and small we felt as we lay on deck looking up at the stars! In the peaceful scene we little realized what the early morning had in store for us.

About three o'clock Mate was awakened by the tossing and pitching of the boat. He went on deck. A very strong wind had come up during the night but overhead the sky was still clear. In a short time Skipper and Cook joined him and the situation was discussed. We had out two good-sized anchors and as far as we could see were in no danger of drifting. The wind was increasing all the time and we were getting cold so decided to go below; where we soon fell asleep. About daybreak Skipper happened to look out of the window by his bunk, gave a shout, and we all ran on deck, just as the boat shot by some channel stakes like an express train. Our anchor cables—and stout ones they were—had both parted and we were drifting rapidly toward shore. The only thing to do was to put up sail. How cold it was taking off the stops; how stubborn the reef

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points as we struggled, shivering and wet, to put in all the reefs, with the wind howling and boat rolling, sousing our pajama-covered skins every minute with spray! Two of us hanging on to the sail would almost have a point tied in when, bang! the boom would give a jump and sling us across the deck clinging to the canvas with hands, elbows, knees and toes. Finally after a fashion the job was done and we had steerageway. About two miles up the bay was a river we wanted to make and to do this it was necessary to weather a point. We tried and tried but could not get around. The only plan now was to try for Waretown wharf and get on its lee side. We came about and ran straight down the wind. Small as it was the sail was still too large, so we lowered the peak. In a few minutes we were near shore, rushed by the end of the wharf like an express and shot up into the wind. Only a rod from the pier we struck bottom, lost headway and the big waves began to knock the boat toward shore. Mate and Cook jumped over in water to their shoulders and got a line to the wharf. By hard pulling the boat was gotten off the mud and with plenty of lines made fast. Just as we finished this job the sun rose in the East with a great blaze of light—a fitting climax to a truly exciting half-hour. Stretching out at full length on the dock—for we were done up—and talking over the mishap we came to the conclusion that we had been foolish in anchoring so far out in the open bay and that the anchor ropes had not been strong enough for the service for which they had been intended. However, they had been under terrific strain. The tide and wind being in opposite directions the first part of the night, the cables were not under much load but toward morning, when the tide

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turned,—and lying right off the inlet it runs very strong there—the combination proved too much and they snapped. It was lucky that the Skipper had noticed we were adrift in time to avoid piling up on shore. Before this affair we had to bail Francis Joseph twice a day; after the buffeting the boat got that morning it was necessary to bail her three times every twenty-four hours.

Waretown boasts of a hotel on the bay and a dozen frame houses a half-mile from shore hidden among some low pines. Mosquitoes must be ferocious indeed in this region, for the hotel porch was protected by netting closely meshed and heavy enough for prison windows. The only advantage here, patent at least, was in being near the fishing-grounds, so devotees of that sport made up the roll of hotel guests; while the village people kept boats to hire out to the hotel. The captains began to come to the wharf soon after our precipitous arrival to look for the safety of their craft in the heavy sea that was running, as a consequence of the night's storm. The wind had abated a good deal by this time, so we decided to go on to Beach Haven, first getting an anchor. After inquiring of several captains, a genial fellow said he had a spare one and further would gladly put us under eternal obligation to him by lending it to us for a week. The anchor was in the loft of his barn but armed with a note from him we could get the same. We thanked him heartily, borrowed a wheelbarrow from the hotel and set out on what proved to be the sandiest, and most bug-infested path on the coast. Dragging our feet through the heavy sand, at every step ten million pests, mosquitoes, gnats, flies and what-not would swarm up around us. How we were going to appreciate that anchor! At last we reached the house. The

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captain's wife took us to the barn, where we would find the object of our visit. We scrambled up the loft, searched thoroughly and found more bugs but no anchor; we poked in the hay, pried up the floor and looked around the stable. We tried every place where it would be possible and impossible to hide an anchor. Finally a hired man told us he had carted this article down to the wharf as his boss needed a new one on the boat. Not knowing whether to laugh or swear, but bidding the Madame a respectful farewell, we turned back toward shore. Through the same sand and tormentors we plod our weary way, taking short turns pushing the barrow. Dropping this at the hotel we ran out on the pier ready to fight and lick the practical joker, but he was five miles away on the bay—with our anchor? As the wind was both strong and fair and Beach Haven only twenty miles down the coast we thought we ought to reach port in a few hours, anchor or no anchor, so shaking out a reef, still leaving in two, we started.

From Waretown there is a fine stretch of water extending diagonally across the bay to Harvey Cedars, about eight miles, which our old craft made in an hour. From Harvey Cedars to Manahawken Draw—three miles—is the poorest channel, and it can hardly be called a channel at all, in Barnegat Bay. It is only three or four feet deep at high water and every one, experienced and inexperienced, has trouble in going through. The channel here, as elsewhere in the bay, was poorly marked out. Long poles stuck in the mud and looking like the markers for clam and oyster beds were the only guides, and then if we recognized a stake it was generally a toss-up on which side to go. We followed a fisherman, who knew the course, for a mile below Harvey

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Cedars, but as he anchored we were forced to go it alone. We got out of the channel at once and scraped along in the mud with the strong wind abeam all right until we made a sharp turn between two small islands, and then tried to turn again to run down to the draw. We held on too long, however, and ran hard aground. Overboard went Cook and Mate in water to their shoulders and mud to their knees. They pushed and shoved, first at the bow and then at the stern, grunted and groaned. In a few minutes Skipper jumped in and all three lifted. The old scow seemed to weigh as much as a brick house. "Ouch!" yelled Cook, as a devilish crab nipped a blooming toe. Only those who have been there know what back-breaking labor it is trying to push a boat off a mud-bank. At last, with the help of the rising tide, we got her in deep water and tumbled aboard exhausted. The tide carrying us along, sail was furled, as we did not intend bumping so hard next time and the wind was strong enough to give us steerageway under "cabin-doors" alone. From this draw to Beach Haven is a distance of only seven miles in a line down the coast, but following the channel it is nearly twice as far as it takes you clear across the bay in a winding course, down below Beach Haven and then back to town. This channel is quite deep and for one knowing its windings there is no difficulty, but here again we were ignorant. Just below the draw the course twists about in the shape of an S. The poor Francis Joseph ran aground six times here. Every time we had to go overboard and push—and nearly every time a crab would show some interest in a bare, wriggling toe. We could not stop and map out our proper course, as we had no anchor and no trees to tie up to were handy. Whenever we

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struck we had to hustle and get off before the wind drove us on so tight that it would be impossible to get off. After going overboard a few times our only article of clothes was a V-neck sweater, which from constant practice we could slip off in a jiffy. We were aground seven more times before reaching port and instead of taking two hours for the twelve miles we spent five hours at it. A tired and hungry trio it was that tied up to the dock at Beach Haven. But the trouble was well worth while. Down toward the inlet and across the bay to Tuckertown was splendid sailing, and we spent four good days here.

Going up the bay we anticipated lots of trouble, but from knowledge gained by bitter experience coming down we had the easiest kind of sailing and never touched bottom at all. After tying up the last night at Waretown, a fine run of eighteen miles brought us the next noon to Toms River, where we put stiff collars to sunburned necks and took train for the city.



Whiskey! Johnny!

(Halyards)

O WHISKEY is the life of man,
Whiskey! Johnny!
O whiskey is the life of man,
Whiskey for my Johnny.

I drink it out of an old tin can,
Whiskey! Johnny!
I drink it out of an old tin can,
Whiskey for my Johnny.

I drink whiskey when I can,
Whiskey! Johnny!
I drink whiskey when I can,
Whiskey for my Johnny.

I drink it hot, I drink it cold,
Whiskey! Johnny!
I drink it hot, I drink it cold,
Whiskey for my Johnny.

I drink it new, I drink it old,
Whiskey! Johnny!
I drink it new, I drink it old,
Whiskey for my Johnny.

WHISKEY! JOHNNY!

Whiskey killed my poor old dad,

Whiskey! Johnny!

Whiskey killed my poor old dad,

Whiskey for my Johnny.

Whiskey makes me pawn my clothes,

Whiskey! Johnny!

Whiskey makes me pawn my clothes,

Whiskey for my Johnny.

Whiskey makes me scratch my toes (gout?),

Whiskey! Johnny!

Whiskey makes me scratch my toes,

Whiskey for my Johnny.

O fisherman, have you just come from sea?

Whiskey! Johnny!

O fisherman, have you just come from sea?

Whiskey for my Johnny.

O yes, sir, I have just come from sea,

Whiskey! Johnny!

O yes, sir, I have just come from sea,

Whiskey for my Johnny.

Then have you any crab-fish that you can sell to me?

Whiskey! Johnny!

Then have you any crab-fish that you can sell to me?

Whiskey for my Johnny.

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O yes, sir, I have crab-fish one, two, three,
Whiskey! Johnny!

O yes, sir, I have crab-fish one, two, three,
*Whiskey for my Johnny.**



* At this point the ballad becomes a little gross. The curious will find the remainder of the tale in a discreet little book published by the Percy Society, from the relics of Bishop Percy's collection. The ballad dates from the sixteenth century. It is still very popular at sea.

A Trip in a Catboat from Boston to Penobscot Bay

By Fred B. Babcock

WE LEFT our anchorage off Jeffries Point, East Boston, June 20th last, and started on a trip which will long be remembered by us as an experience we would not care to repeat. Our destination was Glen Cove, a small indentation on the West shore of Penobscot Bay, where the Skipper has a Summer home, and where we expected to spend the remainder of the Summer.

Our boat, Kabeyun, a twenty-five-foot cat, was a modern one, well designed and staunchly built. The cabin was fourteen by ten feet and had sleeping accommodations for four.

The party consisted of the owner, who was both Skipper and cook; Frank, the Mate, a friend of the Skipper, who has had considerable experience in small boat sailing; my brother Leslie and myself. As we had to put in at Swampscott to pick up Leslie, who could not be with us at the start, we took a couple of lady friends along with us that far.

The day was bright, with a strong West wind, which, although rather squally, gave promise of a quick run to Swampscott. At ten we were underway and racing before the wind for Deer Island Light in company with

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several other craft bound in the same direction. We seemed to be leaving the wind astern, however, as the farther we went the lighter it became until we were left totally becalmed a few miles beyond Deer Island. We remained thus for over an hour, when we got a light breeze from the Southwest which just gave steerageway. We crept along in this manner until opposite Swampscott, when the wind changed to the West again, and we had to beat up into Swampscott, our friends leaving us and Leslie coming aboard. He quickly dived below and made himself presentable by changing his city clothes for a pair of white duck trousers and shirt.

Our hopes arose as the wind became stronger. Our run from Swampscott to Bakers Island, off Marblehead, was the most enjoyable bit of sailing in the whole trip, with the possible exception of our run on leaving anchorage. Our good luck was brief, however, as the wind died out when within two miles of Gloucester, and we were again becalmed. We tried to propel the boat by one oar but soon gave it up, not gaining enough to pay for the trouble. As Kabeyun could now take care of herself we went below to enjoy a good supper of canned meat, hardtack, tea and bananas, coming on deck again just in time to see the City of Rockland go majestically by bound in the same direction as ourselves.

Not wishing to remain at anchor all night, we concluded to keep watch so as to take advantage of any wind that might spring up. Accordingly, it was decided that the Mate and Leslie should keep watch until midnight, then to be relieved by the Skipper and myself until morning.

On turning out at twelve we found that it had clouded up, but no wind had stirred. We had not been on deck

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more than half an hour before the wind sprang up from the Northeast, enabling us to shape our course for Thatchers Island Light, seven miles away, passing it at 2 a. m.

As the morning wore on the wind increased in strength until we were going at a lively rate, the seas breaking over the bows and racing aft to the cockpit, giving us all a good wetting. It began to get thick after a while, until we had to steer solely by compass.

At nine we sighted Isles of Shoals dead ahead; but luck again forsook us, as the wind decreased until we made only a knot an hour. At eleven it began to rain and kept it up until twelve, at which time we passed Isles of Shoals. Then the rain stopped as well as the wind, leaving us rolling about on a long swell.

Then arose the question of whether we should put in here, as it looked like heavy weather, or keep on and make another harbor. We finally decided in favor of the latter, as we were anxious to reach our destination.

Every now and then we would get a little wind from different directions which enabled us to make headway for Cape Porpoise.

At four it began to rain, harder than before; then an East wind sprang up, increasing in strength as it became darker until finally it blew a gale, and we were rolling scuppers under from the heavy sea. Full sail had been carried up to this time, but now, as we were within four miles of Cape Porpoise and not knowing the coast well enough to make Kennebunkport, we concluded that it would be necessary to beat about all night, and therefore thought it better to double reef so as to be on the safe side in case it should blow harder. All hands were then called on deck to shorten sail in the wind and rain.

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A small grapnel with a good fifty-fathom line was run out to hold us up into the wind. We succeeded in getting the sail down after considerable difficulty and got it reefed. It was then found to our surprise that the anchor was holding. We learned afterward that we had anchored in hard sand at a depth of only six fathoms. Being only three miles from shore, and the anchor seemed to be holding, we decided that it would be preferable to ride it out than to beat back and forth all night in great danger of running onto some of the rocks which are numerous at this part of the coast.

Kabeyun rode much easier but even now it was bad enough. As a wave would strike us, the bow would be lifted high and then plunge down again and be buried in the next. As the boat arose the water would rush back over the cabin and along the deck, half filling the cockpit, pouring out through the scuppers and over the stern. Our tender astern was jumping about as if it were trying to tear itself loose.

We were very careful before going below to bind the rode at the chocks to keep it from being worn through by the constant rubbing it was receiving as the boat rolled and pitched about.

Just as we were congratulating ourselves that all was secure we heard the most awful crash somewhere forward, followed by a ripping noise as though the boat was being split in halves. All made a dash for the companionway so as not to be caught in the cabin in case the boat was going down. On reaching the deck the mast was found lying aft at an angle of 45 degrees, as if it were about to fall and break in the cabin roof. Every time a sea struck us it would fly up and then fall back, ripping up the deck forward as it did so. We saw at a



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glance that if we did not hurry and do something the whole bow would be torn away by the wrenching it was receiving. Frank secured a saw and succeeded in getting forward to the foot of the mast without being washed overboard. With nothing to hold on to but the base of the jumping mast, he managed to saw it halfway through when it split the remainder, and fell on the deck with a crash, luckily not hitting any one, but smashing in the port hatch and tearing up the deck canvas by the spreaders. We set to work as best we could in the dark to clear away the wreckage. One had to hold the mast to keep it from tearing up more of the deck, while the rest undid the turnbuckles and cast loose the stays. Then the halyards were cut and the mast hove overboard to drag astern by the topping-lift. The boom, held by the stump of the mast and the crotch, stayed in place. Rising on the top of a wave we could just distinguish, through the mist and rain, Cape Porpoise Light, three miles to the Northward. The only thing now worrying us was the anchor, which was small, and if it should fail to hold we would be driven on the rocks, two miles to leeward. After a while, as everything seemed all right, we went below to try and get some sleep. All hands were wet to the skin by the rain and flying spray, and we put on what dry clothes we could find. Our blankets were wet in some places by the spray which came in through the open hatches. I kept watch the first part of the night, while all the others slept soundly in spite of the motion of the boat and the noise caused by the waves when they struck the bow. At twelve my brother relieved me and I turned in.

On awakening the next morning we found the sun shining brightly from a cloudless sky, and not the least

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bit of wind stirring. The waves did not break over us as they had done the night before, but came in long swells which we rode easily. The shore presented a most beautiful appearance in the early morning sunlight. As we rose on the swells we could see the white, sandy beaches broken here and there by masses of grayish rocks over which the heavy swells broke incessantly, emitting a heavy roar which could be plainly heard a couple of miles away.

Not knowing the coast well enough to make Kennebunk River, we looked about for some one to show us in. We finally discerned some one in a dory a mile away toward Cape Porpoise. The Skipper and Mate, after considerable bailing, got into the tender and started toward him. After their departure we busied ourselves spreading blankets and cushions on the deck to dry and coiling the ropes, which had been pretty well tangled by the waves that washed over them. On looking around the deck forward we found the bolt to the forestay, which was considerably worn and had broken in two, letting the forestay loose, and as the boat lifted on a wave the mast had jumped the step and fallen back. The only things found missing were a block, a part of a turn-buckle and a long oar. The oar had been washed overboard as the boat rolled while reefing the night before.

While finishing our task we saw the tender on its way back in company with the man, a typical Maine lobsterman. They were soon alongside, the latter expressing his astonishment at so small an anchor holding us in such a storm. He offered to tow us into Kennebunkport, which we gladly accepted, as we were all tired out. He towed us at first by rowing, but later, as a little wind sprang up, he hoisted his sail, rowing and sailing

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both, taking us along at a fair rate. As the wind veered around to the East he decided that he would have to take us to Wentworths Cove instead of the river as we wished. After an hour's steady pull we arrived at the mouth of the cove. On entering one has to pass between a ledge of rocks making out from the mainland and a mass which marks one end of a semicircular line of rocks that shelters the cove. The entrance is not more than fifteen or twenty yards wide and one has to be very careful on passing in when a heavy sea is running. We, however, did this successfully and were presently anchored in quiet water. The shore was soon lined with people who had come down to see us, many putting out in small boats, and we had to tell them the story of our adventures. The mast, which was still towing astern, was given to a fisherman.

As there was nothing now to be done, the Skipper and Mate took a walk over to Kennebunkport to find some one who could put a mast in and to get a launch to tow us up the river to a shipyard. About three in the afternoon a small gasoline launch came into the cove, with the Skipper and Mate on board. We soon made a line fast and after considerable difficulty with the engine we started. On getting outside we found the swell as heavy as it had been that morning. After threading the numerous rocks we arrived at the mouth of the river, which is protected by two granite piers, the one on the right being lined with an eager crowd of people who had come down to witness our arrival. The river was very quiet and we had a very pleasant trip to the pier, a half mile up, where we were to get the new mast. As it was low tide we had to be very careful to avoid running aground. The Kennebunk River is a good stream for

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canoeing and we saw a number of clubhouses, as well as canoes, on our way up. The pier at which we stopped was near a swamp, which bordered the river, and we had the full benefit of its mosquitoes, which were so numerous that we had to go below after dark and close the hatches for protection. We had a good deal of company on our arrival, many coming aboard to inspect us. All hands turned in early that night and the boat was as quiet as one could wish.

We got out just in time in the morning to see the workmen bringing in a large tree which was quickly stripped of its bark and then the shaping was commenced. In a boathouse near us a forty-foot yawl was being built and there we passed many pleasant hours talking to the builders and inspecting the craft. One thing which greatly interested us was the novel places that the Kennebunkport cats have in which to settle their disputes. Instead of taking to fences they select the tops of telegraph poles, as we found when we were one evening strolling about the village.

By the end of the second day the mast was ready for the rigging. The next night found it in place and we worked long after dark tightening stays and bending sail. As it was high tide at two in the morning and we did not know the river sufficiently to navigate it by sail at low tide, we thought it better to leave a little after two so as to go down with the tide. As we had no alarm clock aboard it was decided that Leslie and myself should keep watch by turns until time to start. At the appointed hour the Skipper and Mate were awakened. They went on deck to find a clear morning without a breath of wind. In order to make as good time as possible the former got into the tender and towed the boat

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while the latter steered. On nearing the mouth of the river we ran aground on a sand-bar, consuming twenty minutes in getting clear. By four o'clock we were opposite Cape Porpoise, the wind being very light, and we made but little progress. The morning was spent in washing down decks, setting the cabin to right, and splicing an inch and three-quarter rope to a mooring hook. During the latter part of the morning we encountered many wind and rain squalls, causing us repeatedly to reef and shake them out. At ten we passed Cape Elizabeth and laid our course for Halfway Rock, which we could not see as yet. By this time there was a good Southwest wind blowing, which sent us along at a fine rate.

At 12:45 p. m. we passed Halfway Rock, which is a small rocky island with a lighthouse perched upon it. We were now making, with a single reef, a good seven knots, and every now and then our long boom would strike the crest of a wave, nearly tripping us up.

At 2:45 we passed Cape Small Point, and as the wind was getting a little too strong for our new mast we thought we had better go in behind Seguin and reef. Our tender was so full that the stern was level with the water, and the bow was high out, making a heavy drag. Nevertheless, we made eight knots in going from Cape Small Point to Seguin, the best time of the trip. At 4:10 p. m. we anchored in the lee of Seguin, where we reefed, got supper, and bailed out the tender. At five we were again underway, headed for Ram Island, where we intended anchoring for the night. As we saw a sun-dog and expected bad weather on the morrow, we tried to beat up into a small cove on the West shore of Fishermans Island to be protected from an Easterly blow,

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but owing to our reduced sail and a strong current we were forced to take shelter off the Northwest end of Ram Island. Just as the sun was setting and the lamp in the lighthouse was being lighted, we dropped anchor for the night.

Ram Island Light, which is the guide to Boothbay Harbor, is built out from the island, being connected with the dwellings on shore by a foot-bridge built upon steel rods stuck in the rocks. After a good deal of trouble with our riding light, which didn't seem to want to burn, we turned in. I woke up near the middle of the night to find it raining and blowing, the water dripping in onto my head from a leak in the cabin roof made by the falling mast. We found in the morning that a strong Southeast storm was blowing, but as we were in the lee of Fishermans Island we got only the swells. At seven we started to get breakfast as well as we could with the boat jumping about. The Skipper in going from one side of the cabin to the other knocked a kettle, containing eggs, from the stove to the floor. No harm was done, as the kettle landed right side up, and it was quickly put back.

As we were sitting around on the lockers, after breakfast, reading and playing cards, we heard a commotion on deck, then the hatch was opened and the light-keeper came in to see how we were faring. He said we would be in a bad fix if the wind should happen to change to the East and that we had better beat up into the channel between his island and Fishermans Island and make fast to his mooring. Having nothing on hand he offered to sail us up.

The island is so rocky and steep that a large boat can go close to shore without grounding. After a good

BOSTON TO PENOBSCOT BAY IN A CAT

deal of tacking and striking several rocks, fortunately without damage, we made fast to his mooring. The keeper, a sturdy old salt with one leg, invited us up to the house. We gladly accepted his kind invitation, as we were all pretty wet and cold. Once inside his warm kitchen all our troubles were forgotten as we listened to his stories of adventure on the sea. We were invited to dinner, and a most excellent one it was, all the more so for our fare aboard the boat the last few days. In return for his kind hospitality the Skipper fixed his clock; Leslie took a couple of photographs, one of the family and another of the lighthouse; and I gave a lecture on microscopy.

In the afternoon the clouds cleared away and the sun came out, but as there was a heavy swell on, and we were afraid of our new mast, which was a green stick, we decided to remain in the channel until morning. We were also invited to supper and to spend the evening. At ten we went down to Kabeyun and turned in.

When we came on deck in the morning we found a clear day with a good stiff breeze from the Southwest. As the wind was blowing through the channel and we had to run before it to get out, we experienced considerable difficulty in getting underway. We finally accomplished it by taking a line around the buoy and back to the stern to turn us about. After sail was set we cast loose and ran out safely. Outside we found a heavy sea running and we made bad weather of it. There was a large schooner passing within four hundred yards of us and as we went down into the trough of the sea we could not even see the tops of her masts.

We passed Pemaquid at six after an hour's run from Ram Island. At 7:35 a. m. we rounded Georges Island

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and entered Penobscot Bay, where the waves were not as high as they had been outside. After passing White Head Light we headed for Sheep Island. In going between Monroe Island and the mainland we were nearly run down by a large schooner, loaded with stone, which had the right of way. We thought we would be able to cross her bows, which we did just in time to avoid a collision. We passed Owls Head at eleven, and headed, close-hauled on the port tack, for our destination. We entered the cove at twelve and after a half-hour beat arrived at our anchorage off the cottage, ending a most eventful trip of seven days, two hours and twenty minutes, four days of which were spent at anchor.



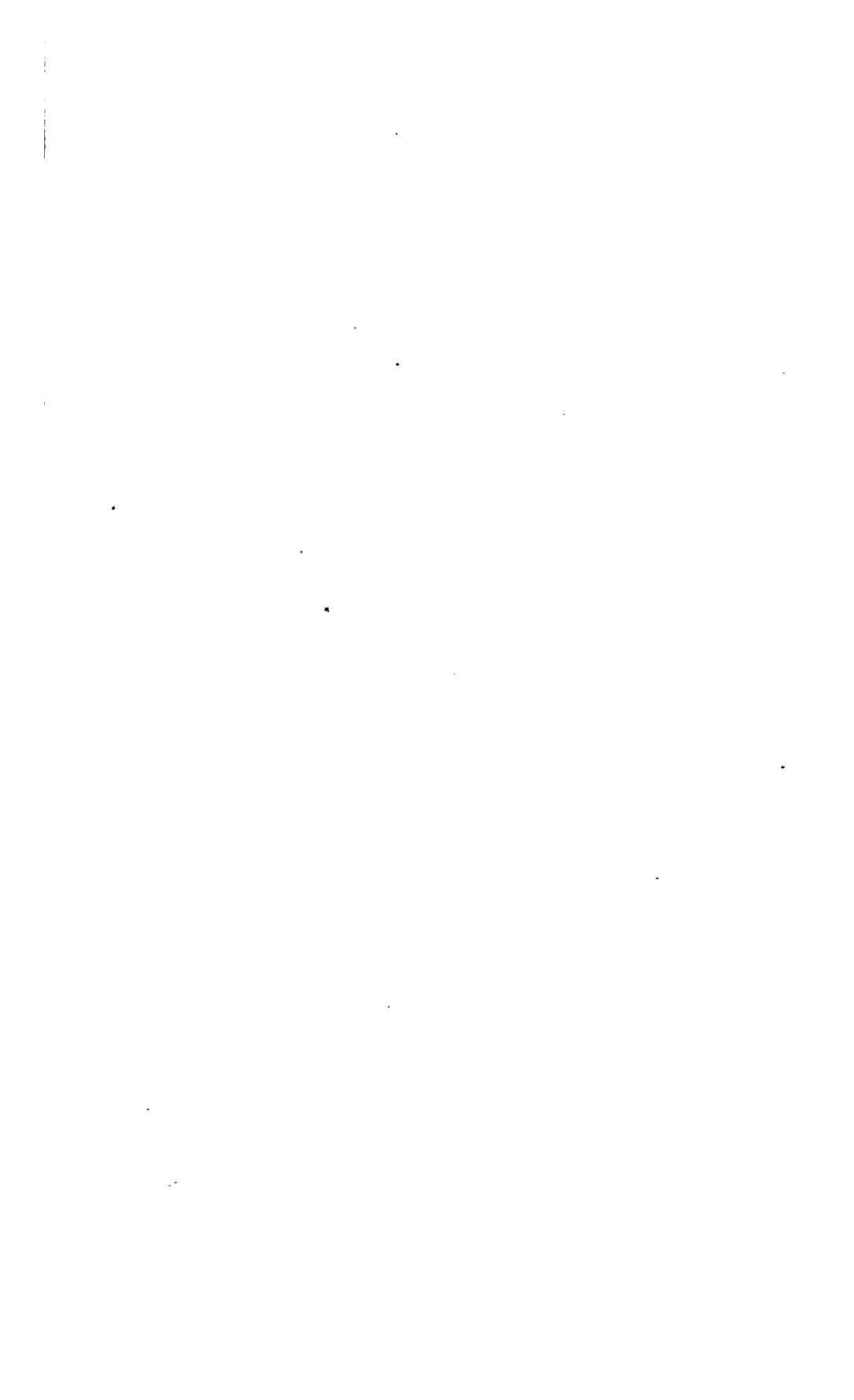


OFF KENNEBUNKPORT ON THE MORNING
AFTER THE STORM



RAM ISLAND LIGHT, BOOTHBAY, ME.

A Trip in a Catboat from Boston to Penobscot Bay



In the Fog

By S. Prescott Fay

WE HAD been anxiously waiting all day for some signs of a breeze, so that we might start on our cruise for Newport. The morning had been calm, and our knockabout lay at her moorings as motionless as if she had been on the ways. The flag on the hotel pole hung lifeless, for even high there was not a breath stirring to cool off the heat of a muggy August day. The water was lead color, and in the distance hung a haze, making it difficult to distinguish where water and sky met. We were sitting on the wharf, hanging our legs over the edge, questioning the boatman as to the prospects of a breeze; but he gave little encouragement. Suddenly, a perceptible ripple appeared on the water, and we jumped to our feet to see from what direction it came. Slowly the little dark spots on the water, caused by the ruffling of the surface by the coming breeze, became more numerous and increased in size, as one by one they came together. The flag on the hotel pole felt the effect, and flapped lazily in the light air that was beginning to stir. In the harbor the boats bobbed at their moorings, as they swung slowly around into the wind. Yes, the breeze was coming and increasing every minute. Although it was late, we decided to make a start.

In another minute we were astir, bringing the last

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things on board. We had nearly everything stowed away, except a few such articles as ice, butter, and milk. My brother ran up to the house with a wheelbarrow for the ice, while I went to the grocery store for the butter and eggs. Meanwhile the boatman had rowed to Moonakis to hoist the mainsail and set the jib, preparatory to getting underway.

A half-hour later we dropped the buoy overboard, as we swung Moonakis off, and headed for the Sound. The sails filled with the still freshening breeze, and we cleared the harbor with the water rushing by the beam and bubbling up under the stem. Moonakis was carrying a "bone in her mouth," as they say, for the water, whitened with foam, boiled under her bow and up over her bobstay. There was a good whole-sail breeze, and we were soon rushing down the Sound with a fair tide, our sheets close-hauled. As she heeled over on her beam's end, the starboard stays tautened under the pressure like steel rods, and the halyards slatted against the mast. As everything seemed snug, I lighted my pipe, prepared fully to enjoy the afternoon's sail.

Unfortunately the strong breeze lasted for only a few miles. By the time we were off Tarpaulin Light the wind dropped, shifting to the Northeast, so we eased off our sheets, and with a boiling sun overhead, ran slowly before the wind. How well I remember that day! I had only just taken up smoking, for I was still in my teens, and this was my first pipe on the water. How big I felt, sitting around the deck, smoking a nicely-broken-in briar pipe. It was my first pipe, and I took great pride in it, admiring its fine dark color, and thinking of the disagreeable smokes I had before it had become caked and sweet. However, the sudden change in the wind

IN THE FOG

altered matters, and it had as great an effect on me as it had on the weather. With the strong breeze I thoroughly enjoyed my pipe, but when the wind dropped, and the boat rolled lazily on a glassy sea, things took a different turn. My head began to swim, and a queer feeling crept up and down my spine. Often had I enjoyed being becalmed under other circumstances. I used to lie on my back in the boiling sun with my hat pulled over my face, and it was music to my ears to hear the creaking of the blocks and the slatting of the lazy jacks against the sail, as the boat rolled on the seas. But not so to-day. Every noise was a discord and every sound jarred on my nerves.

I did not mind being seasick,—in fact, I would much rather have had it over with; but I did not want the others to know, for I would never hear the end of it. Ernest, the boatman, had gone below to cook the supper, and the smell of frying that came from the hatch was nearly unbearable. I thought I should suffocate. Supper was presently on the table, and we were called below. To have gone down in that hot, smelly cabin would have been worse than suffocation, and I had fully made up my mind that fresh air and not food was what suited my present condition best. Jack was at the wheel, and when I offered to relieve him, he laughed, as he guessed my meaning.

"I thought you looked pretty white around the gills," he managed to say amidst his chuckles. "If you had taken my advice an hour ago about that pipe, you would be as hungry as a shark now," he went on, as he disappeared in the cabin.

Then Ernest started up. "The best thing you can do

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is to stick a jackknife in the mast and fetch a breeze. That's the only thing that'll fix you."

They both kept on teasing me, as they ate a hearty supper of coffee, a large steak and plenty of bread and butter. Finally they took pity on my forlorn appearance and stopped, but only after I had had my full share of it.

Slowly we drifted on with the last of the West tide, as the sun sank below the horizon, looking as if it had slowly dropped off the edge of the ocean. The wind had now entirely gone, and we lay at the mercy of the tide, as helpless as a log in mid-ocean.

No sooner had the sun set than a chill crept over the water. We put on sweaters to keep warm. By this time I had sufficiently recovered, and was able to go below for more clothing. Even the slight swell had gone, and the boat lay almost lifeless on the water. So smooth was the surface of the sea, that when we moved about the boat small ripples played about her sides, disappearing almost as soon as they had come into existence. We were nearly three miles from the Cuttyhunk shore, with no hope of getting nearer. We had purposely kept far offshore in order to get the full strength of the Westerly tide and now we were caught in our own trap. The water was many fathoms deep here, and perhaps our anchor chain would not reach bottom. The tide was slowly carrying us out to sea.

"It looks pretty nasty out to the Sou'west," said Ernest, as he came on deck after washing the dishes. "I reckon we will get some fog before long."

Far off on the horizon behind Gay Head hung a heavy bank of fog, ready to roll in on us with the first breath of any Southerly air.

"Well, come on, boys; we must see if we can fetch

IN THE FOG

bottom," he went on, as he disappeared down the forward hatch, after the anchor.

A minute later we threw it overboard with a loud splash, waiting anxiously to see if it would fetch up. Fathom after fathom of the chain rattled out, while the end was getting nearer and nearer. We wondered if the Sound had any bottom at all. Still the chain went over the bow, and we got nervous, for it was absolutely necessary for our safety to find bottom. Finally the rattling stopped, and we knew that the trusty mud-hook had found what it was after. So far we were all right. We payed out about five fathoms of scoop, and then made fast. After we had furled the sail and everything was made snug, we set the anchor light, but before we had finished, the great bank of fog to the South'ard rolled slowly in our direction. In less than five minutes we were completely enveloped in the drenching mist, and great clouds of it blew past us, shutting out the land from view. There is no more helpless feeling than being becalmed in a fog. By this time it had become quite dark, and whether we could see fifty feet or a hundred yards was impossible to tell. However, we knew the fog was thick, for in a few minutes the moisture was dropping off the rigging. We did not need to try and "cut it with a knife."

We soon made up our minds that we had a disagreeable night ahead of us, and that we would have to take every precaution. Absolutely helpless, we lay directly in the path of the passing steamers. It was decided that we must take turns on deck all night to insure our safety, and after the flip of a coin giving my brother and I the first watch, Ernest went below with words of warning. With oils and sou'westers on, we sat down in

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silence in the cockpit. Everything had a dreary aspect, and neither of us felt in the mood for talking. We sat huddled up trying to keep warm and prevent the dampness from penetrating our clothes. The cabin door was closed, and the cheerful light and warmth from within were shut out from us. All we had to gaze at was a small expanse of cold, blackish sea about us, and the rigging of the boat dripping with water. Forward in the rigging hung the lantern, and its rays penetrating the dense fog made a glow like that of a large fire. Under the stem the phosphorescence glowed in changing forms, but it only served to intensify the darkness and the mystery of the deep. Not a sound broke the stillness but the rushing of the tide against the anchor chain and the "chug-chug" of the water against the bow. Between us, on the seat, was a large tin pan, and tied to it was the ice-pick. We had no bell to sound and this was our only substitute. I eyed it, wondering if we should have any use for it, when far off in the distance, like the moan of a lost child, sounded a deep whistle. My brother and I both started, all intent for the next whistle, but neither of us said a word. Helpless in the path of the coastwise steamers was a serious situation and we fully realized it.

For some seconds—it seemed like hours—all was still, then came the same whistle, this time a little louder. We were ready for it now, and we made sure of the exact direction. It was directly astern of us! We could do nothing, but sit still and listen, for at such a distance she could never hear our tin pan. Again the steamer whistled, and again followed a long silence. In another minute we could hear the throbbing of her engines, and we knew she was approaching us rapidly.

IN THE FOG

It did not seem that the throbbing came from any particular direction, or belonged to any specific thing, but the pulsation seemed to be in the air, and it felt as if it might come from the interior of the earth. It brought a mysterious sensation, and a feeling that some great supernatural being had suddenly come into existence. But gradually it seemed to come from one direction, as it got nearer, and to take definite form.

Louder and louder the whistles grew, and nearer and nearer came the throbbing, still directly astern of us. We made up our minds it was time to answer, so I grabbed the pan and beat on it violently with the ice-pick, denting it at every stroke. This roused Ernest, and he came rushing on deck scantily clad, hastily questioning us, and wildly listening for the next whistle.

"Give me de pan, give me de pan," he cried in his excitement, as he grabbed it from my hands and beat on it violently. He stood on the cockpit seat in his bare feet, with his head cocked on one side, eager for the next whistle. He looked like a little fox startled by some strange sound, listening for its repetition. His red hair was all mussed and unkempt, and his clothes were unclean, but his eyes sparkled and showed he meant business, though he was still scarcely awake. He was the picture of Drowsiness on the Alert. He became impatient during the long interval, and began plying me with questions, getting them off so fast that I did not even have time to think about answering them. Finally, the whistle sounded and I thought he would go crazy, as he beat the pan in response.

Slowly, he calmed down, as he saw the futility of his excitement, and he actually became sensible. The damp chill brought him to a realization of the scantiness

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of his clothing, and he rushed into the cabin frantically for some oilers.

On the steamer came, each whistle getting louder than the last, and the throbs seeming to fill the whole air about us like a corps of drums. Could the steamer hear our little pan? All depended on that. If not—Then our last hope was gone. Madly, the little Norwegian beat on it again and again, with such strength that the pan was all cut up, and rapidly becoming useless, even in its present capacity. Still the whistle came at regular intervals, and from the same direction. She was now so near that the throbbing of her engines was drowned by the sound of the water rushing past her bows, as she ploughed heavily along. She was headed directly for us, with nothing to prevent her from running our little craft down, and no one ever being the wiser, and perhaps even without the knowledge of any one on the steamer herself. I shuddered to think of the cold water, and of the utter impossibility of reaching the shore three miles away in such a thick fog.

Madly we beat on the dented and torn pan as our last chance, and our hearts leaped for joy as the steamer whistled immediately in response. At last she had heard us! But she was so near, could she avoid running us down? The whistles were so loud, the noise of the engines and the rushing of the water were so deafening, that it seemed as if the steamer must be upon us. We expected to see her suddenly loom up astern of us, and then crash down upon our craft. Again we beat upon the pan, and again the steamer whistled, the sound showing she had changed her course, for it came from our starboard quarter. Then we were safe after all! The blood tingled in our veins, as our strength returned

IN THE FOG

and the terrible strain was over. With renewed vigor we beat upon the pan, and each time that the steamer answered, we felt like yelling for joy. As she ploughed ahead, it seemed she must be nearly alongside of us, for the rushing of the water sounded like the rapids of a river. In a moment we were rolling heavily from side to side as the steamer's swell struck. She must have passed within fifty yards of us! As the whistles grew fainter and fainter, and the throbbing of the engines died out in the distance, we inwardly thanked the kindly Fates that protected us that night.



A Long Time Ago

(Halyards)

A LONG, long time, and a long time ago,
To me way hay, ohio;

A long, long time, and a long time ago,
A long time ago.

A smart Yankee packet lay out in the bay,
To me way hay, ohio;

Awaiting for a fair wind to get under way,
A long time ago.

With all her poor sailors all sick and all sore,
To me way hay, ohio;

For they'd drunk all their lime-juice, and could get no
more,
A long time ago.

With all her poor sailors all sick and all sad,
To me way hay, ohio;

For they'd drunk all their lime-juice, and no more could
be had,
A long time ago.

She was waiting for a fair wind to get under way,
To me way hay, ohio;

She was waiting for a fair wind to get under way,
A long time ago.

If she hasn't had a fair wind she's lying there still,
To me way hay, ohio;

If she hasn't had a fair wind she's lying there still,
A long time ago.

A Week on Lake Deschene

By Mark G. McElhinney

“**A** HOY! On board the yacht!” “Ahoy yourself and who are you?” said I to myself, but the next moment I knew that it was “me old school chum” Bill, so he received an answering hail and directions for finding a punt in the boathouse.

Bill had struck Britannia Bay and was coming for a cruise with me in Beryl. Bill came on board behind a big cigar and alongside of a big valise. Little men usually do smoke big cigars, big pipes, marry big wives, have big ideas and become great. Witness me, General Bobs, Napoleon and Bill. None of us stands over five feet six. There are hundreds of others.

Britannia Bay is about six miles from Ottawa and is situated conveniently at the lower end of Lake Deschene, an expansion of the noble Ottawa River. The lake proper is nearly thirty miles long and varies in width from a half to six miles. At the foot is Deschene Rapids, a sight worth seeing in any weather, while at the head is the famous Chats Falls, one of the most picturesque items in our long list of Canadian scenic masterpieces.

Bill was a day ahead, the yacht was all ready, but bedding, grub and numerous other articles had to be stored. After great exertion covering a couple of hours

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these things were put on board, stored away, and we were ready. We set sail, up killock and were away. It was a beautiful day in July, eleven in the morning, and there was a light breeze. What more could be wished? It is a great medicine to take cobwebs out of the brain—away on the sparkling lake, under the blue sky, breathing great lungfuls of the free, fresh air of heaven, far from the toil, dust and noise of city life, sailing hither and thither as fancy calls—a heaven of health and enjoyment.

We had hoped to make Shirleys Bay, six miles up, by noon, but within a mile of the islands the wind lulled and we were becalmed. Then we noticed that the day was warm. Ice, lemons, soda and other things were taken from their respective hiding places, then a light lunch, then our pipes, and we sat and talked about things that had come to pass since we last met, a period of some fifteen years. It was a good old talk that lasted, with interruptions, for the rest of the week. About three o'clock the wind came again and we made Shirleys, anchoring a while in the South channel, to see if the black bass would bite. Evidently they had no appointment with us, so we hauled up, crossed the bay and sailed out through the North channel which, by the way, is a narrow, tortuous passage, plentifully strewn with large boulders and responsible for numerous twisted centerboards, broken propeller blades, mild profanity and other things. Fortunately the boulders kept out of our way. We sailed past Aylmer and Queens Park on the Quebec shore and Lighthouse Island in the middle and made Taylors Bay, where the wind again dropped. Here we anchored and had tea. About seven o'clock heavy banks of clouds began to make up over the Hull Moun-

A WEEK ON LAKE DESCHENE

tains, and later the mutterings of distant thunder reached us across the lake. At dark we took counsel. Taylors Bay is no place to ride out a storm, and a storm, a real, lively July storm, was brewing. Though we had sailed all the afternoon the wind had been so light that we were not more than three miles in the shortest direction from Shirleys, and we, or at least I—for Bill had never been there before—decided to make back to Shirleys and shelter. Soon after starting it became pitch dark, illumined only by almost continuous wicked-looking lightning. The wind was as yet very light and tricky. Creeping slowly along, keeping our offing by the flashes, we at last made the North Channel, and with the best of luck got into a snug berth behind the island without mishap. It was not a bit too soon. Scarcely was the boat snugged up when down came the storm of wind and rain. Rip, bang, roar, thunder and lightning. For several hours it raged and we were thankful for our good cabin where, dry and comfortable, we could defy the elements. The wind could not get at us nor could the rain, which was like the falling of shot.

We talked and smoked until it was time to turn in.

The next morning broke fine and clear with a Westerly wind. We sailed past Taylors Bay and Berry's brewery,—which, by the way, is closed down, and no more can we get the cool old ale in those ancient cob-webbed vaults—past Pinheys Bay, one of the prettiest pieces of scenery on the lake, around the bend to nearly opposite Larchmont, where the wind again failed us as on the day before. It got hazy and sultry and so hot that we were glad to bathe our temples in the lake. Later came a breeze from the East and we made up past Baskins Wharf, Twelve-Mile Island and across the Con-

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stant Bay, which is the largest part of the lake. The breeze then freshened and took us gaily past Bucharns Bay till about eight o'clock put us snugly at anchor behind Griersons Point. Griersons Point, on the Ontario side, is opposite Mohrs Islands, N. Y., where there is a sorting boom where logs are boomed up for the big tow-boats to bring down the lake. Below here we had passed a timber-raft in tow of Albert. The raft, with its huts, fireplace, canoes and river men, was a new sight for Bill, whose previous acquaintance with such things had been limited to the illustrations so familiar to all who have studied Canadian geography at school. There is, or was when I went to school, a very good picture of a timber-raft in the old geography, but there is nothing like seeing the real thing. The only surpassing experience is an invitation to dinner of pork and beans and pan-bread cooked as only a shanty cook knows how.

Scarcely had we finished supper and made all snug for the night when we were treated to another rousing storm worse than on the previous night.

It was during this storm that the Deschene Mills were struck and burned to the ground. Some of it came too close to be comfortable. It struck and brought down a big tree just inshore from us with a resounding crash. We are not particularly nervous people but object to lightning becoming too familiar.

The next day brought rain and wind, which made our beat up the narrows, four miles to Quio, more lively than pleasant. The shores here are high and covered with forest, and the squalls were very heavy and treacherous. We cut down our sails to the smallest working area and just smashed into it. It was slow work and took lots of handling to make ever so little on a tack.

A WEEK ON LAKE DESCHENE

About noon we made the Quio wharf, and the weather having done its worst cleared up and came out fine.

The Quio is a picturesque French and Irish-Canadian village on the Quebec side, opposite the Chats Falls. In the old days before the railroads, it was an important carrying-place, which accounts for the remains of extensive wharves here, far too much for present requirements and fast falling to decay. In the future it will become a famous resort for tourists, having as it has unrivaled scenery and excellent fishing-grounds.

The first one to greet us was Father Kiernan, the parish priest—big-hearted, broad-chested Father Kiernan. Born on the old sod, well read, honest, true to his church yet tolerant withal, skilful with the rod, gun and rifle, generous to a fault—far would one seek to shake a better man by the hand.

We stayed at the Quio for several days and could have spent a full month, had we time to spare, without time hanging heavy on our hands. It rained every night but the days were fine, and we made several successful fishing trips to the foot of the Chats.

One of these trips to the mouth of the Carp was particularly enjoyable and gave good sport.

A huge swordfish, or garpike, made it lively by tackling our hooks every few minutes. Several times did we have him out of the water but each time he broke away. The mouth of a garpike is, as some of you know, a very formidable arrangement and offers no hold for a hook. He is voracious and knows no fear and will hang on till the last second—then a twist and a splash and he is gone.

This particular old chap is a local celebrity and many are the wiles that have been invented for his capture,

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but none up to date have succeeded. He is at least four feet long and lively in proportion. The man who captures and exhibits that old fellow at the Quio will achieve much greatness and his name shall pass into history.

On Sunday morning we cast adrift and started down river. The wind was Northerly and showery. At Griersons it blew a small hurricane and coming in under the jib only we got pocketed in the little bay and it took two solid hours to work out. Towing out with the punt was tried and failed, beating was impossible, so finally we kedged out a few feet at a time until we could make around the point. Once out we rigged up a storm sail and let her go.

Across the big bay at Constant was the biggest sea I ever saw on the lake, and Bill, who had cruised extensively around the Nova Scotia coast, said that he never imagined a lake of that size could make such a fuss.

It was great sport, as the sail area was so small that we could take all that came.

While crossing the bay I put the oil-stove on the cabin floor abaft the centerboard truck and cooked bacon, canned corn and tea. It was interesting work, and took close watching to keep things from sliding off the stove. After eating my own dinner, I took the tiller and Bill went down to his. All the while it was raining merrily. During the afternoon the rain stopped and the sun came out, but the wind held stiff and we made better weather. Opposite Aylmer the wind shifted and lulled and we put on all sail, but off Blueberry Point caught a squall that made things lively for a few minutes. Later we made Britannia Bay, just six hours' actual sailing time from Quio—deducting the two hours leeshore work at Griersons. Thus ended one of the pleasantest week's

A WEEK ON LAKE DESCHENE

Cruises in my experience—though it was the worst week's weather in a notoriously bad Summer.

THE LAST CRUISE.

Swinging with anchor hove apeak, I lie
Waiting the order for the outward bound,
Nor heed the warning of the lowering sky
So darkly frowning o'er the heaving sound.

Full many voyages hitherto I sailed
From port to port with old familiar keel,
But this last trip, that each must some time take,
Knows no return. The orders bear a seal

Not to be broken till across the line;
Perhaps not then, perhaps for ever more,
As each receives his orders for that cruise,
That dark red seal shall guard the secret shore.

The faithful needle trembles toward the pole,
Both lead and log lie ready, handily,
But what are North, or South, or West, or East,
Or lead, or log on that uncharted sea?

Sea without soundings, Land without a light,
And knowing not the harbor to be made,
Plunging ahead into eternal night,
I take my orders and am not afraid.



A Runaway Chorus

WHAT shall we do with a drunken sailor?
What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
What shall we do with a drunken sailor?

Early in the morning.
Way, hay, there she rises,
Way, hay, there she rises,
Way, hay, there she rises,
Early in the morning.

Chuck him in the long-boat till he gets sober,
Chuck him in the long-boat till he gets sober,
Chuck him in the long-boat till he gets sober,

Early in the morning.
Way, hay, there she rises,
Way, hay, there she rises,
O boy, there she rises,
Early in the morning.

Lock him in the guardroom till he gets sober,
Lock him in the guardroom till he gets sober,
Lock him in the guardroom till he gets sober,

Early in the morning.
Way, hay, there she rises,
Way, hay, there she rises,
Way, hay, there she rises,
Early in the morning.

A Regatta on the Island of Jersey

By Francis Bauman

THE Southern coast of the Island of Jersey is one of the most rocky and picturesque to be imagined, and one of the least approachable. For when the tide is low it runs so far out into the sea that boats desiring to come to land find nothing more inviting than an impassable barrier of rocks, which seem to end only because the ocean at last claims its just proportion of the surface of the earth. Indeed, if some Biblical miracle could be invoked to keep the sea at its lowest, the island would gain by at least half its present area (I am writing at a period of high tide), and if a lucrative crop could be gathered of seaweed and of red granite, a very profitable investment could be made by the invoking of the supernatural. As matters stand at the present time, however, the seaweed is used only for fertilizer, and the granite rocks are a wonderfully varied and beautiful accident in the make-up of the island's changing scenery.

At a certain point on the Southern shore, near the group of houses and tower of La Rocque, is the little high-tide harbor of the same name. Here man has contrived excellently with nature to form a safe anchorage for small boats, for from a high sea-wall running along the shore where a narrow strip of sand beach ends, projects a generous jetty, built up of red granite to the

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height of nearly forty feet, and curving gently to the Eastward at the end. Beyond this hard mud stretches, when the tide is low, for some three hundred feet to a mound of rocks, and from there in all directions to the South and East and West the rocks lie tumbled in a great mass of ruins, lifting their heads like the tops of mountains. The coast runs Westward, and directly to the South this wilderness stretches to the incoming sea a mile away. Thus, between dry land and formidable rocks and curving jetty, is formed a little protected place where fishing boats may lie, in water when the tide comes in, and on hard, wave-furrowed mud when the ocean has gone on its way.

I had already made some acquaintance with the boats which drop their moorings in this harbor when, soon after being floated, they slip away to go on their twelve-hours' search of lobsters and of fish. They are sturdy craft, open from stem to stern, and varying from fifteen to twenty feet in length, and from five to seven feet in breadth. They have two heavy thwarts, besides that of the step, and a broad seat in the stern, over which the tiller swings. The mast is readily stepped, and for this purpose there are two broad strips of iron extending down from the thwart, through which the mast passes, to the keelson, and between these, as into a socket, the mast is slipped. A rope shroud is then set up to each side, and the rolled staysail run to the stem, to complete the standing rigging. A jib is further run out upon a bowsprit, which is housed on coming to anchor. The mainsail is generally run on a sprit instead of a gaff, and carries no boom. Over it is set a topsail, oblong in shape, laced to a sprit which lies parallel with the top of the mainsail.

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Perhaps the most unusual detail of the rig of these handy craft is the manner in which the main-sheet is trimmed. Even in the case of boats as long as twenty feet this is single, and is made fast to the leeward of two thole-pins passed through the counter about midway from the center to the side. It is delightful to see with what skill the sail is handled by means of this simple contrivance; and indeed there seems to be a closer touch between the sailor and his sail than with the interposition of block and tackle. And then, it makes me sad, or merry, to think of the cracked heads there would be from sailing a boat with a boomless mainsail, and a block in the sheet!

One bright windy day in July I was leaning over the parapet of the sea-wall looking off across the mountains and valleys of sun-steamed rocks and seaweed to the ocean beyond, and the blue coast of France. My thoughts were there, where yachts are owned and raced, and I was longing to have a tiller in my hand, when a native with whom I had often had some talk stopped a few steps from me, and looked off in the same direction as myself. After a moment or two he turned to me and said:

"There's going to be a regatta off here Monday. It'll be a fine race; all the boats are going in, and some others from Gorey and St. Helier are coming to enter."

At the word "race" my heart gave a jump of eagerness, but immediately stood still in the chill of dismay at the picture before my mind's eye, of all the boats impaled, as it were, by the jagged rocks which rose on every hand, fixed thus forever in the characteristic attitude in which their efforts to win the prize had placed

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them, strayed they never so little from the winding and narrow channel which led to the distant sea!

With this picture vividly before me, I said to the man, with a certain tone of conviction:

"The race will be out in the open sea, of course, won't it?"

"No! It's Bank Holiday. How could the people see if it were off there?"

Bank Holiday! What were rocks to the exigencies of that terrible word? How had I dared to speak of an outside race on a Bank Holiday? All my horror at thought of the rocks vanished away like smoke before that at thought of the crowd. Still the rocks haunted me, and after a little while I said something incoherent about them.

"Aoh!" he said, in his unspeakable Jersey dialect, "they sail between them."

"Indeed!" I answered; and after a time of blankness, "Of course they do," I thought within myself. Yet such was the look of the coast that the idea had never presented itself to me, and now came as a revelation. A regatta among the rocks! A game of tag in boats among the rocks! The idea fascinated me, and I looked forward with anticipation to the following Monday.

So did others, evidently; for in front of my house, between me and the view of the sea which rejoices me, was erected on Saturday a large tent, to serve as pavilion for the oncoming crowd, and to hide the emptying of many bottles. My ardor was somewhat cooled when I saw what a proportion of popularity was to be mixed with the noble sport of racing in boats; but I pocketed my chagrin, and went forth in a boat to find for the day

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the view of the sea which the tent denied me from my windows.

The regatta of La Rocque is the only surviving institution on the Island of Jersey which calls its fishermen and yachtsmen together to test their skill in their chosen profession. Others have existed at different times, in different places, but that at La Rocque alone persists and holds its interest, perhaps because here alone on the Southern shore are come together enough boats to make the event one of passing picturesqueness. But I love to think that it is for another reason,—the reason that here alone are found enough huge rocks, tumbled in confusion, in any course which might be laid, lurking in wait close below the surface for any unsuspecting garboard which might pass its way, really to test the sailors' skill, and make it plain to all. And indeed such became my conviction, when, a passenger in the race, I saw the rocks vanish away on either side, as if ashamed at having threatened the possessor of so much prowess.

Monday morning came, and the sea was so far away from the land that it seemed as if it would surely be late for the regatta. Those who knew its ways, however, took heart, and walked about their boats on the hard mud, busying themselves with rigging and with sails, some of which had not been out of their storerooms since the similar event of last year. The boats lay, some upon their sides, which are provided with an extra-heavy plank at the point of rest; some standing straight upon their keels, and resting upon their struts on either side, like birds with their wings drooping. Some had sails already stretched and pulling in the wind, while the masts

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of others were just being placed firmly in position for the coming trial.

By the time that the boats of Class One were to be started away the wind was blowing briskly out of the East and chopping up a decided sea against the advancing tide. It was true La Rocque weather; for the regatta of La Rocque is invariably sailed in a fine breeze, through a dancing sea. There is La Rocque luck, just as there is Larchmont luck, which brings joy to the heart of the sailor, and every sailor's heart was full of joy as the moment drew near. The start was set for two-thirty. But Jersey is an island, and time is slow in crossing over the water from the mainland, so that it was nearly three before the twenty-foot boats were sent off.

The seven boats which formed this class went over the line off the end of the jetty in close company, and sailed with spinnakers to starboard before the fresh Easterly breeze. The course was a triangular one of about seven miles in length, down the wind to a pile of emerging rocks called Echiqtlez, a reach with the wind on the port to the Letasson, another visible rock at the very edge of that wilderness of rocks which is dry at low tide, thence home on a long and short hitch. There was but one condition of sailing: not to run ashore on the reefs, and that was imperative. I have been told that the boats themselves know where the reefs lie, and I believe it, for no ordinary thinking creature could keep the position of them all in mind. But they, possessed of their keen sense, steered clear of all trouble, and reached the first mark with not three minutes between the first and last. Here spinnakers came in as the boats jibed about the mark, and I had the opportunity of seeing with what rapidity and cleanness the seamen handle their

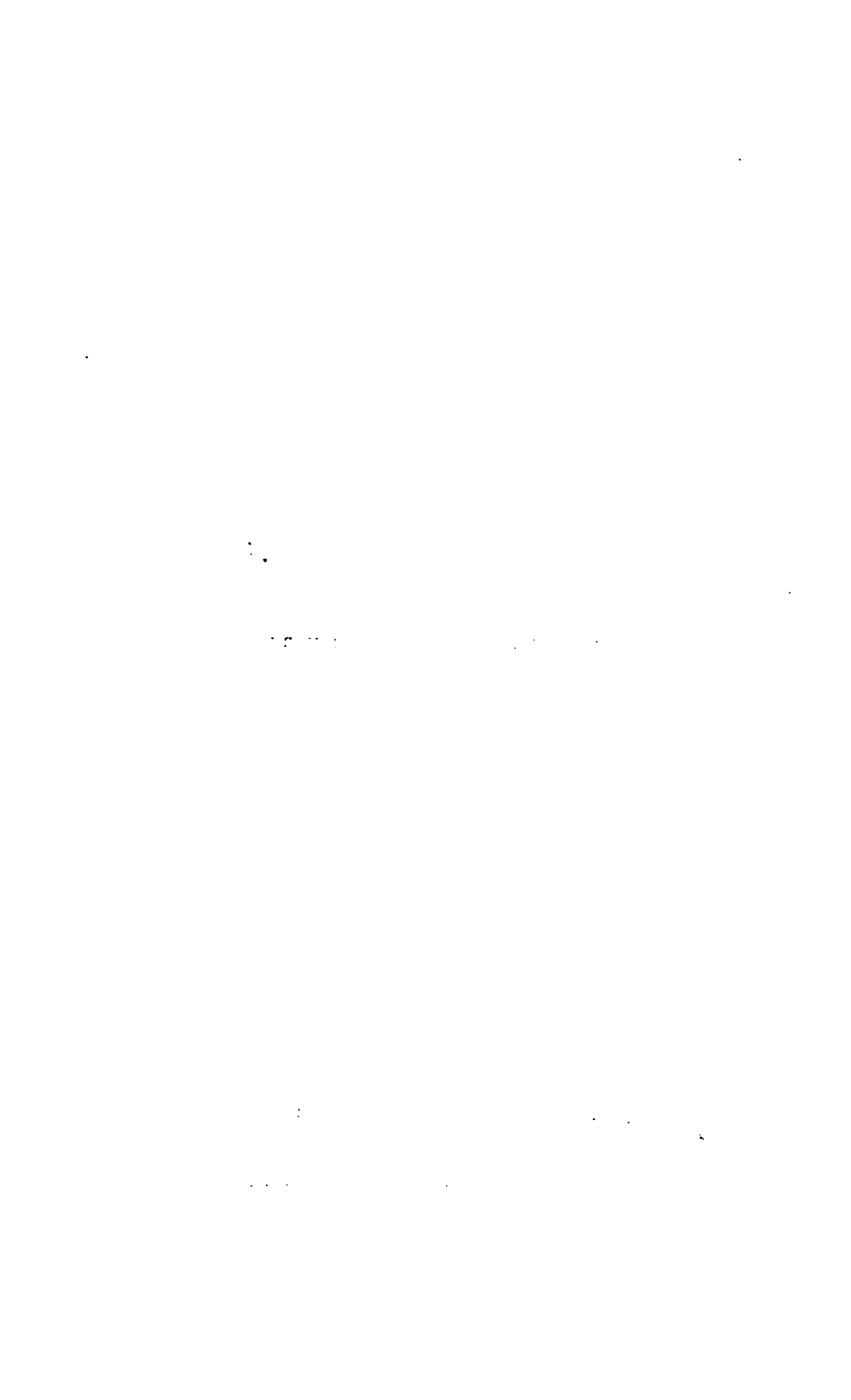


THE HARBOR, FROM BELOW HIGH-WATER MARK



THE JETTY AND HARBOR, AT LOW WATER

A Regatta on the Island of Jersey



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little craft, in spite of the fact that every sheet has to be handled, even the main-sheet.

The reach to the second mark made little change in the relative positions of the contestants, and two, one of them the ultimate winner, rounded the Letasson within one minute of each other. By this time the other classes were well along on the first leg of the course, and the thirty sails, brown, and red, and white, scudding over the blue tossing water, made a very lovely sight.

The beat home proved itself to be a test of judgment in the channels which lay between the dangerous rocks, and the fishermen of Jersey must be possessed of rare judgment, and equally divided. The two boats which at the turn had been almost together, almost immediately split tacks, and from that moment to the end, it was impossible to guess as to their individual gain or loss, but each picked its way with many tacks and luffs, as if led by some invisible hand below the waters, whose directing mind alone knew the reason of the many turns. Seen from a distance, there surely was never a race of sailboats in which the maneuvers seemed to be so little determined by the conditions of wind and tide. They tacked and luffed, and tacked again, or held on so far from the others as to seem no longer in the race. And still, when they came together again, it was seen that the struggle was no uneven one, and that the finish would be excitingly close.

As the boat in which I was sailing approached the line, though still at some distance from it, the last class of racers, of thirty feet, and including several yachts which had been entered in the event, were sent off over the course from a mooring start. The boats lay at their moorings with mainsail set, and at the sound of the gun

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got away as quickly as possible. There were five entries in this class, and they came over the line with spinnakers already set and pressing on to victory. As they passed to windward of us I wished them the good luck we had had in avoiding catastrophe.

Two minutes later we crossed the finishing line, about forty seconds behind the boat which had sailed so closely with us throughout the race, and from which we had been so far separated at times on the beat home. As we crossed, a little of the glory and applause accorded the victor seemed to fall to our lot as well, and indeed I felt that it was deserved by our skipper, who had shown such unfailing knowledge of the accidents of his course. Yes, surely only at La Rocque can the skill of the Jersey fisherman be fully tested.



From Boston to Newport News in a Six-Master

IT WAS in the Spring of the year of the great coal strike, when our delayed shipments of coal caused our supply of coal to fall so low that it behooved us to take steps to put in a supply for an indefinite period. As a result of our investigations, I found that while the larger wholesalers would quote prices readily enough, they would not promise delivery. So then I began to get quotations f. o. b. tidewater. Inquiry into freight rates, etc., then followed. In fact, my interest in the matter got so deep that I finally decided to go South and see the coal loaded, if possible.

Through Mr. Nelson, then general sales agent of the Metropolitan Coal Company, of Boston, I met Captain Murdock McLean, of the sixer, Geo. W. Wells, with whom arrangements were soon made. The vessel was then lying at the coal pockets of the Pocahontas Coal Company, at South Boston, discharging; but he expected to sail the following Friday.

So on Friday afternoon I met Captain McLean at the office of the Coastwise Transportation Company. Just as we were about to start a couple of newspaper men came in, to inquire regarding a race up the coast which the Wells had had with one of the Palmer fleet. One question asked the Captain was concerning his escapes

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from shipwreck. His reply was that once, in mid-ocean, he had barely escaped by swimming from a sinking vessel to a stone-raft. Despite the twinkle in the Captain's eye the statement was seriously taken down. On our way down the elevator the Captain said to me, "I wonder where those chaps thought that stone-raft was going to in mid-ocean, or what in time it was doing there anyway?"

Finally we boarded a tug and went to the vessel, which was hauling out into the stream. We towed down the bay aways and then, owing to the non-arrival of some things, we anchored. As the things did not come until after dark, the Captain decided to wait until daylight. But next morning was foggy and stormy, so we did not get underway until late that afternoon. Then the tug Underwriter came along, sent us a hawser, and towed us out into the bay.

The thing that most impressed me when I arrived on deck, after getting into some old clothes, was the small number of men comprising the crew. I remember wondering at the time how in the world they were going to hoist those six heavy sails. Just think of it! Only eight men before the mast to handle those twenty-one sails, although I afterward noticed the mates gave them some assistance, such as holding a turn or so. Besides these eight men, there were two mates, a steward and an engineer. Fourteen of us aboard, all together.

But when they started hoisting sails I soon understood how much easier it was than I had at first supposed it would be. On deck there were two hoisting drums, each with two arms (one arm for port and one for starboard). One drum was just forward of No. 5

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mast and the other forward of the main. The engines were situated on the main deck just below. There was also one on the forecastle, connected with the windlass. There was a good-sized upright boiler located in the starboard side of the deckhouse forward. The port half was used as the forecastle for the 'crew. In hoisting sail, therefore, the men simply took a couple of turns about the arms of one of the drums with the halyards, turned on the steam, and the sails were quickly hoisted. By the use of various snatch-blocks, halyards, sheets and tacks were led to the nearest drum and the engines did the rest. No apparent hurry, confusion, or noise, but everything getting into place quickly and silently. Just as we sighted Highland Light, the tug cast off, and we were started on our trip. It was just about dark and from the looks of the weather it was going to be a disagreeable night.

Now a word about our quarters. Any one who has not been aboard of these large coasters would be greatly surprised at the accommodations. Beginning forward, in the break between the quarter-deck and the forecastle is situated the forward house, containing the engine room and crew quarters as described above. Amidships on the quarter-deck is situated the midship house, containing a carpenter shop and storehouse on the starboard side and the galley on the board. In some vessels the second mate occupies quarters in this house. The main deck served as a floor for these two places, short steps leading down to each from the quarter-deck.

The quarter-deck on these vessels extends from the taffrail to just forward of the mainmast, while the main deck runs the entire length of the vessel about five feet below and on which are placed the various pumps and

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engines. On each side of the amidship house it is also used for storage.

Aft is situated the cabinhouse. The one on the Wells had two entrances. One, a companionway leading to the after port quarter-deck and one, built like an ordinary storm vestibule, leading to the forward quarter-deck, also on the port side. Descending by way of the forward stairs (not ladder) one enters a small vestibule which opens into a large room, used as a dining room. Directly aft is a large smoking room, fitted up with large leather chairs, a table, and a leather couch. Running aft on the port side and leading off the dining room are staterooms for the second and first mates. Then comes a pantry, large chart-room and a stateroom for the steward. A passageway leads between the smoking room and the chart-room and steward's room to the after companionway, the forward entrance leading into the dining room.

On the starboard side are situated, forward, the captain's room and office, then two staterooms (connected), and aft is a bathroom and lavatory. All these rooms were covered, either with carpet or linoleum, were steam-heated, well lighted and finished in bright natural woods. Snug, cozy quarters, such as one would expect to find on a yacht or ocean liner.

On the after quarter-deck there was also a wheelhouse, something which many vessels do not have.

After supper the Captain and I talked for a while and finally I turned in. About eleven o'clock a noise on deck awoke me, so I got up, dressed and went on deck. The Captain was at the after companionway with a pair of night glasses in his hand. "A searchlight wouldn't be of any use such a night as this," he said. In fact, I

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could barely distinguish the forward part of the vessel, it was so dark. Although the vessel was light and had fully twelve feet of freeboard amidships, there was plenty of water washing across her decks. The Captain advised me to put on rubber boots and oilers if I intended to stay on deck, so I took his advice. When I returned on deck it was raining hard. The steward came scooting along the deck, slipping and sliding. "If I had five hundred dollars," said he, "I wouldn't go to sea for my own father. Such a night! Such a night!" And then he shot below. When I went below ten minutes later after a sou'wester for the Captain I could hear him snoring. Guess a lifetime at sea had made him used to such nights. Finally the Captain ordered the spanker taken in and furled. Otherwise we went through the night with the five lower sails and three jibs. Twice I went forward on to the forecabin, where the lookout was, but one could hardly see the end of the jib-boom. As far as I could make out it was a case of driving ahead, trusting to luck that we did not run into anything or that something did not bang into us.

After a while I turned in again and slept until called for breakfast. And right here it might be well to say that of all the steamers, hotels or dining cars that I have ever encountered, the menu of the Wells had them beaten sixty-six nautical miles. Four meals a day and meat, fish, eggs, tea, coffee and hot bread of some kind every meal. The Captain, first mate and myself ate at the "first cabin table," as the steward called it. The second mate, engineer and the steward ate after we got through. The crew had their meals served forward.

That noon I had my first experience in taking a sight, the Captain lending me an extra sextant. Our

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position at noon was about one hundred and fifty miles East of Fire Island. The day was bright and warm, with a light Easterly wind, but with quite a swell on. Although I have never been seasick in my life, I was nearer to it that noon than ever before or since, and I've been out in some rough weather. The vessel would raise her port quarter up in the air and then seem to fall on her "starboard nose." Sort of a criss-cross buck jump. The mate and Captain must have noticed something about my appearance, for they began a choice conversation about fat pork, dipped in molasses, tied to the end of a log line, etc. Then came, from the Captain, "Say, Mr. Andersen, did you ever live in the country and see a farmer try to poke an apple down a cow's throat, where it was stuck, with an ox-goad fixed up with—" but I left the table just then, went into the Captain's room and took a stiff drink of whisky. I could hear them laughing at me, so I took another one and went back to the table. The whisky fixed me all right, for I forgot all about seasickness, so they did not have the fun with me they expected to.

The rest of the voyage down was uneventful. We first picked up Hog Island Light, then Winter Quarter and just at daylight, Wednesday morning, we passed in through the Virginia Capes and, with a fair wind, sailed up to Newport News, where we anchored off Pier 10 of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad.

We docked about noon-time. The Captain and I went uptown, where he met the masters of several other vessels, two of them from the same firm. In company with six or seven masters of other vessels we passed the afternoon and the next day, listening to stories, playing pool and matching silver dollars at Mackey's. And

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such stories as were told! One in particular that I remember will give an idea of the kind of yarns these men spin. It seems that two of the men came from somewhere on the coast of Nova Scotia and, in their younger days, had engaged in fishing.

One experience led to another until finally one said, "Why, you don't know what it is to see good fishing. I've seen fish, big fish, as good cod as ever came out of the sea, so close to the shore that we could stand on the beach and throw our lines into the surf and pull 'em out as fast as we could handle our lines."

"Huh, that's nothing," replied the other. "I can remember the time when we didn't have to use lines, or bait either, to catch fish. You see, 'twas this way: A couple of us were walking along the beach down home one day, and Jim, who was with me, had a big Newfoundland with him. He was a great dog for the water, so Jim used to throw sticks into the sea for him to fetch back. Well, sir, after he'd done that a few times we sat down on the beach. Jim threw in another stick but when the dog got it, instead of coming right back, he began to swim in a circle as though he was trying to catch his tail. Finally Jim called him and he came swimming in. And, by jingo, when he came out of the water a great big cod was holding on to his tail. Say, we got so many fish that day with that dog that——"

"Hold on there," said the first speaker. "Set 'em up on me, Bill," said he to the bar-tender. "Here's a man that's either the biggest fisherman in the world or the damndest liar, I don't know which. But he certainly deserves a drink for that last yarn, in either case."

The next day, the Captain having finished his business, we went over to Norfolk on a tugboat. There the

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Captain met a brother of his whom he had not seen for over twenty years. He was also master of a vessel, a three-masted schooner, loading "creosote logs" to take to Mexico. We also met Captain Crowley, of the Thomas W. Lawson, which had just come out of dry dock at Newport News, and who was shipping a crew at Norfolk. Those I saw were "gentlemen of color," who kept us laughing all the way back to Newport News. The remaining few days I spent dining aboard the various vessels, whose masters invited Captain McLean and myself, going through the shipbuilding plant of the Newport News Shipbuilding Company, visiting Fortress Monroe and taking a drive through the surrounding country. We also went aboard an Italian steamer which lay on the opposite side of the dock, loading coal for some foreign country. There we purchased some five gallon cans of the purest Italian olive table oil for fifty cents a gallon; also several cases of gin at a ridiculously low figure. In fact, if the Captain and I had had any legitimate way of disposing of these things, we could have cleared up several hundred dollars by purchasing these goods.

I also spent some time watching the coons loading the coal aboard our vessel. It came out on a high trestle running along the wharf, in big dump-cars holding fifty or sixty tons each. These cars had traps in the bottom, so that when these traps were opened it would run down long shutes into the hold of the vessel. Down below, fifty or sixty coons would shovel it into place; "trimming coal," they called it. Several times I have seen the hatches choked up with coal and could hear the trimmers below singing and whistling away. And then again at night, after their day's work, we could hear them sing-

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ing and shouting up at the barrooms in the hill behind the water-front.

Monday night we hauled out into the stream, in order to be ready to go at daylight Tuesday morning. Five or six other vessels had already done so. At day-break the tug Wm. H. Clark took us in tow and took us out to sea. The wind was light from the Southwest, so that after all sail was set, and boom tackles hooked on, the Captain and I went below to breakfast. On returning on deck a pretty sight met our eyes. Here were four four-masters, two five-masters, and one six-master (ourselves) all running to the North, with everything on. I can only remember the names of a few, Henry W. Cramp (4), Captain Hart; Van Allen Bouton (5), Captain Jewett; Cora Cressey (5), Captain Harding; Sagmore (4). But as the morning passed, the fleet stretched out, so that in the afternoon we had sailed them all hull-down with the exception of Van Allen Bouton. It was an easy trip up the coast, with a light, fair wind all the way, so I spent most of the time reading or talking with the Captain. At noons I would also take an observation at the same time the Captain did. And as far as theoretical navigation is concerned, as practiced aboard these coasters, any one who knows how to read a sextant and has an almanac giving the declination of the sun, can find his latitude at noon without any trouble.

At daylight Friday morning we passed in by Gay Head and shortly afterward started an exciting race. As the dawn lightened we sighted Thomas W. Lawson ahead of us. She had sailed fully eighteen hours ahead of us, so Captain McLean thought it quite a feather in his cap to catch up. All the way up past Vineyard

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Haven we continued picking up, until we were only a mile or so astern when we came by Great Round Shoal Lightship. As we turned in astern of her, heading toward Orion Shoal, the wind began to freshen, and just as we passed Orion Shoal we passed by the Lawson on her weather. Both vessels set everything they could, and with the wind breezing up the Lawson made a pretty sight. She was practically new then and her topsails and staysails gleamed snow-white in the sun. We gradually drew away from her until, as we tacked ship off Chatham to stand in and display our signals, we were about two miles ahead. Just before we tacked again to run up the coast I looked at the Lawson coming along astern. Her bow looked just like a big snow-plow pushing along.

By this time it was blowing hard from the Northwest, but both vessels still carried full sail. One fisherman passed us going in to the beach for smoother water, plunging and pitching water all over herself. Two or three vessels were anchored in close to the shore. The wind was cold, too, and I was willing to choose a warm spot in the lee door of the wheelhouse. Before darkness came we could just see the topsails of the Lawson far astern. Then the Captain ordered what remained of the topsails and staysails taken in, for we had blown out several of them during the afternoon.

The next morning we lay off and on by Boston Light waiting for a tug, but it was some time before the tug Storm King came along. They reported that the marine engineers had gone on strike that morning, so that they were the only tug down the bay. As Captain Howes wished to pick up the rest of the fleet, if possible, he only towed us in by the range lights and there we

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dropped anchor. There, also, we stayed all day, and a long day it was, until finally Storm King steamed alongside again and took the Captain and myself up the harbor. It was four-thirty when we got ashore, just two weeks after we left Boston.

This trip was made in the April previous to the coal strike, but the coal came in mighty handy later on. Although the weather was fairly warm during this trip, still there were times when a heavy ulster was not a luxury. Any one who could take such a trip in the Summer would, I think, thoroughly enjoy it. For one who enjoys the sea it certainly is more fun than on a steamer.

Captain McLean I have not heard from for some time, but the last time I did he was master of the new steel "sixer," Wm. L. Douglas, and as far as I know is there now.



Haul the Bowline

(Sheet, Tack, and Bowline)

HAUL upon the bowline, the fore and the main top
bowline,

Haul the bowline, the bowline haul;

Haul upon the bowline, the fore and main top bowline,

Haul the bowline, the bowline haul.

Haul upon the bowline, so early in the morning,

Haul the bowline, the bowline haul;

Haul upon the bowline, so early in the morning,

Haul the bowline, the bowline haul.

Haul upon the bowline, the bonny ship's a-sailing,

Haul the bowline, the bowline haul;

Haul upon the bowline, the bonny ship's a-sailing,

Haul the bowline, the bowline haul.

Haul upon the bowline, Kitty is my darling,

Haul the bowline, the bowline haul;

Haul upon the bowline, Kitty is my darling,

Haul the bowline, the bowline haul.

Haul upon the bowline, Kitty lives in Liverpool,

Haul the bowline, the bowline haul;

Haul upon the bowline, Kitty lives in Liverpool,

Haul the bowline, the bowline haul.

Haul upon the bowline, it's a far cry to pay-day,

Haul the bowline, the bowline haul;

Haul upon the bowline, it's a far cry to pay-day,

Haul the bowline, the bowline haul.

Boating in Jamaica

By Mountain Eagle

NOT many months ago I wrote a short account of boating in Jamaica, which you considered worthy of insertion in your publication, in which I mentioned my intention of ordering a boat in the States from plans of Australia, in the March, 1900, number of *The Rudder*. This I have done and got the boat out here to Montejo Bay, a North-side port, the early part of December of last year.

A friend and myself went across to get her rigged and bring her round to Savanna la Mar, on the South side, a distance of about sixty miles.

On turning to work daylight next morning, we found that the metal centerboard, weighing two hundred and forty-eight pounds, would not pass through the false keel slot, which latter seems to have been bent one side, either on the long car-journey to New York or on board ship in coming over. Wherever it happened, there we were at a non-plus: however, with the assistance of a shipwright and aided by numerous wharf-hands, after working the whole day, by 4:30 we got her afloat and started rigging and bending sails in some sort of a manner. All the splicings to the wire rigging were very poorly done, requiring sewing, which we were unable to do for want of time.

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During the day the wind had been gradually increasing from about N. N. E., which on the North coast always raises a heavy sea, especially at that time of year. Notwithstanding, we bundled our kit aboard, together with grub and a pan of water; with a hearty send-off from the wharf-hands we got away, under whole main-sail and jib at a few minutes to 5 p. m. This was all right enough in the sheltered harbor, but the tune soon altered, for scarcely had we cleared the land and laid our course of West point South than we found we had more sail than the boat could carry, so had to haul to in order to tuck in a reef in the jib and three in the main-sail, which was no small job in the sea running outside. The work was got through somehow by your humble servant, the hand at the helm being divided in his inclination to laugh and anxiety lest I should get overboard in one of her lively bucketings; in reefing the jib I got handsomely wet above the waist each time she took a sea. At last the reefs were all tucked into the main-sail and hoisting back the peak away we went with the wind and sea following but rather on the starboard quarter.

I must say that the boat behaved splendidly, steering very easily, considering the heavy seas running and everything being new and stiff; main-sheet would hardly pay out through the blocks, all fittings and running rigging being stiff and new.

By the time we were off Round Hill Bluff, some eight miles, night began to close down and things were looking far from bright; as scud was flying low, with an occasional shower from the Northeast, the wind and sea steadily rising. However, there was nothing to be done



SUNFISH

Taking a Sunfish or Mola

BOATING IN JAMAICA

but to sit tight and give all attention to steering, so as to negotiate the breaking seas.

There was no approach to the seas pooping her, but what I did not like was that every time she got on the crest of a breaking surge, the stern would go steadily up and down would go her nose till she seemed to be going to run under, several times sending water over the fore part of the coaming but not enough to oblige bailing. About 6:30 p. m. I got my last sight of land till the moon rose, the night closing down black as a wolf's throat; not a star being visible except in a small patch of sky bearing about West of our course; with this aid and guided by the loom of the high land under our lee I kept her going some four or five miles off the coast, till we made out the lights of Lucra, a town some fourteen miles from the point of our departure. About an hour elapsed and up came the moon; when the light was sufficiently strong the first remark my friend made was: "Where the dickens are we? I don't know any low-lying land like this hereabout."

"We're out in the offing, old man," I replied, "and that's brought the land low. I guess we must be off Green Island now and the best thing we can do is to run for Bloody Bay, eight or nine miles to leeward."

Knowing it to be a fair entrance and well protected once inside, that is what we decided to do.

We both smoke, but I can assure you neither of us during the whole run gave a thought to a whiff until everything was snugged down, anchoring in a couple of fathoms, some two hundred yards offshore. I did not like to go nearer, as the board would not budge, and even where we were there was a heavy swell running

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onto the beach. Her draught was somewhere near five and a half feet.

To make matters worse, my friend had capsized the drinking water, so we had to be satisfied with dry bread and corned beef, topped off by a smoke. Beds consisted of the wet flooring boards, luckily soft white pine, and a damp jacket rolled up for a pillow, with mainsail spread abroad for covering; but for all that we both slept like tops. I know I did—only getting awake just at break of day to find three or four coasting sloops getting underway from this harbor of refuge.

Our objective now was a place called Orange Bay, about four miles to windward, which we had been compelled to pass the night before, as it has a beastly approach, reefs all about the place and a nasty, crooked channel.

Getting underway just at daylight, with the Norther much moderated, we proceeded to beat up to our destination, mainsail and jib close-reefed; we had scarcely got outside before it began to pipe up again in fine style and by the time we were off Orange Bay Channel there was such a sea running, with smoking breakers racing on to the reefs, that I could not make out the channel anyhow; so we stowed jib and hove to to see what would turn up. By this time the want of our accustomed early morning coffee began to be felt by our tempers and my friend began thus:

“If you didn’t know the bearings of the channel, what the devil did you beat up here for?”

“My dear sir, how the dickens was I to know that the place was going to be like this! I know the harbor in ordinary weather, but not in a stramash like this; besides, what was the use of running for the next place,

BOATING IN JAMAICA

which is an open roadstead, where we could neither lie nor land, to wit, Negril; and even if we went round the West point some ten miles from Bloody Bay, under the lee, the lighthouse keeper does not drink coffee, so where would we be?"

Well, to proceed, in about half-an-hour we caught a glimpse of a dug-out canoe, pulling four oars and steered by a man with a paddle, coming off to us. It was a sight I shall never forget, to see the way that craft took the combers in the channel, sometimes only about six feet amidships bearing and the rest of her thirty feet length clean out of water; then as the oars gripped she would make a spring clean on to the ridge of the next sea. Coming to windward of us, he shouted to know if we wanted a pilot through the reefs, to which I waved assent and signalled him to come round to our lee, which he did; then I shouted to him to middle the channel and when he saw us bearing down on him to keep to port so that we could pass; this he did and we ran in safely. You will possibly guess that it did not take us long to get up to the house, which belonged to my friend, and call for jorums of coffee, the time being about 9:30 a. m., both of us usually partaking of that indispensable beverage about 6 a. m.

Now no doubt you will remark, "Yes, but how about taking the boat around to Savanna la Mar?" All I can say is, we were both too pleased to find ourselves where we were to think of venturing farther. In the afternoon it was blowing for all it was worth, and on going down to the harbor to see how she was weathering it we decided to give her a spin, sticking to the most sheltered part. We had no sooner got underway, close-reefed, than bang! went the bobstay and away went the bowsprit; I

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tell you we had our work cut out to get her back to the mooring, as she refused to go about each tack without lowering away the peak. After putting everything shipshape, we returned to the house and next morning started for home, having wired for a buggy the previous day.

Some two weeks later I returned and took her round to Savanna la Mar, and on beaching found that the bolts from false keel to keel had got badly bent and so prevented the centerboard from working, which I soon remedied.

I would just add that now that I know her and have got things in trim, I am very much pleased with my boat. Having substituted a much lighter centerboard and taken on between six and seven hundred pounds of ballast, I find her fast, handy and safe.

She was built for me by Fred Medart, St. Louis, Mo., at a very much cheaper figure than I could get quoted in or near New York; the hull and spars are good material and work, the sails and fittings rather below grade, but taken altogether well worth the money.

She is a brute at moorings, severe on ground tackle and never quiet an instant in anything of a popple.



Taking a Sunfish or Mola

By F. R. Hoisington

WHILE cruising recently I was fortunate enough to secure a sunfish at Point Judith, and thinking a good photograph of it might be of interest, I send it in.

We had just had a hard beat from Newport to "Point Jude" against a fresh Sou'wester and some of the party were rather done up, so we put in back of the breakwater to wait for a slant, or, at least, a little better "chance," as the sailors say.

I had been hoping to get an opportunity to harpoon a porpoise or swordfish and so had a good porpoise iron ready on deck all the time with a line and long shaft to use from the end of the bowsprit. We had only been at anchor a short time when we caught sight of some sort of back fin cutting through the water not far away inside the breakwater. Ordering the dingey lowered in a hurry I caught up line and harpoon, jumped in and the two men soon had me up to the fish, which seemed to have difficulty in finding its way out of the harbor after once getting in. The comparatively shoal water also sent it to the surface frequently and so I got a chance at it.

As soon as we came within reach I let drive but the iron did not penetrate it at all, and I hauled in for an-

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other attempt. The fish dived but came up some distance away and the men pulled like mad and soon had me up to it. This time I waited till I could reach it without throwing, and drove the iron with my whole weight on the shaft but simply got a jar for my attempt, as the iron would not pierce the mola's rhinoceros hide. The next strike was no better and I made up my mind to try for the eye. All this time the sunfish was lumbering around in semicircles, first one way and then another, apparently bewildered. After some rowing the boat's crew, who a little later won the gig race at New London, pulled me up to him again. Watching my chance I made a fierce lunge and drove the iron in one eye and out the other clear through his head. The fish was stunned and I soon had him hauled close to the boat; though he struggled violently and threw water over us with his big flippers, we gradually towed him to the side of the yacht. The next difficulty was to get anything fast to him that would hold his weight. As the photo shows, he has no tail to get a line around, and I could find no gills large enough to hook into, so I jammed the big anchor fish-hook into his eye alongside of the harpoon; then hooking our main throat halyards into this, with two men on the fall, we swayed him out and photographed him.

The dimensions were four feet long and two feet ten inches broad, and the fins were over thirteen inches long and about six inches across. The mouth, shown by the little depression just to the left of the hook in the photo, was nearly round and about four inches across, while inside the thick lips were a pair of jaws looking more like a beak than anything I ever saw before in a fish.

TAKING A SUNFISH OR MOLA

One of the men cut through the tough hide and found it about seven-eighths of an inch thick and white and hard like gristle. Under this was a fibrous tissue several inches thick, evidently meant to act as a cushion to back up the tough hide in withstanding the enormous pressure of the great depth this creature is supposed to frequent. We had no scales that would weigh such a monster, but it was much heavier to haul out than our 400-lb anchor, so we estimated the weight at 500 lb at least.

After cutting off a fin to dry for a trophy, we turned over the fish to a lot of foreign laborers on a construction barge lying near us, and so got rid of it.



The Rio Grande

(Capstan)

WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?
O away Rio;

Where are you going to, my pretty maid?

We are bound to the Rio Grande.

O away Rio,

O away Rio,

O fare you well, my bonny young girl,

We are bound to the Rio Grande.

May I go with you, my pretty maid?

O away Rio;

May I go with you, my pretty maid?

We are bound to the Rio Grande.

O away Rio,

O away Rio,

O fare you well, my bonny young girl,

We are bound to the Rio Grande.

I'm afraid you're a bad one, kind sir, she replied,

O away Rio;

I'm afraid you're a bad one, kind sir, she replied,

We are bound to the Rio Grande.

O away Rio,

O away Rio,

O fare you well, my bonny young girl,

We are bound to the Rio Grande.



ALGA

To Shelter Island in a Yawl

To Shelter Island in a Yawl

By F. Atwater Ward

MY EXCUSE for penning this yarn is that little seems to have been written heretofore of cruises in part of the waters covered in our wanderings. With this brief apology I now unfold my tale with a clear conscience.

First, of course, a description of the yacht. (Her plans were published in the July, 1902, *Rudder*, together with a short article describing her cabin arrangements and the like.) Yawl rig of six hundred square feet on a hull thirty-one feet over all, twenty feet water-line, nine feet breadth, and three feet six inches draught. There are 3,500 lb of lead in her keel, in which the centerboard houses below the cabin floor. The cabin is rather large, ten feet six inches in length with four feet seven inches headroom. Four can sleep with comfort on the transoms, which extend, giving each berth an area of six feet six inches by forty-two inches. A large ice-chest, double Khotal stove, clothes lockers, water tanks, etc., add to the cruiser's comfort. The construction is rather heavy, as the owner wanted a good cruising boat able to stand any hard knocks that came along. The ground tackle is ample; three anchors of 20, 40 and 75 lb, the first one a spider-built kedge, the last the "spare," stowed under the cockpit floor. The

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cables are manila of more than ample strength and the boat will ride out any reasonable blow. The spare has not been needed as yet, but it gives a feeling of security to have it ready for emergencies. The boat steers with a Puritan gear and wooden wheel. She had been afloat but a week at the time the cruise was taken and was an untried proposition. Her name, *Alga*, is the Latin for seaweed. A ten-foot round bottom tender completes the equipment. She is enrolled in the Yale Corinthian and the New Haven Y. C's.

And now for the crew. The owner, and present narrator, was Skipper, relying on three-years' experience and on nerve (especially the latter) to help him out. The other member was known as the Guest when we were ashore, while on board he was the Cook, alias First Mate, alias A. B., alias, etc., excelling as Guest and Cook, especially as the latter functionary; the way he could scramble canned baked beans was a caution. A third man joined us later and will be discussed presently.

The place of our departure was Fishers Island, off New London, where the Skipper and Cook were stopping at a hotel. This place is a good one for yachts to visit, as West Harbor (locally, Big Hay Harbor) affords good anchorage for medium draught, and shelter from all but Northeast winds.

And now for the cruise.

Monday, July 28, 1902. After farewells at the hotel we carried our dunnage to the tender lying at the steamboat landing. The usual crowd was on the dock and made the customary and time-honored jests on our appearance, destination and probable fate, but we managed to transfer our belongings to the yacht. After a hasty bestowal of banjo, suit-cases and other stuff in the cabin,

TO SHELTER ISLAND IN A YAWL

we made sail and stood out between the South Dumpling and Fishers Islands, at about 2:30 p. m., bound for New London. The light breeze left us when off North Dumpling Light and a black thunder-squall now rose alarmingly dead ahead, accompanied by a fall of the glass. Halyards were inspected, oilers brought on deck and everything made ready for the blow that looked inevitable, when a welcome zephyr came from the N. N. E., enabling us to reach the entrance of New London before it departed. Had a nerve-thrilling race with a lobster-pot buoy and excitement was at its height when the breeze came; at the same time the storm was seen to divide, the Southern portion passing over Long Island and the Northern to startle the farmers inland. Anchored in Coits Cove off the wharves just before colors. There was no oil on board wherewith to fill the riding-light, as we intended stocking up at this port. A revenue cutter lay unpleasantly near, so we hurried ashore for oil. The light went up at 9:30 p. m., but nothing was heard from the enemy concerning our tardiness. After a meal, redolent of kerosene, we sat around until seven bells, when we turned in, on the first night of the first cruise of the yacht *Alga*.

July 29th. Clear day with light breeze. Filled our tanks from the water-boat *Undine*, and went ashore for much provisions. On our return we had a fine hot dinner, in spite of our ignorance of the stove. Loafed all afternoon, as the breeze was light and dead ahead for our destination. In the evening we went ashore. Right here let me say that the man who keeps the landing-stage, although an obliging old fellow, is about the laziest mortal it has been my lot to meet. Once we saw him get up from his chair, and walk a little, and the

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shock we experienced was acute. The Cook used to think the Skipper was lazy, but since seeing this man, he acknowledges that there are worse in the lazy line than his shipmate. As we were returning on board the Cook suddenly decided he needed some exercise, so he indulged in a row round the cove, inspecting various craft, one of them Weetamoe, the Gardner & Cox sixty-rater.

July 30th. Got underway about 10 a. m., with a light breeze from E. S. E. Off the Pequot House it shifted to South and when near Sarahs Ledge it dropped so that we had barely steerageway on. About a mile from Little Gull Island a terrific Irish hurricane came on to blow and kept up for an hour. The glass fell very slightly, predicting a breeze, and sure enough we saw two large schooner yachts out in the Race carrying a topsail breeze. This soon reached us and we bore away for Shelter Island with good prospects of reaching it before colors. We passed between Plum and Great Gull Islands; the tide was running strongly to the Westward and came near setting us on the Middle Rock, a stone marked only on Gardners Bay Chart No. 298. It is well out of water and would be dangerous only in thick weather with a heavy sea. We had a magnificent run down the beach, the fresh breeze and quartering sea rendering accurate helmsmanship very difficult. Shelter Island soon stood out clearly and a little later passed close to Long Beach Bar Light (locally "Bug Light") and found plenty of water under our keel. By the aid of the chart and the United States Coast Pilot we had no difficulty in navigating into Deerings Harbor. On the left of the harbor mouth stands the Manhanset, a rather large hotel, while the Prospect, a less pretentious

TO SHELTER ISLAND IN A YAWL

hostelry, is on the right; the Shelter Island Y. C. and a station of the New York Y. C. are on opposite sides of the harbor. We dropped our hook off the former club at 4:30 p. m., after a rather wearying but interesting run of some six hours. Went ashore and visited the Prospect House, where the Skipper met a classmate.

July 31st. Went across by ferry to Greenport, where we purchased supplies which were sent over in the afternoon by the water-boat. The evening was passed at the Prospect House.

August 1st. Lay around all morning. Enjoyed a splendid sail in the afternoon in the Sound to the Westward, passing many yachts and enjoying the delightful scenery along the shore. The water shoals very quickly on the island shore and on the Long Island side a few points make out quite a distance. Returned at five o'clock. The Skipper met the third member of the crew, who came by steamer from New London, with a great love for the sea, and a great appetite for the Cook's beans. He was immediately entered in the log as Second Mate and anything else that the Cook did not want for himself. After supper we went ashore at the New York Y. C. station and visited the Manhanset.

August 2d. It was on the menu that we get out on this day for Saybrook, but there was very little breeze. The Skipper went ashore for provisions and, on his return, the hook came up and we drifted toward Saybrook. Near Bug Light a nice breeze from the S. W. came and carried us to Plum Gut. Imagine our pleasure on finding the ebb-tide strong and our joy at failing to get through after three trials. The fourth time we hugged Orient Point as close as we dared and, with the help of an increase of wind, managed to stem the

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swift tide which runs as strongly as in the Race. The breeze freshened until our lee rail was awash, and with a calm sea we sped toward Saybrook, just visible in the haze. The Skipper and the Cook tried to sing a college song to the accompaniment of a patiently-wearied expression on the Mate's face, as he sat on the wheel box. The song treated of "Friendship's tie," but the ties of friendship were very nearly severed over the rendition of it by the Skipper and Cook. In spite of the music (?) the wind stayed with us all the way, although the water to the East was as calm as a sea of glass. We dropped the mainsail as we stood up between the jetties at the mouth of the Connecticut. The knockabout Lorna, of New Haven, lay in the river off the Hartford Y. C. and we rounded to at a good distance to the North of her, but to our amazement had to drop anchor hastily to avoid fouling her. We had not figured on the strong ebb-tide. The Skipper took out the light anchor to kedge up to a safe distance, but for some reason unknown (it was carefully dropped) it came right in, fouling the hawse of both yachts. With Lorna's help we got everything clear and a Hartford Y. C. auxiliary towed us to a better anchorage. We visited the clubhouse and Fenwick Hall, a hotel much patronized by Hartford people.

August 3d. Cloudy, with moderate breeze from N. N. W. After breakfast we received visitors from Lorna and returned the call. During our visit it began to rain quite heavily, but let up long enough to enable us to reach the yawl with a dry skin. Blew a little in the afternoon with some rain; the yawl rode broadside to the wind and at right angles to her cable, due to the ebb-tide again. Once in swinging she just cleared the

TO SHELTER ISLAND IN A YAWL

forestay of a sloop. When we anchor at Saybrook again it will be with heavy anchor and short hawse. It cleared off after a while and as we sat in the cockpit playing whist, a launch passed, whose owner pointed to a suspicious-looking black bottle floating down by our stern, asking us, "Why in h—l don't you bury your dead?" By the time we recovered he was a mile up the river. After supper the Guest and Cook of Lorna came over and said he would play a little game of poker. A little penny-ante was indulged in, with the result that we ate our next meal at Lorna's expense. Just after the game a hail of "Come over and have a drink," came from a neighboring sloop. We gasped out a tearful thanks, stumbled into the tender and sped to the friendly craft, where we were entertained in a right joyful manner. A phonograph helped along the good cause.

August 4th. On this day we were due in New London to witness the rendezvous of the New York Y. C. About ten o'clock we stood out between the jetties, and coming across the bar made for our port with a moderate and favoring wind. We found out later that we would have avoided the strong tide by keeping out farther. Off Bartlett Reef Lightship we met a New Haven Y. C. cat, whose skipper had seen the plans of our yawl in *The Rudder* and was much interested, and we followed her into the harbor, which we had never entered from the West before. About five hundred yachts of the New York Y. C. were in the harbor, but with Cook and Mate tending sheet we dodged through in the fresh breeze without touching or sinking any craft, large or small. The harbor seemed filled with yachts of all sizes, but there was a little room left in Coits Cove, so we anchored there. Received many visitors, among them the

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crew of the aforementioned cat. We took supper on shore and then rowed down to get a look at the fleet. Just before reaching them we stopped rowing and allowed the tide to carry us the remainder of the distance in order to get a good view of the grand scene.

The hundreds of riding-lights stood out clearly against the dark sky and many of the steam yachts had their hulls, deckhouses and rigging outlined in electric lights. On one of the yachts a band played softly. We began to talk of the amount of wealth represented in this gathering and wondered whether some day we might—but time passed all too quickly, and there was a long row back to our little yacht, so we returned.

August 5th. Clear with light breeze. The big fleet began to get away and a little after breakfast the Cook left us to return to Fishers Island. He had too great a fondness for golf ever to make a good sailor, but we will never forget some of his cooking. The Skipper went over to Fishers Island in the afternoon and, when returning, noticed a peculiar appearance of the sky to the West over New London. The sky was light for that time of day and the land loomed up strangely in the haze. Upon turning in, our trusty glass showed no change and the sky was forgotten until next morning.

August 6th. The Skipper awoke at eight bells, saw nothing wrong and snoozed off again. The sky was clouded and a rather fresh breeze ruffled the harbor. A second time he awoke and lazily looked out of the port-light. What he saw sent him up on deck as fast as possible. The yawl had been riding to a very short scope and the wind, which had come strong from the Southeast, caused her to drag at an alarming rate. A few fathoms of hawse held her, but it would have been



NEAR DEERING HARBOR



MATE AND COOK

To Shelter Island in a Yawl

TO SHELTER ISLAND IN A YAWL

embarrassing if we had slept a little too long. The barometer showed a decided fall since the night. "Short warning, soon past," proved true in this instance and the miniature gale let up about noon. The anchor was picked up and we worked out through the fleet in the cove under jib and mizzen. Well out in the harbor the mainsail was put on her and, as if in response, the breeze died down soon. The run to Fishers Island was without any excitement, being almost a drift so light was the breeze. We passed Mr. Nock, the designer of *Alga*, in a launch. He was pleased to hear that we had enjoyed our cruise. Came to anchor off the hotel, and the *Mate* returned by steamer to New London soon after.

One thing was unusual about the cruise and that was that we got where we wanted to at the specified time. We could hardly have done better if we had had a tin-pot of an engine aboard. We had no storms of any account and were never compelled to reef on the cruise.

Here my yarn ends. If it has told anything of interest to other cruisers, its duty has been done. Wishing that they may have the luck we did, the Skipper will go below and turn in until the next watch.



Homeward Bound

(Anchor Song)

OUR anchor we'll weigh, and our sails we will set,
Good-bye, fare-ye-well!
Good-bye, fare-ye-well!

The friends we are leaving, we leave with regret,
Hurrah! my boys, we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, oh joyful sound,
Good-bye, fare-ye-well!
Good-bye, fare-ye-well!

Come rally the capstan, and run quick around,
Hurrah! my boys, we're homeward bound.

Hurrah! that good run brought the anchor a-weigh,
Good-bye, fare-ye-well!
Good-bye, fare-ye-well!

She's up to the hawse, sing before we belay,
Hurrah! my boys, we're homeward bound.

"We're homeward bound," you've heard us say,
Good-bye, fare-ye-well!
Good-bye, fare-ye-well!

Hook on the cat fall then, and run her away,
Hurrah! my lads, we're homeward bound.

The Case of the Brig Nancy

By Charles A. Brand

ON THE morning of July 3, 1799, the staunch American brig Nancy cleared from Baltimore.

She was American, but she had arranged matters so that she could appear to be almost anything she chose. Her crew were Norwegians and Swedes. Captain Thomas Briggs was a Yankee, and her owners were Germans who had become naturalized citizens of the United States. The port for which she sailed, and the port named in her papers, was Curaçao, but the general impression along the water-front was that she would never see Curaçao and did not want to. Captain Briggs and her owners were reticent about her business, which no one seemed to know much about, and some of the seamen had talked too much when they were in grog. The result was that when she sailed there was a great crowd out to see her off, though she had expected to slip away quietly.

Now this was 1799, the year in which Napoleon became the First Consul in France, and only a little while after the rejection of our Minister to France, Charles C. Pinckney. Pinckney was the man, incidentally, who, when told by agents of Talleyrand that a sufficiently large sum of money might fix matters up, started the expression, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." The young United States had just escaped

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war with England, and now, because she had patched up a treaty and seemed disposed to live at peace with her, France was determined to pick a quarrel.

They were serious days, and Washington, who was near the end of his life, said, "I had rather be in my grave than in this excitement!" But they were days in which the adventure-loving American skipper was in his glory. France did not declare war, but she took upon herself the responsibility of making us so angry that we would have to do it, and so she infested our coasts with her privateers. Not only that, but she ordered her ships of war to molest our merchantmen whenever it was possible. Of course we had to retaliate, and soon had a fine fleet of "assorted" privateers of our own, and undertook with great enthusiasm to clear the seas of the Frenchmen.

It was this situation that did so much to develop American seamanship and that really showed to the world for the first time what the American skipper was made of. And it was this situation that was indirectly responsible for what is probably the most remarkable case on record in the Admiralty Courts of the world and one of the most unbelievable but at the same time absolutely true fish stories that has ever been told.

As has been said, Nancy cleared for Curaçao on the third day of July. She was not built for a privateer nor was she fitted out for that kind of work, but that she was bound South for rare fun of some kind no one had the slightest doubt.

When Nancy appeared not at Curaçao but at Aruba, it was evident that some at least of the surmises were correct, for Aruba was a neutral port and did a driving business in arms and ammunition. The Captain went

CASE OF THE BRIG NANCY

on to Curaçao, only fifty miles away, in a droger, and returned with an agent of the owners. After some mysterious transactions, the nature of which is not now known, the bark weighed anchor and laid a course for Hayti.

Nancy's papers gave her a good deal of anxiety. Briggs knew that they would not bear inspection, and as a ship's papers are far more important than the landsman realizes, being evidence that she has not dodged the customs officers, and so a kind of certificate of good character, besides telling where she hails from and where she is going, it was no wonder that he paced the deck nervously during the day and sailed without lights at night. On this particular expedition it was the English that he was most anxious to avoid, and, as he was so near Jamaica, it was the English that he was most likely to meet.

On the 28th of August the brig was lazily dropping down the South coast of Hayti with just breeze enough to ripple the marvelous blue water of the Caribbean Sea. The "Portuguese men-of-war," those bumptious little navigators of the Southern seas, were out with all sail spread, and every little while a school of flying fish, escaping from some too-friendly shark, would splash up through the surface of the water and whirl away into the distance like the crest of a wave blown off in spray by a stiff West wind. There was just one feature of the scene that was not enchanting, and that was a sail off on the horizon—at least it was not enchanting to Captain Briggs.

The breeze was light and Nancy was heavy. She could not run, and there was nothing for it but to let the stranger board her if he wanted to, as there was

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every reason to think he did, for he seemed to be slowly overhauling her. To make a long story short, His Majesty's ship Sparrow, a British cutter from Kingston, boarded Nancy and demanded to see her papers. Captain Briggs maintained with great uncton that the papers had been stolen by a scoundrel of a seaman who had left the ship and that he had absolutely nothing to show, but that he was engaged in a perfectly legitimate business, and, moreover, that if there was one nationality that he and all his crew loved more than any other it was the English.

Now, that the papers were gone Captain Briggs said truly, for he threw them overboard with his own hand not an hour before, and the light wind had given him time to conceal certain other incriminating documents where he was sure they could never be found.

Neither his story nor the manner of telling it impressed the commander of Sparrow, who at this time was Hugh Wylie, and without discussing the matter at all he seized Nancy as a prize and took her to Port Royal, the city of the old buccaneers. Suit for her condemnation was brought in the Court of Vice-Admiralty at Kingston on September 9, 1799. It was charged that Nancy was a lawful prize, seized on the high seas, as the property of persons being enemies of the realm. This all sounded right, and Wylie knew that it was true and that he had made an important capture. It meant a small fortune to him personally if he could convince the court and have the bark legally condemned, but, to use a modern expression for a very ancient practice, it was a pure bluff on his part. The vessel was under suspicion, indeed, but there was not a shred of actual evidence against her, and as for being the property of

CASE OF THE BRIG NANCY

an enemy, was she not American, and was not the United States friendly to England?

The case was not settled immediately, but six days later, on September 14th, a claim for the dismissal of the suit, with costs, was entered, and would probably have been granted, if on that very day Lieutenant Fitton, commander of His Majesty's ship Abergavenny, had not arrived post-haste from San Domingo, where he had been cruising, bringing with him papers of the utmost importance in the case of Nancy,—the very papers thrown overboard by Captain Briggs and later found by him in the stomach of an enormous shark!

These papers, tied up with the same piece of string, have been preserved in Jamaica for more than a hundred years as the greatest curiosity on the island. They have been examined by many visitors to Kingston, where of late years they have been carefully kept under glass in the Institute of Jamaica on East Street, and are accompanied by the affidavit of Lieutenant Fitton himself. The following is an exact copy of the affidavit, which tells its own story:

JAMAICA, ss.:

IN THE COURT OF VICE ADMIRALTY

The Adv. Gen. *ex. ret.* Wylie, *et al.*,

vs. The Brig Nancy.

Michael Fitton, Esquire, being duly sworn, maketh oath and saith that the tender of His Majesty's ship of war Abergavenny, then under the command of this deponent, being on a cruise off Jacmel in the island of San Domingo, on the thirteenth day of August last, discovered a dead bullock surrounded by sharks, which he had towed alongside the said tender for the purpose of catching the said sharks, and this deponent saith that having caught one of the said sharks and hoisted it on board the said tender, he ordered some of the seamen to separate its jaws and clean them as the said shark

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was larger than common, which the said seamen did, whilst others opened its maw, and therein discovered in the presence of this deponent a parcel of papers tied up with a string. And this deponent saith that on perusing the said papers he discovered a letter of recent date from Curricoa, and as it occurred to this deponent they might relate to some vessel detained by some of His Majesty's cruisers, he had them dried on deck; and this deponent saith that having been informed that His Majesty's cutter Sparrow has sent down to this island as a prize a certain brig, a vessel called the Nancy, and supposing the papers so found as aforesaid might be useful at the trial of the said vessel called the Nancy, hath caused the same to be sealed up, and delivered them to one of the surrogates of this honorable court without any fraud, alteration, addition, subduction, or embezzlement whatsoever.

MICHL FITTON.

*Taken and the truth thereof sworn
to before me this 24th day of
September, 1799.*

J. Fraser, Surrogate.

These papers were delivered to me by Lieut. Fitton at the time of his swearing to his affidavit in the cause, Adv. Genl. Wylie, *et al.*, vs. the brig Nancy.

J. FRASER, Surrogate.

24th September, 1799.

It is only necessary to add that although the papers in this remarkable case had of course to remain in Jamaica as a matter of record,—and the others which Captain Briggs had hidden were later found, some of them in a cask of salt pork and others in the Captain's cabin, "so hard drove in that it was with difficulty they could be taken out,"—the naval officers took the head of the shark which swallowed the papers, and some other papers that were found on board but were not needed in evidence, back to England with them, and they are now preserved in the United Service Museum in London.



SAND BANKS, NORTH SHORE, SHELTER ISLAND

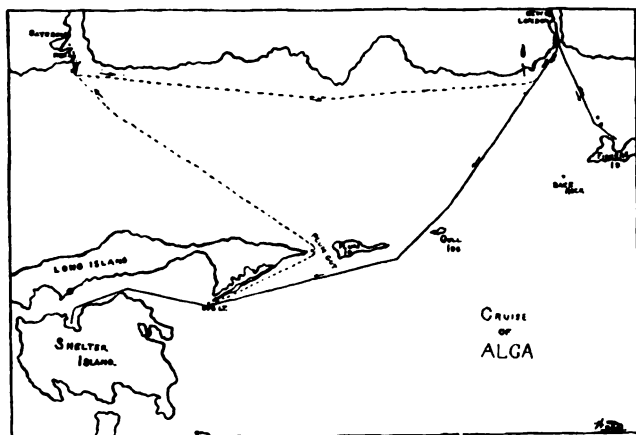


CHART OF CRUISE

To Shelter Island in a Yawl

The Inland Voyage of Querida

By Her Captain

WHAT lover of the wave and crested sea among us who does not feel in the late Spring, bounding impatiently through his veins in an effort to assert itself, the alluring, mystic call of the deep, which has perforce lain dormant through the long Winter months. As Summer draws nearer and the days grow longer and softer the call becomes almost irresistible and the days stretch out interminably. But these are days of eager anticipation, of elaborate preparation. What marvelous cruises we plan, something grander and vaster than any of past years, and what wonderful improvements we consider!

At length the glad time arrives when the collegiate may lay down his book and his older brother may leave the office and, for a while, go wherever the call bids him follow. Then the long weeks of anticipation become a happy but brief reality. Soon they fade into another long period of retrospection. But in this memory of past reality lies one of the subtle keys to the charm of the wave. For it is a remarkable truism that with time only the most pleasurable portions of a cruise remain to memory, while the hardships of heat, cold, and wet, not unmingled at times with danger, the petty

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squabbles, the setbacks and mishaps vanish completely. We think only of the delight of gliding smoothly over the gentle swell, or of the keen exultation of riding out the gale. And then there is the night on the water.

"Twenty thousand shining starbeams, clustered round a crescent moon,
Stealing out the purple Eastland in the waning twilight's gloom;
In a stillness deep, primeval, in a mist-light like the morn,
Out upon the trackless ocean one more Summer night is born."

And so each Spring finds us ready to set forth once more, only with a little broader plan, on a little grander scale, with the added experience gleaned the year before. Two Summers ago the call took me on a cruise up the stately Hudson and through the canal for a run over the beautiful waters of Lake Champlain. Last Summer it bade us follow the conventional inland route to the Jamestown Exposition. But we venture to doubt if this cruise be so very conventional when taken as we took it, nor did Hampton Roads or the lower Delaware present the characteristic features we are accustomed to connect with an "inside" cruise.

A warm clear day greeted the departure of the good ship *Querida* (get out your Spanish dictionaries) on the dawn of July 17, 1907, when she glided smoothly down the picturesque Thames from her home port of Norwich, Conn., to begin the thousand-mile cruise which was to mark the great event in her career. Perhaps, too, she was justified in calling the event great, for surely a boat of her size might feel some pride even in the "hateful inside passage." Now *Querida* is not a modern luxurious flyer, with commodious apartments necessitating a peep through the window to become aware that you are afloat, but a stubby, twenty-two-foot

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open fishing launch, with a 4½-h.p. Lathrop which chugs her along at about eight miles per. She derives her only boast, that of seaworthiness, from her seven feet breadth; for in a former life she spent her days off Montauk and Block Island, where even the doughty Marbleheaders look worried at times.

On the eve of her departure with her crew of three undergraduates seeking adventure on the "vasty deep" (Raritan Canal), her engine had been examined with care and all worn bearings renewed. A new crank-shaft was also put in, as the old one was found to have been cut nearly in two by a forward thrust bearing. This I consider the only serious fault with the Lathrop engine in the purpose for which it is designed. As she passed over the course of the annual Yale-Harvard regatta, and down New London Harbor, the popular and beautiful rendezvous of the New York Y. C. on their annual cruise, her ensemble presented little of her appearance on those gala occasions. Cushions, carpets, and all signs of femininity were lacking while a bedraggled-looking little trunk and several dunnage bags filled the cockpit aft the engine box. The watch was set, one man at the wheel, another to attend the wants of the engine—which were seldom numerous,—and the third to loaf if he so desired, with a shift every hour. The man at the wheel kept the log with the ship's chronometer (a dollar Ingersoll), and tolled off the hours on a dingy, erst-while ship's bell with varying regularity, whenever he didn't forget it.

Soon we had Saybrook's two lighthouses on our starboard beam, the sea being very calm under a moderate Southwest breeze. Off Hammonasset Point, which we changed to "Cape Jawbreaker," a stop was

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made ostensibly to cool one of the new bearings, but primarily to take the first of our many swims. A few turns around and under the boat were most enjoyable and we quickly dried off on deck when again underway. At 5:45 we made New Haven Light and a half-hour later dropped the hook at Morris Cove, 62 1-16 miles from home. A scramble ashore for some milk was followed by supper on our little Khotal burner, our spray hood meanwhile keeping off a light shower admirably. Then, after a pipe or two, we spread the tongue-and-grooved boards which we had brought with us laterally across the cockpit with the ends resting on the lockers of either side and rolled up in our blankets for our first night on board(s). This sleeping arrangement worked very well on the whole, though we brought along a tent for occasional use when on shore leave. Of course nobody minded when, after two of us were wrapped in blankets and slumber, the third man always thought of something in the lockers he must have that night. This he could only obtain by going aft and then warping himself forward under the boards by his knees and the floor, and raising locker cover, boards, blankets and slumberers by dint of back muscle, only to discover that the desired article was on deck somewhere.

The second day out marks a record run for both the thermometer and the ship, for by evening Querida had duly reached the Great City and her crew the "Gay White Way." The log records a pajamas start at 4:25 due to large flocks of mosquitoes which boarded us all night. Outside the breakwaters with the oyster boats we found considerable fog and herein lies a triumph for the Navigator. The chart was thumb-tacked to

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the top of the engine box, while the man from Tech sat astride a plank with dividers and rule in hand and gave us an accurate compass course to Stratford Point. Another compass course brought us to Penfield at the time appointed. However, we didn't know it till we almost bumped into the lighthouse, for, although the big siren across at Eaton's was booming all over the Western part of the Sound, the trumpet at Penfield's was silent. (Since this cruise Querida's chart-room has been supplied with a "Rudder Pocket Course Book," which is now invaluable.) The Bridgeport steamer to New York shaved by close enough to give us a scare.

About noon the fog dispersed. The sea was flat calm, the wind nil, while the thermometer soared and soared. Consequently we were all relieved when at 4:39 p. m. we tied up at 150th Street, North River, reaching port by the roundabout way of the Bronx Kills and the Harlem. The next day we lay off, that the crew might take in a few of Coney's roller coasters and Broadway roof-gardens, Querida merely running across the river and refilling her little 25-gallon copper tank. The run down the Sound had consumed approximately twenty gallons.

Shortly before six on July 20th we crept tremblingly down the North River in a fog which thickened so among the ferries that we tied up for an hour on the Jersey side by the Erie slips. A little farther on we lost our bearings and bumped into what proved to be Communipaw. Then we followed a tug bound for Perth Amboy. A severe thunderstorm struck us in the Kills, but the sun came out when we were running up the Raritan trying to follow the channel without running into our ensign. At New Brunswick the sparkling,

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limpid waters of the canal received us, and at Bound Brook we tied up for the night near the auxiliary yawl Cricket, of Bridgeport, Conn. We found later that she too was bound for Norfolk with owner and family on board, and to these kind friends we came to owe much for frequent kindnesses shown us, and for their subsequently towing us into Norfolk with an empty tank. But of that anon.

The run through the canal was uneventful, as all canal runs are. At Bordentown a stop was made for the fusser of the party to write and mail several bushels of souvenir post-cards—cursed be the inventor thereof! The first night that we anchored in the Delaware we learned something of the occult mysteries of the tide in that river. To quote from the log: "Mate goes moonlight swimming and finds strong tide bearing him toward Trenton. Endeavors to swim to ship and thinks, same is underway down-stream. Frantic cries! Life-buoy thrown to him, but he fails to see same and said buoy likewise departs Trentonward. Captain and Navigator, who had turned in, arise in wrath and get ship underway to pursue buoy, meanwhile calling the swimming Mate's attention to the adjacent shore. Buoy finally captured while the Mate swims ashore and anxiously awaits return of ship and his wardrobe, glancing furtively from time to time at the nearby houses."

We reached Philadelphia next day, but as George Washington's chair, the cracked bell, and dollars behind glass are not the sailor's greatest joys, we were soon underway again. At Chester we stopped—most wicked fortune!—for more juice, and in backing out struck a submerged piece of piling, which brought further revolutions of the screw to a sudden and abrupt

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termination for the present. We paddled alongside the nearest dock and spent the night there. At crack of dawn we proceeded under tow of a local launch owner, with crestfallen countenances, to Sheppard's well-known yard at Essington. The propeller and shaft were soon straightened, the Navigator assisting materially in the work, and at 3:30 p. m. we again had Chester on the beam. Below here the water began to chop up considerably and as we wanted a dry bed that night we turned in between the dikes and ran up to Wilmington. But alas! We were not acquainted with the dearest associates of the Christiana River. We turned in at 11:20, but the enemy swarmed aboard like the sands of the sea in number and of the size of fat English sparrows. The ship's cannon, deadly incense, poison and everything else had no effect, and at 2:45 we abandoned the field to the winged pests and departed down the muddy stream, heaping imprecations and maledictions upon the river, the cruise, each other, and the spheroid in general. At its mouth we tossed over the hook and awaited dawn.

No further events of special interest fell to our lot till Baltimore was reached. We endured the trials and exorbitant tariff of the second canal without a murmur, whiling away the slow hours by taking turns jumping overboard at a rope's end and getting a tow, the man at the wheel meanwhile sportively running close to the bank that the aquarian's toes might brush along the rocky bottom of the shallow water. We struck a very dirty sea for our little craft at the head of the Chesapeake off the mouth of the Susquehanna, precisely the same kind of a sea as recorded in accounts of other cruises as occurring at exactly this place. Ugly, short

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chops with very deep hollows, tossed up by a strong North wind. As soon as we had left the wing of Turkey Point (joke), the spray was flying all about us, some falling on us and some dropping down on the opposite side. The good ship kept her nose well up, however, and dipped it under only once.

At the port of Baltimore a further vicissitude overtook us. Here we were welcomed by a well-known boat club almost as cordially as we had welcomed the Standard Oil Company's twelve-cent rate a short time before. They assured us that our goods and chattels would be perfectly safe at the mooring assigned us. Upon returning at midnight, however, we found to our dismay that our ice-pick had been adroitly inserted in the lock of our trunk, and that our three cameras, our marine glasses, and the ship's spare compass had been taken. Wearily we trudged back to town to inform the officers of the law of the affair and after a few hours' sleep departed on our way, resolved that nothing short of shipwreck of the noble brig herself would prevent our taking her to her destination. Verily we were a most downhearted trio. The helmsman forgot to ring the bells, the crank sighed plaintively for lack of oil, and the boat was in a most unshipshape condition. To add to our troubles the stuffing-box suddenly began to leak badly and half-hourly pumping was added to the deck-hand's routine. We only went to Annapolis that night and found Cricket in this port. How snug and comfortable her cozy mahogany cabin looked!

"But never mind," said the Navigator, in his matter-of-fact way, "we will be better able to appreciate a cabin after a cruise in an open twenty-two."

Next morning we hauled out in the rain and had the

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stuffing-box packed and got underway about noon. The boat still leaked, however, because the shaft had not been entirely straightened at Essington, and she continued to leak throughout the rest of the cruise. When the ensign and the pennant came down at sunset we were off Cove Point, and at about six bells we came to anchor at Solomon's alongside Cricket and among the most heterogeneous collection of power boats, fishing smacks, and oyster bugeyes imaginable. The following day was uneventful and hot, and evening found us in Fishing Bay. The thirty-first was a fine day and marks the end of our trip down, for we made Norfolk that evening. At Milford Haven, which we put into on account of rough water and threatening sky, we found Cricket preparing to go out over the bar back of Gwynns Island, famous in Revolutionary days, and we followed slowly. She grounded hard on the bar, but we, drawing two feet less, were easily afloat. We worked till nearly noon and finally got her off by yanking at right angles on the end of her sprit. Outside we found a strong breeze from the Sou'ard, and the sea still heavy though evidently going down. We soon drew away from the auxiliary and after a while all we could see of her was the white dot which marked her balloon jib. A nearly straight course took us the farthest from land that we had yet been and just inside York Spit Light. We were nearly to Old Point when the engines customary allegro "chug, chug," slowed to andante and with a final gasp ceased entirely. "Gasolene, not spark," said the Captain and Navigator together, and a hasty inspection of the tank showed it dry as a bone. Over went the hook and out went a lot of rope. After about half an hour along came Cricket, and in response to

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desperate waving of the ensign, heaved us a line on passing. In this humble manner we proceeded across the Roads and up to Norfolk. By chart measurement we had covered a distance of 588 13-16 miles and had consumed seventy gallons. We had been out fifteen days but underway only ten and a half.

We stayed in port five days, the Norfolk Boat Club very kindly taking care of our wants. A trip to the mammoth shipyard at Newport News and another to the primary light at Cape Henry proved about as interesting to us as the Exposition itself, aside from the Government exhibits, and after a couple or so nights in a hotel and a goodly number of square meals we were ready to leave for home. While at Norfolk we saw by a Baltimore paper that the thief who had "ransacked the goods on the luxurious yacht *Querida*, belonging to a prominent Connecticut financier," had been captured and most of the goods secured. This, of course, filled our souls with delight, and it was decided that it would hasten matters for the Captain to go directly to Baltimore by steamer, get the goods, and join the ship at Annapolis, leaving her to be brought thither by the Chief Officer. This plan was carried out and *Querida* reached the capital the third day out from Norfolk, after meeting the heaviest weather of the cruise. At this port our faithful Navigator felt unable to continue with us longer, on account of illness, and therefore returned to his home port by rail. After recovering the goods, the Captain and Mate proceeded on with all the impatience that invariably attends the homeward part of a cruise. But before we left Maryland the Mate and I were honored by the Chesapeake in a way that neither of us will soon forget. It was in the form of a storm

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that wrought much destruction all over the State. It found us on the night of August 8th riding peacefully at anchor in Worten Creek. Before we were half awake it was on us and we were quickly chilled to the bone by the terrific downpour, which was accompanied with vivid lightning and heavy thunder. But of course it was the wind which was the worst. It was directly offshore and all movable things at once went by the board. The anchor-line whizzed out like a racehorse as I let more out, and I snubbed her just before the end ran out. Most fortunately our 30-lb anchor was in good bottom and didn't budge. We could see nothing, for our riding light went out and flashes of lightning only intensified the darkness. It was with great relief, therefore, that we found our spare anchor-line slack and knew we were not dragging, for once out in the bay we would have been quickly swamped. Fearfully we crept to the nearest light as soon as the first violence abated and found it to be a large ketch, which had just missed dragging into a dock and had lost her hatch. They took us off in their tender and gave us the use of their cabin for the rest of the night. We were very grateful to them, for we were thoroughly wet down. It was a wild night, with rain, hail and lightning. The latter struck a barn near-by. At dawn, after another terrific squall, a heavy Nor'easter set in which held us stormbound for a day and a half. When it finally cleared, and we had gained the quiet waters of Elk River, the sun never looked more glorious nor smiled more kindly. Soon we had all our soaked clothing out to dry, converting the ship into a floating clothes-yard, to the amusement of the populous municipality of Chesa-

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peake City, which gathered at the lock as we passed into the canal.

The remainder of our cruise was without special incident and for it a few sentences will suffice. We pushed as fast as possible, often running late into the evening. Our firing shaft broke twice but was replaced without delay. In the Kills we tied up for the night of August 13th behind a huge barge in mid-stream, as the invincible skeets held sway on shore. At 4 a. m. we set out with lights set and reached 150th Street at 7:40. We stayed here twenty-four hours and were joined by another A. B. and launch owner from our home port, who had come down the Sound to return with us. We spent the night of the fifteenth at New Haven, and on the evening of the sixteenth were again winding up the crooked but well-known channel of the dear old Thames. We had heavy weather this last day, but we were bound we would put her through and so we did, though we tossed about at a great rate in the rips off the points. Our log records a total distance of 1,146 11-16 miles, with a gasolene consumption of 155 gallons, which was obtained at rates varying from twelve to twenty cents. Only twice did we require outside help in making repairs, and the stout little fly-wheel turned out its 470 revolutions with very little irregularity.

That night we slept in beds once more, while Querida lay contentedly and paintless at her own mooring of the Chelsea Boat Club, and all that remained of our cruise were the usual pleasant and fadeless memories. We ate no more eggs for a while.

The Cruise of Sunset

WHATEVER possessed Brown to buy Sunset no one could have even guessed. He did not seem at first to have any definite idea regarding the matter himself. He had made the purchase without any well-defined plan as to the use to which the boat would be put—just simply bought it.

Sunset was one of those short, stout, chunky craft that are used generally by fishermen in carrying their catches to market—"smacks," they call them. She was sloop-rigged, and as comfortable and roomy for her size as one could wish. She had been the property of a bay fisherman before Brown secured her, and had seen considerable service, but for all that she was in fairly good condition when the proud new owner stepped aboard and took formal possession.

Jim Brown was a genius,—at least his friends and admirers proclaimed him as one. His formal title was James H. Brown, and a prominent college had given him the right to tack several letters, signifying literary ability, to his name. His chief business in life was to write ponderous volumes that would cause learned and erudite critics to sit up nights writing no less ponderous and heavy articles for the reviews. He was, in fact, con-

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ceded to be at least one of the leading writers of modern times, and as such was looked upon with awe by aspiring journalists, whom he always treated with much dignity, as became his position. But to his intimates he was always "Jim" Brown, one of the best fellows in the world when you could get him away from his work and out into the open.

Brown had always had a desire to own a boat. Not one of those palatial steam yachts or great sailing craft on which he had often been a guest, and which his bank account would have permitted, but just an everyday, common sailboat, one that he could handle himself without the aid of a captain and crew. Not that Brown knew anything about sailing a boat. His education in this respect had been sadly neglected, but with the perversity which attaches to the average genius he reasoned with himself that he could learn the rudiments of navigation easily had he but the opportunity to do so.

Sunset would certainly furnish the opportunity, he argued to himself, and with a little practice he felt that he would be able to hold his own with any of the famous amateur skippers one hears so much about. She was certainly "safe," in a nautical sense. Her sails were not too big, and her broad beam gave you a feeling of security from capsizing which is not characteristic of the average pleasure yacht.

Anyhow, Brown felt perfectly satisfied after he had thoroughly inspected the boat, and had taken a trip in her across the bay. She was as "stiff as a house," her former owner had assured him, and she certainly acted as though the fisherman had not deviated from the truth in making the statement. Of course the fisherman had been at the wheel during the trial trip, and the wind had

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been very high, but just the same, Brown was well pleased, and said so.

One of Brown's intimates was George Bailey. They were both members of the same club and always dined together. Bailey was also considered in the category of geniuses. He was famed as a great artist, and his pictures were always found upon "the line" at the Academy exhibitions. But, like Brown, outside of his profession, Bailey was one of the most companionable, one of the best-hearted and cheerful fellows that ever lived. There was a bond somewhat stronger than temperamental or professional friendship between Brown and Bailey. They had both loved the same girl in their younger days, and had engaged in a desperate, though friendly rivalry. Bailey had painted half-a-dozen portraits of the fair one, and Brown had written innumerable sonnets proclaiming her charms, but in the end she had been captured by one of those old money-bags, in the shape of a rich banker, that usually succeed in disrupting youthful romances. Whether it was because of this sordid ending of their dreams, or because each was too deeply absorbed in his profession to think of anything else, doesn't matter. But it was a fact that neither had afterward seriously considered the matrimonial state, and had grown to be middle-aged, portly men principally in each other's society.

Brown met Bailey at the club the evening following the trial trip of Sunset.

"I've bought a boat, Bailey," said Brown, abruptly.

"The deuce you have!" exclaimed Bailey. "What sort? A steam yacht or one of those naphtha things?"

"Neither," replied Brown. "Just a common, ordinary sailboat. One that I can handle myself."

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"One that you can handle yourself?" cried Bailey. "What in the world do you know about sailing a boat?"

"Nothing," admitted Brown. "But I can learn."

"Can you swim?" asked Bailey.

"You know that, well enough," replied Brown, somewhat nettled at the frivolous way in which Bailey seemed inclined to take the announcement of the introduction of Sunset into their circle.

"But about the boat," said Bailey, apparently anxious to get away from the swimming question. "Where is she, what is she, and what's her name?"

"She's down in Erie Basin, she is a thirty-foot sloop, and her name is Sunset," replied Brown, categorically.

"Sunset," repeated Bailey. "That's artistic enough, but I don't remember ever having heard the name before."

"More than likely," said Brown.

"What club was she registered with?" asked Bailey.

"Club be hanged!" cried Brown. "I told you that she is just an ordinary sailboat, not one of these fancy, bric-a-brac yachts that must have a club back of them, a set of colors, and a crew with a captain. She was used in the fishing trade before I got her."

"O Lord!" cried Bailey. "You don't mean to tell me that you have gone and bought an old fishing smack?"

Brown nodded, affirmatively. He didn't like the way Bailey acted, and he did not trust himself to speak.

"Well," continued Bailey, when he saw that Brown was inclined to refuse further information without a probe, "what are you going to do with her?"

"Sail around in her," replied Brown, with a show of warmth. "What do you suppose I'd do with her? Keep her to look at?"

THE CRUISE OF SUNSET

"Perhaps that would be safer," said Bailey.

"Stop it!" cried Brown. "I don't want you to be interested in her, and I'm sorry I told you anything about her."

That ended the conversation, so far as any reference to Sunset was concerned, but before they parted for the night, Bailey had consented to accompany Brown on a visit to the boat the following week.

During the interval, Brown was a daily visitor to Sunset. He had given orders to a ship-chandler to have Sunset thoroughly overhauled, inside and out, and spent most of his time in directing the workmen as to the arrangement of everything. Meanwhile the news of Brown's purchase had gone the rounds of his circle of friends, and, as is generally the case, when it reached Brown again, the sloop had grown into a schooner, with three masts and a crew as big as an ocean liner. To make matters more interesting, a kindly disposed acquaintance had sent him a clipping from a prominent sporting paper, which stated, among other things pertaining thereto, that "the eminent author, Mr. James H. Brown, has gone in for yachting on an expensive scale. He has purchased the schooner yacht Sunset, and will, it is said, join the New York Y. C."

"I wonder who's responsible for that?" exclaimed Brown, angrily, as he tore the clipping into small bits. "If Bailey gave that story out, I'll get even with him, as sure as my name's Brown. That's the devil of it,—just because a man's done something and got his name before the public, he can't go and buy a little boat just for his own amusement without some foolish pinhead making a fuss over it. Now I suppose everybody will be expecting an invitation to a cruise on my great yacht

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next Summer. But let them expect. I'll tell them all to go to ——"

Brown didn't finish the sentence. Just at that moment the door of his library opened, and a servant announced the presence in the reception room of a prominent publisher, who had called to see him regarding the details of the publication of a new volume.

Promptly on the day appointed Bailey met Brown, and together they inspected the boat. The craft by that time had been thoroughly overhauled, and presented rather an attractive appearance.

"She's not such a bad-looking boat after all," remarked Bailey, after the inspection, and when they were seated in the roomy cabin.

"Indeed she isn't," said Brown, with a show of enthusiasm, "and she is as comfortable as a houseboat. I intend to spend considerable time on board this Summer. I feel that I need the recreation, and the rest will do me good."

Through the ship-chandler Brown made an arrangement with a man who understood sailing boats to teach him how to handle Sunset. Practically every day for the next two weeks Brown took a trip in the boat. Under the sailor's instruction, Brown soon learned the art of handling the wheel, how to hoist and lower the sails, how to reef the mainsail when occasion required, and the various other little details connected with the boat. At the end of the two weeks, Brown really felt that he was competent to sail the boat as well as his instructor, and was highly elated with his rapid progress.

"I tell you, Bailey," remarked Brown, one evening at the club, "there is nothing like it. I'm so taken up with this sailing business that I'm not satisfied only

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when I have my hands on the wheel and Sunset is skimming across the bay under full sail with a good wind. There's something in it that makes a man feel new all over. I'm glad I bought that boat."

"You might ask a fellow to take a sail with you some of these days," said Bailey, who, having waited for an invitation until his patience was exhausted, decided to butt in.

"Certainly," said Brown, cheerily. "I'd be pleased to have you go with me to-morrow. I'm going to take a trip over to Sandy Hook and the Highlands, if the weather is favorable, and I'm going to handle the boat myself. I've let that sailorman go."

"I'll be with you," said Bailey. "What time do you start?"

"We will leave the mooring at ten o'clock, sharp," said Brown, feeling quite nautical and elated over Bailey's willingness to trust his precious self on Sunset under such conditions. "Meet me on the dock at 9:30."

The trip was a decided success. Sunset was really an easy boat to manage, as handy as a cat, and as steady as a clock. The wind favored them, and when they returned to the anchorage late that afternoon Bailey was as enthusiastic as Brown over the possession of the boat. During the trip, Bailey, under Brown's direction, had several times attended to the halyards and sheet ropes, and had once taken the wheel for a few moments. As a consequence, he felt that he, too, was quite a sailor.

"I agree with you, Brown," said Bailey, when they parted company that night. "There's nothing like this sailing a boat yourself, without the help of a crew or captain. I'm sure I never enjoyed anything so

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thoroughly in my life. I'm inclined to buy a boat myself."

"Don't do it," said Brown, earnestly. "Just consider yourself half owner of Sunset, and help me enjoy sailing her. She's big enough for both."

And so the arrangement was made. It must be admitted that for the next few weeks both art and literature suffered, in a sense. Bailey could not be induced to touch a brush to canvas, though several commissions from wealthy patrons were unfinished in his studio, and Brown could not write a line. Their time was wholly occupied in mastering the details of navigation, and in taking trips down the bay. Sometimes, when the weather was particularly favorable, they would go outside, following the line of the Long Island coast, on which occasions Sunset proved conclusively that she was quite as trustworthy in the ocean as she was in the more quiet waters of the bay.

"Where have you two been keeping yourselves?" said Dr. Randall, as he found the now inseparable companions in the smoking room of the club one evening. Doc was known to the profession as William A. Randall, M.D., Ph.D., and several other things, and was looked upon as one of the leading physicians of this country. But to Brown and Bailey, as to others of their intimate circle, he was plain, simple Doc, a genial, hearty, whole-souled man of about fifty, and one of the best companions imaginable. "I haven't seen either of you in an age."

"Been navigating," said Bailey, sententiously.

"Navigating?" repeated Doc. "What do you mean?"

"Sailing," answered Brown, in equally short meter.

"Oh!" exclaimed Doc, understandingly. "Been en-

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joying your new yacht, eh, Brown? I've heard about her. How do you like her? Rather early to put her in commission, isn't it?"

"She's never been out of commission, as I understand it," said Bailey. "She's an all-the-year-round boat."

"Truth of the matter, Doc," said Brown, in explanation, "she's not the great yacht that you fellows talk about at all. She's just a little sailboat that I bought for my own amusement. We've been getting acquainted with her, Bailey and myself, and incidentally enjoying this particularly fine May weather out in the open."

"Tell me something about her," said Doc, settling himself comfortably in an armchair.

Between them, each interrupting the other at intervals after the manner of enthusiastic schoolboys, Brown and Bailey told the Doctor of their experiences with Sunset. Whatever there was of exaggeration in the joint recital, perhaps, was confined principally to their remarkable progress in the art of sailing, each giving the other credit for an understanding of the mysteries of navigation and seamanship that would do credit to a veteran.

"And I'll tell you, Doc," Brown exclaimed, as the story ended, "it's the best sport in the world. Join us some day, when you have a chance, and you'll say so yourself."

"I'd like very much to take a trip with you," said the Doctor. "I'll try to get away some day next week. I'll let you know the night before."

True to his word, the Doctor joined Brown and Bailey early one morning of the following week, and, wind and weather favoring, they took the little boat over

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to the Highlands and back. When the trip ended the Doctor expressed the greatest satisfaction with his experience. He had helped with the sails and ropes, had stood a "trick" at the wheel (with Brown close at hand, to be sure, to prevent a mishap), and altogether was given quite an insight into the mysteries of handling the little craft.

Doc's enthusiasm over his experience quite equaled that which possessed Brown and Bailey, and thereafter, whenever opportunity offered, he was on board *Sunset*. He didn't exactly neglect his patients,—some of his cases were too important for that,—but he diplomatically declined to add to his clientèle on the plea that his time was fully occupied.

By a mutual agreement, none of the three had said anything about their excursions on *Sunset* to any one.

"There's no use letting any of those fellows know about it," said Brown, as they discussed the matter. "They wouldn't understand, and it's not worth while to explain to them or take them out on the boat. Three's plenty."

As the Summer season drew on apace, some of Brown's acquaintances began to ask questions concerning the new yacht. To each he gave an evasive answer, or a downright snub, as the humor was on him, until there was scarce one in the club who had the temerity to approach him on the subject.

"Better not say anything to Brown about his yacht," was the word passed around. "He doesn't seem to like it." So it came to pass that, after a few weeks, no one, with, of course, the exception of Bailey and the Doctor, mentioned boats to him. These three, meanwhile, were on *Sunset* every day that it was possible to get away

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from their engagements and the weather was favorable. The more they used her, the more they learned how to sail her, the more enthusiastic they became. Each in turn admitted to the other that "there was nothing like it, and that he was sorry he had not long ago indulged in the sport."

As they became accustomed to sailing the craft, they became bolder in their ventures with her. At first a sail of a few hours across the bay or along the coast, with favorable wind and weather, was the limit of their undertaking. But on several occasions after they had become to have more confidence, they had taken longer trips, twice having cruised up the Shrewsbury as far as Seabright, where they anchored for the night, going to a hotel for dinner, and returning to the boat to sleep. While they were seated in the cockpit enjoying cigars and the atmosphere of a perfect June night on one of these trips, Brown suggested taking a lengthy cruise at some time in the near future.

"You'll admit," said Brown, in furtherance of this plan, "that Sunset is as comfortable and as handy as one could wish. There's no reason in the world why we cannot take a trip of a week or two in her, and have the full benefit of it."

"We'll do it," said Bailey, earnestly. "What do you say, Doc?"

"I don't see any objection," replied the Doctor. "We all go away for a week or two during vacation time, and there's no reason, to my thinking, why we cannot spend our vacation on Sunset!"

"I was thinking that a cruise up the Sound would be just the thing," said Brown. "There are dozens of places where we can stop over-night, either on the Long

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Island or mainland side of the Sound. Of course, we would want to sail only during the daytime. I was looking over a map of the Sound the other day, and came to the conclusion that it would be just the right thing."

The more they discussed the plan, the more certain were they that it was the proper thing to do. There was no denying the fact that each needed a vacation in which rest and recreation should enter largely, and the cruise promised to furnish both. Before they retired that night, it was definitely settled between them that they would take the trip, without letting any one know of it. They would simply go off together, enjoy the experience to the full, and return benefited by it.

On their way back to their mooring the next day, the proposed cruise was practically the sole topic of conversation.

"I was trying to make up my mind whether or not it would be advisable to invite any one else to go with us," said Brown.

"I don't see why," said Bailey. "We three can get along very well; I can't think of any one necessary to complete the party."

"There's Gordon, for instance," continued Brown. "He's a downright good fellow, even if he is a lawyer. I've not told him anything about Sunset, or our trips in her, but I know he would jump at the chance to go with us. He knows something about sailing a boat, too, I believe. He has a cat, or something of the kind, at his place on the Hudson, that he uses every Summer."

Gordon—Hon. George D. Gordon they called him when his name was used in public, principally because he had served as a representative in Congress—was a

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prominent lawyer whose business it was to look after the interests of several large corporations. Though a man little given to indulgence in artistic or literary pleasures, he somehow seemed to fit in with both Brown and Bailey, as well as the Doctor, and for several years had been a member of their select coterie in the club. Brown was, perhaps, more kindly disposed toward him than the others, because Gordon had, through his ability, successfully prosecuted an important copyright suit for him some time previously.

And so it was decided that Brown was to mention the cruise to Gordon, and invite him to join the party. Gordon was easy. He accepted the invitation before Brown had a chance to explain the plan fully to him. He understood what sport it would be, he told Brown, confidentially. He had for years enjoyed the pleasure of sailing a boat himself, though, of course, his was a small craft compared to *Sunset*.

In furtherance of the arrangement, Gordon accompanied the three skippers on their next outing on *Sunset*. Before the trip ended, the details of the cruise were completed, and the date agreed upon. Gordon declared that *Sunset* would be an ideal craft for such an expedition. She was just the right draught, he said, for the generally shallow waters of the Sound, was apparently a good sea-boat, and as handy as his own little cat. Altogether, Gordon displayed such enthusiasm in talking about the cruise, and such evident knowledge of seamanship generally, that his companions were greatly pleased by the fact that they had decided to include him in the combination. Each, had he been asked, would have declared, unreservedly, that he was competent to make the trip single-handed, so far as ability to handle *Sunset* was

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concerned, but just the same, it was a satisfaction to know that Gordon, as well, knew something about sailing a boat.

The week following the Fourth of July was the time set for the beginning of the cruise. The preparations were carried on quietly, as had been agreed, and no one outside those directly interested had any knowledge of it. They had decided even to dispense with the services of a cook or steward.

"We can get a lot of those canned goods," said Brown, "things that don't need cooking, to eat between meals. We'll be at some place where there is a hotel every night, so we will be able to get our dinner and breakfast. The other stuff will do well enough for luncheons and 'snacks.' I believe we will enjoy the trip more thoroughly if we 'rough it' a little."

Bailey, who had a reputation for enjoying the good things of life, was at first inclined to object to this arrangement, but he capitulated gracefully when the certainty of dinners and breakfasts at modern hotels was assured him.

To Brown, naturally, fell the duty of looking after the supply of provisions considered necessary for the trip. He secured catalogs from several prominent food-purveying establishments, and went through the lists of canned goods carefully. He found, to his astonishment, that almost everything in the line of eatables could be had in cans. He began by selecting those things that appeared to be most necessary for their needs, but every time he looked at a catalog he would see something else that, though perhaps not necessary, would be handy on occasion. As a consequence, when he took his list to Tolford & Co., it contemplated the purchase of a stock

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of goods sufficient to provision a small army, and included almost everything that could be eaten. He ordered the list filled, and the goods delivered on board the boat on a certain day.

"Going on a cruise?" asked the manager, who, knowing Brown fairly well, thought the remark quite apropos considering the extent of the order.

"Just a little trip," replied Brown, carelessly.

"Must be going to stay a month, and take a regiment with him," remarked the manager to his chief clerk, as they looked over the list when Brown had departed. "He's got everything in the store on that list, and a trifle besides."

Two days before the date set for the start, while Brown, Bailey and the Doctor were discussing the plans of the cruise in the smoking room of the club, Gordon broke in upon them, seemingly in something of a hurry.

"I say," he began, without waiting for any formalities, "don't you think we can include one more in the party for that cruise?"

"Of course not," replied Brown, decidedly. "It's all arranged, and four is enough."

"I'm sorry," began Gordon, without paying much attention to Brown's tone, "but it would be the greatest favor to me in the world if you could just stretch matters a little bit and take one more."

"Who is it?" asked Bailey.

"Wilkins," replied Gordon. "You all know him. He's a good fellow, one of the best in the world. I happened to mention the cruise to him at luncheon to-day, and he immediately asked me if it was possible to include him in the party. I foolishly told him that I thought it likely, and more than half promised him to fix

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it. I know I shouldn't have done it, but it was done so quickly that I didn't realize it until he had left me with the idea in his mind that it was all right. You can see how I'm in for it."

"I don't see why we should take any interest in your troubles," said Brown, with just a show of annoyance. "Really, I don't think we can take Wilkins with us. He's a good enough fellow, and all that, but he doesn't know anything about boats, and besides the party is big enough."

"You're wrong about his not knowing how to sail a boat," said Gordon, grasping the opening to help his case. "He told me that he used to sail a boat before he was ten years of age, and that when he was fifteen he was the champion amateur sailor of Otsego Lake. He comes from that section, you know. I'm sure he would be handy to have around in case we should be caught in a storm or something. He told me several stories of his experience in fierce storms on the lake, when he brought his boat into port safely, while great schooners and sloops were wrecked. I'm certain he is a good sailor."

It took Gordon half an hour and necessitated the use of all his persuasive powers to get the half-hearted and almost sulky consent of his companions to include Wilkins in the party. William Wilkins was, as Gordon had stated, known to the three objectors, but he was not exactly the person they would have chosen, had it been necessary to make a choice to complete the party. Wilkins had never been one of the "Circle," though he had been a charter member of the club. He was wealthy and prominent enough in a financial way, being a director in several great corporations, but he had a personality

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that did not always attract. He was small of stature, and, like the majority of little men, was at times inclined to be a trifle self-assertive and positive in his opinions. And he had very decided opinions on practically every question under the sun, opinions that he would express on every possible occasion everywhere.

On the morning of the day set for the start, Brown was early at the dock where Sunset had been placed for convenience in getting the things to be taken with them on board. Their intention was to sleep on the boat at nights, and everything necessary in the way of bunk fittings had been secured and put in place. At about seven o'clock two trucks from Tolford & Co. appeared on the dock. Brown was busily engaged in the cabin of the boat when he heard some one shouting his name.

"What's wanted?" he called from the cockpit.

"Here's something for Mr. Brown of Sunset," said the driver of one of the trucks, with a sweeping wave of his hand that included the other vehicle.

Brown looked at the loads in amazement. He had no idea that his order had been so extensive.

"But, I say," he said, confusedly, "all these things are not for me."

"Here's the invoice," said the driver, jumping down from his seat and handing Brown a strip of paper that resembled a political petition in length.

"No doubt it's all right," said Brown, after scanning the list quickly, "but what in the world are we going to do with all those things? There's not room aboard for half of them."

"Give it up," replied the driver. "We were told to deliver them on the dock, to Mr. Brown. And if you're the Mr. Brown we'll dump them right here."

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Brown was in a quandary. A survey of the cases and packages on the trucks showed him plainly that it would be impossible to put them all in the cabin and lockers of Sunset. If he did, there wouldn't be any room left. He mentally denounced himself for an idiot, a fool and several other choice specimens. But that didn't help matters. The things had to be taken care of before the others arrived. It would never do to let them witness the result of his foolishness, as he expressed it.

After considerable parleying, backed by an offer of a liberal recompense, the drivers consented to help Brown stow the goods in the cabin and lockers. The cases were broken open, and the cans stowed away in every nook and corner of the boat. Under the bunks, under the forward deck, under the flooring of the cabin along the centerboard box, under the cockpit floor and in the lockers under the seats in the cockpit, they stowed the cans, packing them as tightly together as possible. When they had apparently reached the limit of space, there were still three cases to be taken care of. There was still the cabin, or the tops of the bunks, but Brown decided that it would never do to place the cases there. Sunset had an overhanging stern. As Brown's eye wandered from one end of the boat to the other, seeking a space for just one more can, it fell upon that portion.

"If that's hollow, under there, we can get some more cans stowed," he said, half aloud.

"Sure, it's hollow," said one of the drivers, catching the idea and tapping the deck with a hammer he had been using in opening the cases.

"But there's no way to get in," continued Brown. "There's no door."

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"Make a door," said the driver. "Just rip off a couple of boards under the seat there, and the thing's done."

The boards were quickly removed, and to Brown's great delight the space under the deck proved sufficient to hold the remaining cases.

"By thunder!" exclaimed Brown, wiping the perspiration from his forehead as the driver hammered the boards back in their places. "I'm glad that job's finished. I never thought we would be able to get them all stowed away."

One would never know, so far as outward appearances went, that there were two truck loads of provisions packed in the little boat. There were no cans or packages in sight. The thought gave Brown a feeling of relief that pleased him.

Bailey was the first one of the party to arrive. He jumped out of his cab with two traveling bags, and Brown saw with dismay that there were two more bags, inside the cab, and a big, flat leather box, something like a trunk, on top. The sight gave him a pang. He had not thought of his companions bringing their baggage with them. There was no place to put those bags. The cans had possession of every inch of space. And the others would probably bring as much as Bailey. What in the world would they do?

All this passed quickly through Brown's mind while Bailey, smiling cheerfully, swung aboard and grasped his hand.

"How's everything?" asked Bailey. "All right?"

"Everything's ready," replied Brown, glancing from the bags Bailey had carried aboard to those the driver was taking from the cab.

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"I'm a little ahead of time," said Bailey, "but I thought I might help you in getting things in order before the others arrived."

"That's right," said Brown, looking hard at the bags, which now made a formidable pile on the floor of the cockpit. "But why did you bring so much baggage? One would think you were going on an ocean voyage instead of a little trip of a week or so."

"That's not much," said Bailey. "We can easily stow them away, up forward, or under the bunks or somewhere."

Brown was tempted to say something about those cans, but he decided to let Bailey find it out for himself later. There was no use anticipating trouble.

In a few moments Gordon and Wilkins, followed by the Doctor, arrived. To Brown's great relief, neither had nearly as much in the way of baggage as Bailey had brought. Brown greeted them heartily, and when they were all on board, he suggested that the start be made at once.

"Might as well begin the trip early," he said. "The wind is just right for the sail up the East River to the Sound, and the flood-tide is just making. It will give us a good start. Throw those bags in the cabin for the present. You can arrange them afterward." He was careful not to say anything about "stowing" them.

The sails were quickly hoisted, the hawsers cast off by a couple of men in the crowd on the dock that had been attracted by the arrival of the cabs, and the cruise of Sunset began.

Brown took the wheel, and under his direction the others trimmed the sails to suit their course out into the upper bay. With one short tack toward the Staten Is-

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land shore, Brown laid his course for the Battery. He had never taken Sunset through the East River, but he felt confident of his ability to get through the maze of ferryboats, tows and sailing craft, usually found on that waterway, without any trouble.

As they rounded Governors Island, off the Battery, the river seemed full of boats of all descriptions, moving in all directions. Brown felt a trifle nervous, as he viewed the seemingly impenetrable tangle, but said nothing. With the main-sheet eased a trifle, Sunset was moving along at a fair speed,—a little too fast, Brown thought.

"Look out for that tow ahead!" cried Wilkins, who, with Gordon, had taken a seat on the forward deck of the cabin.

"Keep your eye on that ferryboat, she's coming this way," called Gordon, almost in the same breath.

"I see them," Brown answered, assuming a tone of confidence that he did not feel.

"That ferryboat will run us down, if you don't look out," cried Gordon, getting excited. "She's coming right for us!"

The ferryboat was really approaching Sunset in a way that looked dangerous. Brown's idea was to hold his course, which lay across the ferryboat's bow, calculating that, at the speed they were sailing, he could make it. Just as Gordon called his warning the pilot of the ferryboat signaled to them, blowing one whistle.

"Hey, there!" cried Wilkins. "Tack about, quick! Don't you hear? He's whistling to us!"

The pilot blew two whistles. It was getting interesting even for the veteran ferryboat captain.

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"He's whistling again!" cried Wilkins, now thoroughly excited. "Tack! Why don't you tack, Brown?"

Gordon, Bailey, and even the Doctor, by this time, were thoroughly aroused and shouted out a confused mass of contradictory orders to Brown. The latter, now completely rattled, put the wheel hard down, and Sunset, answering promptly, pointed directly toward the ferryboat. The pilot, taking in the situation, evidently, and realizing that his signals were not understood, threw his wheel over and changed the course of the ferryboat just in time to avoid a collision. As it was, the ferryboat passed so close to them that they could almost touch the sides of her stern cabin.

"Great Scott! But that was a close shave!" exclaimed Wilkins, when the danger had passed. "You must look out for those boats, Brown," he continued, as he made his way to the cockpit. "There's lots of them in the river, and they have the right of way, you know. It's a wonder that fellow did not run us down."

Brown, with beads of perspiration standing out on his forehead, did not say anything, but the look he gave Wilkins was more expressive than words could have been. When they were clear, he put Sunset on her course again.

The sail through the lower part of the East River was made without further serious interruption. Brown avoided the other craft, or they avoided him, as he thought to himself, though two or three, going in the opposite direction, passed too close for comfort. When they were passing Blackwells Island, Wilkins, who thus early had shown a disposition to direct matters, took up a position at the wheel, on the side opposite Brown.

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"Be careful when we reach the end of the island, Brown," he continued. "We go into Hell Gate there. It's full of rocks, and it's dangerous if you don't know the way."

"I thought they had removed all the dangerous rocks," said Bailey, who, feeling that Wilkins was getting too officious, was inclined to be annoyed.

"Not all," replied Wilkins. "I've been through it scores of times, and I know that it's still dangerous. All the captains of the boats I've gone through on have said you must be careful and know the way."

"We'll take a chance," said Brown, curtly.

Wilkins had thought his remarks would result in Brown offering to give him the wheel while they were passing through the Gate, but when he saw that his plan had failed he joined Gordon on the forward deck.

"If that fellow keeps on trying to run things, he is going to get himself disliked," said Brown, in an undertone, to Bailey and the Doctor, who kept him company in the cockpit.

They passed through the Gate without mishap. Wind and tide favored them, and, despite the assertions of Wilkins, there did not appear to be any very dangerous rocks in their course. By the time they had passed the entrance to Bowery Bay, and were headed for the Brothers Islands, they had settled down to enjoyment of the sail.

"Guess I'll employ myself in fixing up things in the cabin," said Bailey, throwing away his cigar. "How have you arranged for the berths, Brown? It's well for us to know our quarters, you know," he continued, smiling.

"I'll leave that to you, Bailey," said Brown, with

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more meaning in his tone and manner than Bailey could at that moment understand.

"All right," returned Bailey, cheerfully. "I'll fix it."

He entered upon his task with enthusiasm. The novelty of the situation somehow made him feel as though he was a boy again, off for a lark with boon companions. And wasn't he? he asked himself. As he sorted the baggage, the thought occurred to him that some persons might be shocked to see the great artist, George Bailey, engaged in such a task, but he banished it from his mind as unworthy. He had been in the cabin about ten minutes, when he suddenly appeared in the companionway.

"I say, Brown," he said, "what in the world am I going to do with this baggage? There's no place to put it! Every nook and corner of the lockers and the forward hold is filled with cans."

"Cans!" cried the Doctor. "What kind of cans?"

"Cans with things in them," replied Bailey. "Cans with meat, cans with vegetables, cans with preserves, and cans with almost everything you can think of in them. The boat is just loaded with cans. I'll bet there's a million of them."

"Not as many as that," said Brown, "but I'll admit there's a few in there."

"A few!" cried Bailey. "There's nothing else, nor room for anything else. Where will we stow the baggage?"

"We will leave that to you," said Brown, laughing. "He has charge of the cabin, hasn't he, Doc?" said Brown, turning to Randall.

"It's up to you, Bailey," said the Doctor, realizing

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the situation without further explanation. "You are the 'doctor' this time. Do the best you can."

"Can be hanged!" cried Bailey. "Cans be hanged, too! I've a mind to throw some of them overboard. I tell you, there's not an inch of room in here except the cabin space."

"Then you'll have to utilize that," said Brown.

Bailey ducked into the cabin again, muttering something that the others failed to hear. They did not see him again for half an hour, but during that time they heard him hammering at something. When he did appear, it was plain that his task had ruffled his temper as well as his collar.

"All right?" queried the Doctor.

"As right as I can make it!" replied Bailey. "You will have to make the best of it."

"Don't object to those cans, Bailey," said Brown. "You will be thankful enough that we have them on board, perhaps, before we get back."

It took Bailey about half an hour to cool out, but at the end of that time he appeared to have forgotten all about cans and baggage. The wind had died down considerably, and by the time they were clear of the Brothers Islands there was scarcely enough to keep the sail full.

"We won't get far with this wind," said Brown, as he glanced at the mainsail.

"If we can make Whitestone we will be all right," said Bailey. "The New York Y. C. has a station there, and there is a good hotel at which we can get dinner."

"I guess we can do that," said Brown, encouragingly. "The tide is still with us, and even with this wind we should make it before dark. Meanwhile, Bailey, I'm

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as hungry as a shark. Suppose you get hold of some of those detestable cans and see what you can fix up in the way of a lunch."

Bailey, among other accomplishments, possessed the faculty of preparing the most palatable luncheons, with the aid of a chafing dish, that could be desired, as many an unexpected visitor to his bachelor quarters at his studio could testify. Brown had thoughtfully included a chafing dish in the fitting of Sunset's cabin, and with just a little argument Bailey was persuaded to try his hand as requested. A closet ranged on one side of the cabin contained everything necessary, in the shape of dishes, etc., to serve a light luncheon, and a portable table that fitted into the end of the centerboard trunk filled its purpose admirably. Bailey was soon hard at work with the cans and chafing dish, and at the end of about ten minutes that luncheon was ready. The only action which showed that he had any feeling in the matter was the vicious way in which he threw overboard the cans after their contents had been removed.

Wilkins and Gordon were by no means loath to heed the call to luncheon, and when they were seated at the table declared that it was "fine." Bailey had, indeed, prepared a substantial meal, and with their appetites whetted by the morning's sail his companions did full justice to it. Brown refused to leave the wheel to join them at the table, and as a consequence the different courses were served him in the cockpit.

When the meal had been finished, the question arose as to who would "clean up." Each in turn protested that he did not know anything about "washing dishes," and the like.

"But it will have to be done," said Bailey, "and the

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sooner you fellows learn to do it the better. This is 'roughing it,' you know, and each of us must lend a hand. I prepared the meal, and I think it no more than fair that some one else should clear away the wreck."

"That's true," said the Doctor. "We are in for this sort of thing, under the circumstances, and the question might as well be settled now. I propose we draw lots, the one losing to act as steward for a day, or two days, as you please."

This was finally agreed upon, and lots were drawn. Wilkins was the loser. He made a decidedly wry face at the result, but good-naturedly set about the task assigned him, while the others went on deck to enjoy their cigars.

Meanwhile Sunset had made slow progress toward the proposed anchorage for the night at Whitestone. The wind had died out until there was not sufficient to keep the sail filled. They were virtually drifting with the tide. But in all other respects the day was perfect. The sun was not too strong, and there was a feeling of freedom, quiet and ease pervading the atmosphere that had its effect on the voyagers. Each seemed content to enjoy the experience in silence. Conversation was not necessary. Even thought seemed a burden. As Bailey expressed it afterward, they had an hour of "rest" such as he had not experienced in ages.

But all things, however satisfactory, have an ending. As the sun began its descent in the Western sky, a brisk wind sprang up from the Southwest quarter that necessitated immediate attention being given to the sails. The changed conditions interrupted their reveries, but it assured an early anchorage at their chosen stopping place, and, as Bailey remarked, a good dinner at the

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hotel to celebrate the ending of the first day of their outing.

In due time they arrived at the anchorage off White-stone, the sails were housed, and everything made snug for the night. Bailey, who was inclined to observe the formalities, suggested that they change their costume for the trip ashore, but the others outvoted him and they appeared at the hotel in the regulation yachting rig with which each was provided. The dinner was a decided success, and an early return to Sunset was made.

The sleeping arrangements on the boat were decidedly primitive, though comfortable. Two berths were made to fit on each side of the centerboard trunk, and one just forward of the trunk, a trifle under the forward deck. The forward berth was comparatively small, and as a consequence Bailey, who, by agreement, had taken charge of the cabin arrangements, assigned that to Wilkins. Gordon and the Doctor were assigned the port berths, while Brown and Bailey were to occupy the star-board berths.

This arrangement was made known while they were seated about the cockpit that evening, discussing their experience during the day. Wilkins was inclined to protest against his assignment, but his objections met with scant consideration.

The night had turned out remarkably warm. The wind that had enabled them to reach their anchorage had gone down with the sun, and not a breath of air stirred when they decided to retire. Wilkins, because of the fact that entrance to his berth could be gained only by climbing over one of the others, was the first to be ordered to quarters. The others quickly followed. Though not particularly exciting or tiring, their sail during the

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day had prepared them for sleep, and they were soon stowed away as comfortably as possibly. Brown, Gordon and the Doctor passed quickly into deep slumber, but not so Bailey. The atmosphere of the cabin was rather close, naturally, and though Bailey opened a window or two, as well as the doors, it did not help matters materially. Bailey had just started in to count himself to sleep when he heard a muffled groan from the forward hold. He listened. In about three minutes the groan was repeated, followed by a noise as of some one turning restlessly. All was quiet for a minute or two, then another groan, more rustling, and a "bump!" suspiciously like a man's head hitting the top of the hold.

Bailey had an idea of the cause of the disturbance, but he decided to keep quiet. Groan followed groan at shorter intervals, and there were two or three more "bumps" when he heard Wilkins call cautiously:

"Brown! Brown! I say, Brown, are you awake?"

Bailey could scarcely refrain from laughter, but he heroically stuffed a corner of a coverlet in his mouth. Wilkins's pathetic appeal received no answer except the deep, sonorous breathing of the Doctor and Brown.

"Brown! Brown!" again came from the pitch darkness of the hold, this time a trifle louder. No reply. The call was repeated in still higher key. At last Brown, partly aroused, asked sleepily:

"What's the matter there?"

"Oh! I say, Brown!" cried Wilkins, encouraged by the sound of a voice other than his own. "I must get out of here! I'm smothering! I can't breathe!"

"Go to sleep," called back Brown, annoyed at being disturbed.

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"Go to sleep be hanged!" cried Wilkins. "I'm smothering, I tell you! I must get out!"

Brown did not reply. Bailey was in spasms. The coverlet was stuffed in his mouth until it was impossible to get in another inch. He, too, was smothering.

Wilkins was quiet for about a minute. Then he suddenly broke out.

"I say, you fellows, I'm coming out!" he cried. "If you don't get out of the way, I'll climb right over you! I'm smothering, I tell you!"

This last outburst awoke both the Doctor and Gordon, and as soon as they realized the trouble they crowded over to one side of the berth, giving Wilkins a chance to make his escape. He lost no time in reaching the outer air, panting, and puffing like a porpoise.

Bailey, the coverlet still in his mouth, rolled about in a paroxysm of laughter as Wilkins fairly flew through the cabin door. Brown also had hard work to control his laughter, while the others laughed outright. Gordon, shortly afterward, followed Wilkins through the door. He found that worthy sitting in the stern sheets, fanning himself vigorously.

"By heavens, Gordon!" cried Wilkins, "I never suffered such torture since I was born! I believe I would have died had I remained there ten minutes longer! Whew! I feel faint, even now."

Nothing could induce Wilkins to return to his berth.

"I'll sleep here, on deck, or anywhere," he insisted, "but I'll not go back into that place. It's simply awful!"

"Take my berth," said Gordon. "I'll try it up there. I'm more accustomed to roughing it than you are."

"You'd die, Gordon," said Wilkins, earnestly. "No, I'll bunk in somewhere, after a while, when I recover my

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breath. Don't you bother. You go back and go to sleep."

It was finally agreed that a temporary bunk should be fitted up for Wilkins in the after part of the cabin.

When Wilkins at last declared that he was comfortable, exhausted nature asserted itself and the party was soon asleep. They were up betimes the next morning, and after a dip in the clear waters of the river went ashore to the hotel for breakfast. Nothing was said of the experience through which Wilkins had passed the night before, but it could be seen from that worthy's demeanor that it had made an impression on him. He was not quite as voluble as usual—in fact, he kept very quiet.

"We'll make an early start," said Brown, when they had returned to Sunset. "Might as well take advantage of this fine weather."

The morning was glorious. The sun had risen in a cloudless sky, the temperature was perfect, and a brisk breeze from the Southwest gave them a free wind up the Sound. The sails were soon hoisted, the anchor catted in the most approved fashion, and they were off.

After a consultation, aided by a look at the chart, it was decided that Glen Cove, on the Long Island shore, would be their next stopping place. The distance could easily be covered before dark, if the wind held, and Bailey knew of a good hotel there.

They settled down to the enjoyment of what promised to be an exceptionally fine sail. The broad waters of the Sound beyond Fort Schuyler spread out before them in an inviting manner, gradually widening as the mainland shore curved inward off the port bow until it was lost in the distance. The wind was sufficient to fill

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the sails, and Sunset, apparently appreciating the favorable conditions, as Brown thought to himself, seemed to skim over the water in better form than she had ever before shown.

They were well out in the middle of the Sound when the wind suddenly failed.

"That's nothing," said Wilkins, in answer to the complaint of his companions. "It's a way the wind has out here. It will come out from another quarter shortly."

But it didn't. For hours the boat drifted on the glassy waters, with not so much as a breath from any quarter. As the afternoon waned, impatience took the place of expectation.

"We can't stay here like this," said Bailey. "Let's do something."

"What can we do?" asked Brown, who had continued at his post beside the now useless wheel.

"Row, or something," replied Bailey. "We have some long oars aboard."

"You couldn't row this boat a mile in a day," said Wilkins. "We might as well make the best of it and whistle for a wind."

"Couldn't we take the tender and tow her along?" asked Gordon. "I've seen them tow bigger boats than this in that way."

"Try it, if you want to," said Brown. "It will do no harm."

Gordon and Wilkins volunteered to man the tender, and soon had a line fast to the bow of Sunset. Their efforts were earnest, and induced ruddy complexions and much perspiration, but they had little effect on the position of the boat. But the plan had at least the merit

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of endeavor, and they did not stop until their hands were sufficiently blistered to be painful.

"Guess we'll quit," said Gordon.

"Might as well," replied Wilkins. "I wish we had one of those 'kickers' in the boat. I don't see why Brown didn't have one put in her. With one, you don't have to depend on the wind."

There was every prospect that they would be compelled to remain where they were, and the thought was anything but pleasant, especially to Bailey, who had, earlier in the day, busied himself with plans for the dinner that night at Glen Cove. Besides, as Wilkins reminded them, they were right in the course of the great Sound steamers, and would more than likely be run down during the night.

Toward sunset, however, the prospect became brighter. A cloud appeared in the Western sky, that, in the opinion of every one, would surely furnish a breeze. It did. In about half an hour the cloud grew, as such clouds usually do grow, until it covered the entire Western horizon. Frequent flashes of vivid lightning seemed to cut it into irregular strips, as the now thoroughly interested sailors watched it.

"Fancy we will have more wind than we want when that strikes us," said Brown. "We'll get to Glen Cove in a hurry. Guess we had better take in some of that sail."

All hands were soon busy reefing the mainsail and jib, and the last knot had just been secured when the storm was upon them. The first breeze, the "creeper" or "feeler" of the blow, gave them steerageway, and brought with it a slight downfall of rain. Almost immediately the storm broke with fury such as only storms

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on the Sound can show, as many a skipper can tell. The waters, that had been as placid as a duck pond during the afternoon, seemed as if by magic to rise in short, choppy, foam-crested waves half the height of the mast. Though the sails were double-reefed, it seemed as though even the small amount of canvas left would be carried away. When the storm first broke, Wilkins had rushed into the cabin and forced the centerboard down as far as it would go. He said it would keep her from capsizing.

Sunset acted admirably. As each wave struck her overhanging stern, she dipped her bows threateningly, but to the great relief of the now thoroughly anxious party she recovered on the crest and seemed to fly forward.

The sudden darkness that had enveloped them with the storm blotted out sight of either shore. They could see two lights off the starboard bows, but where those lights were none of them knew.

The whole party was crowded in the cockpit. Brown, though practically a novice, was succeeding admirably in keeping the little boat on her course, but it took all his strength to do so. Every time a wave struck the stern, it seemed to him that a thousand horses were pulling that bow around.

By degrees the storm became more severe, until at length it seemed impossible for the little boat to live through it. The short, choppy seas grew higher and higher. They broke over the stern at times, sending the spray to the masthead. Brown was thoroughly drenched, and thoroughly frightened, but he stuck to his task. He knew from what he had heard that their only safety under such conditions was to keep on his course. Had

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he attempted, as Wilkins once suggested, to put the boat about, she would have been swamped in the trough of the next sea. He flayed himself mentally for ever starting out on such a foolish undertaking, at the same time fervently praying that the wind would let up just a little. But it didn't. To his overwrought imagination the gale appeared to increase every second, the waves run higher, and the lightning nearer to them and more vivid. He pictured to himself how a passing tug or sailing vessel would discover the wreck of Sunset the next morning, with no sign of those who had been on board. He had read of just such things, and right in the Sound, too. He felt sorry for Bailey, and the Doctor, too. Gordon and Wilkins didn't bother him. He didn't like Wilkins, anyway.

While these thoughts were passing through Brown's mind, Sunset was ploughing through the waters at a tremendous rate, considering the shortened sail. They had passed one of the lights they had seen off the starboard bow, and were almost opposite the other. From what he could see, it appeared to Brown that their course was leading them almost directly toward the second light. The thought pleased him. If they could only reach the shore, there might be some hope. They would have a struggle through the waves, to be sure, and Sunset would be smashed to pieces on the sand or rocks, he couldn't make up his mind which, but they would at least have a chance to get to the shore. There was some satisfaction in the thought of that chance. They had no chance where they were.

As they approached nearer the second light, it was plain to Brown that, wherever it was, they would pass it unless he changed his course. He tried to put the boat

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about a trifle, so that she would run closer to the light, but the instant he did so a huge wave crest broke over the side of the stern and virtually swamped the cockpit. Yells from Bailey and the rest of the party caused him to promptly put the wheel back and settle himself to the conviction that there was no use trying. They had to keep on the straight course, no matter where it took them.

They passed the light (which they could see by the flashes of lightning, was located on a low strip of land running out into the Sound) about a mile offshore. By the same lightning flashes they could see the waves breaking on the shore with a force that appeared as great as those of the ocean. Where they were going after passing the light, Brown hadn't the faintest idea, but Sunset had stood the blow so well up to this time, that he was inclined to be thankful he had not succeeded in running her ashore. When they had gotten some distance beyond the light, the force of the wind began to abate, though the sea appeared to be running higher. The worst part of the storm was evidently over.

Suddenly a blinding flash of lightning passed between them and the shore. It illuminated the waters and the land with a vividness that showed every detail. Brown, though half-blinded, noted with a feeling akin to joy, that the course they were sailing was leading them into a cove, or bay, or something like that, which seemed to pierce the shore-line. If they could only make that, he thought, they would be all right. There might be breakers in there, but they couldn't be any worse than those where they were. A few minutes afterward Bailey, who had been peering intently into the darkness, shouted:

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"Breakers, Brown, breakers! There's breakers ahead! Don't you see them?"

True enough, there were breakers, and Brown did see them, but that was all he could do. He didn't care about trying the experiment of putting the wheel over again. Those waves were just as high, and were trying to get into the cockpit just as earnestly as they were farther outside. He made no reply to the excited chorus that took up Bailey's cry. He simply set his teeth, fearing the worst, but determined to go into those breakers, or into anything else in their course. But they didn't go into the breakers. They passed them by a good cable's length, and continued on in what they soon discovered was comparatively smooth water. The wind was still howling, and Sunset was making great headway, but the force of the waves seemed to have stopped with the line of the breakers they had passed. A flash of lightning just at that instant revealed to Brown the fact that the boat was really going up a small stream, or creek, that seemed to end abruptly about half a mile farther on. When he fully realized this through the aid of another flash, he put the wheel hard down, turned Sunset's bows sharp into the wind, and yelled for Bailey to drop the anchor.

Whatever else Bailey might have done during his entire life, it is certain that he never had obeyed an order as quickly as he did this one. Brown had scarcely gotten the boat head on the wind before the anchor went overboard. As luck would have it, the anchor took hold at once, and before the others were aware of what had happened Sunset was riding as easily as though there were no such things as storms and breakers.

It was no easy matter to take in the sails, but this

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was at last accomplished and everything made snug. They didn't have the slightest idea where they were, and it may be suspected that they didn't care. They were at least safe for the present, and that was enough.

"I'm mighty glad we're out of that muss," said Brown, when they had discarded their wet clothing and were comparatively comfortable. "I don't want any more of that sort of sailing in mine. It's too 'strenuous."

"How in the name of Heaven did we miss those breakers out there?" said Bailey. "I thought we were going right into them."

"So did I," said Brown. "But that's all over, now. Suppose we have something to eat. Get busy, Bailey, and fix us up a meal."

"Better make it a double portion," said the Doctor. "I don't know how you gentlemen feel, but I am thoroughly convinced that I have not eaten anything for a month."

Gordon and Wilkins echoed the Doctor's statement, and to show their willingness both volunteered to help Bailey. Between them, a substantial dinner was soon prepared and enjoyed with a satisfaction in which appetite and thankfulness were so intermixed that none of them could say which was premier. As a matter of fact, though none would admit it, each one of the party had been thoroughly frightened by their experience, and each had made a solemn vow during the height of the storm that, were he spared to put a foot on dry land nothing could induce him to go sailing again in anything smaller than an ocean liner. It may have been this fact that caused the feeling of embarrassment which seemed to possess the party during the meal. Certain it was that each would lapse into a reverie every few

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minutes, and conversation, which had always been a bond between them, seemed a hardship.

When they returned to the cockpit to enjoy their cigars, it was seen that the weather had cleared. The moon and stars were shining as though there never was a storm. They could hear the sound of the breakers on the bar at the mouth of the creek they had entered, but the water in which they were anchored was as smooth as could be wished. Even this welcome change in conditions did not prove sufficient to lighten the gloom, and after a few unsuccessful attempts at conversation it was voted that they turn in. They fixed Wilkins up as they had the previous night, and were soon fast asleep.

How long they had slept they did not know, when they were aroused by a cry from Wilkins.

"Hey, there, Brown! All of you!" he shouted. "The boat's tipping over!"

"Shut up!" cried Brown, angrily.

"Go to sleep," "You're dreaming," came back from the others.

"But, I say, she is tipping!" persisted Wilkins, struggling to his feet, and opening the doors of the cabin.

"Let her tip, and be hanged to her," said Brown. "Lie down and go to sleep."

"But I can't lie down," said Wilkins. "The place where my feet were is higher than my head."

"Then turn them about, and stop your noise!" cried Brown, now thoroughly angry.

"She's all over on one side, I tell you," again cried Wilkins. "She's tipping, as sure as you're born."

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"Let her tip, then," said Brown. "I'm going to sleep."

Gordon, who from his position in his berth realized that Wilkins was right in his assertion that Sunset was listed, scrambled out and joined that worthy in the cockpit.

"He's right, Brown," called Gordon, through the doorway. "She's all over on one side, all right. There's something wrong."

With an angry exclamation, Brown came out of the cabin, followed by Bailey and the Doctor. Wilkins was right. Sunset was listed so far to port that the rail was almost down to the water.

"What in the world can be the matter with her?" asked Bailey.

"Hanged if I know," replied Brown.

"Perhaps she's leaking," suggested Wilkins. "I'll try the pump."

"Leaking nothing," returned Brown. "She hasn't made a quart of water since I bought her."

"But something is wrong," said Bailey. "She never acted this way before."

"Maybe the storm twisted her," said the Doctor. "It must have been an awful strain on her."

Gordon, during the discussion, had made his way to the forward part of the boat.

"Why, she's aground!" he cried. "That's what's the matter. I can see the bottom from here."

Investigation proved this to be correct. The tide had receded since they had anchored and the boat had settled on the sand on the side of the little channel of the creek.

"She's aground, all right," said Brown, after exam-

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ining the depth of the water with a sweep; "but what makes her list over so much?"

"Her keel," said Gordon.

"She has no keel," returned Brown.

"Then it's the centerboard," cried Gordon. "That would do it. I'll go down and pull it up."

But Gordon didn't pull the centerboard up. As the boat had settled, the board had worked its way into the sand, until now it was as fast as though held in a vise. The united strength of the entire party, pulling on the rope with which the board was drawn up, did not avail. It wouldn't budge.

"It's all Wilkins's fault!" cried Brown, when their efforts had proved unsuccessful. "If he hadn't put that centerboard down to keep the boat from upsetting in the storm we wouldn't have had this trouble."

"But she would have tipped over in the storm, if I hadn't done that," said Wilkins, trying to defend himself. "I know, for I've heard men who know all about such things say so."

Brown did not reply. He was puzzled. How to get that centerboard up was to him more important than argument of a foolish question. Each had a suggestion to offer, but none seemed practical.

"There's only one way," said Brown at last. "We must dig the board out. Loosen the sand around it, so that it can be pulled up. I vote, gentlemen, that, as Wilkins was primarily the cause of the trouble, he be detailed to do the digging."

Wilkins protested vigorously against this suggestion, but it was of no avail. The others, even Gordon, decided that he had to dig, and it was so ordered. A small shovel was secured from the tool-box with which the

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boat was equipped, and Wilkins, with his pajamas rolled up above his knees, was virtually forced over the side and set to work. The water had receded until there was only a few inches remaining, but even at that it was no easy matter to get at the board. After trying various plans, Wilkins was compelled to lie down in the water to get far enough under the side of the boat to make his shoveling effective. The water was warm. He noted that with a slight feeling of satisfaction as he worked.

After considerable digging away of the sand, aided by the efforts of the others, who manned the rope, the board was finally drawn into place, and Sunset settled back on a comparatively even keel. Wilkins clambered aboard, changed his pajamas, and turned in without saying a word. It was quite evident that he was either very tired or very angry. It is doubtful whether the others cared which.

The next morning the sun was hours high before any of the party awoke. The first glimpse of their location showed them that their only hope for breakfast lay in Brown's cans. There was only one house in sight. That was a small, tumble-down affair about half a mile away, at what appeared to be the head of the creek.

Bailey made a raid on the cans and succeeded in preparing a satisfactory breakfast. The same spirit of silence, so noticeable the previous night, possessed the party. Each seemed to be thinking of something of more importance than conversation.

"I say, Brown," said Bailey, after the meal had been finished, "what's the program for to-day?"

"Find out where we are, first thing," replied Brown. "I'll go over to that house there, and ask questions."

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"I'll go over with you," said Bailey.

On their return, they informed the others that they were in what is known as Mattinnicock Creek, on the Long Island shore. Both Brown and Bailey, from their manner, appeared to have something else to remark, but neither seemed able to hit it. Finally Brown, feeling that, as host, it was up to him, broke the silence that had fallen like a pall over the party.

"Gentlemen," he said, in an uncertain voice, "we have had a very rough experience. I do not know how you feel about it, but for my part I would not care to go through again what we went through yesterday and last night. I don't know just how to put it. It's awkward for me, who invited you to take this cruise as my guests——"

"I know what you're driving at," broke in the Doctor. "You wish to propose that we bring this cruise to an end at once. I'm with you, heart and soul. I've had enough."

"So have I!" came in one grand chorus from each of the others. "Let's go back."

"We can do better than that," said Brown, highly pleased. "There's a station at Glen Cove, about five miles from here, and we can go back by train, if you choose."

"But what will become of the boat?" asked Gordon.

"I can arrange with the man who lives in the house over there to look after her for the present. I can send some one up here for her later on. She will be safe enough."

It would be impossible to imagine the effect of this announcement. It was as though a terrible calamity had been averted. The wonted cheerfulness of each of

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the party returned as if by magic. The bags were quickly transferred from the boat to the tender, and as quickly deposited on the dock with their owners. The cabin doors were locked, and the key given to the man, who promised to take good care of the boat and its contents until they should be sent for. A horse and wagon was secured from the same person, and as they drove off to the station each gave Sunset a parting salute.

Brown never sent for the boat. He wrote the man to the effect that Sunset was his, if he wanted her, and at the same time enclosed a good-sized check to pay him for his trouble. Nothing was ever said, except among themselves, of the cruise of Sunset, and the subject, even in this way, did not seem to be popular. Brown's sole memento of the whole business is a little gem of a water-color, drawn by Bailey, showing Wilkins in his great feat of lying in the water, digging that centerboard out of the sand. Wilkins is the only one of the party who has never seen that picture.



How Two Lunatics Spent Christmas, 1902

By "Frailty"

"**S**HALL we take in a reef before we start or not?" asks the owner (and Skipper), as he looks up at the cold, gray Wintry sky where the dawn is just breaking while the biting Wintry blast whistles round our ears as we stand on the deck of the eight-tonner *Ingena*, lying at moorings off Burnham, England.

Ultimately we decide to only reeve the first reef pendant and start.

The only sensible member of the crew having failed to put in an appearance on the plea of "urgent business" (!!) (what ho!) we are somewhat short-handed, the Crew (consisting of one amateur) and the Skipper being the only two live lunatics on board.

However, we make a start and are soon roaring down the Crouch before what the Skipper calls a smart Sou'-west breeze, which freshens more and more, and in half an hour or so are driving down the "Raysun," where we find all the sea we want.

Whiter and whiter grow the crests of the waves, stronger and stronger gets the breeze until when just off the Buxey Beacon a squall bursts over us, over she heels, the canvas flaps and thunders, while the Skipper, hanging on to the forestay, engages in a furious tussle

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with the staysail, which refuses to come down; the Skipper, however, conquers in the end and stowing the recalcitrant canvas in the stem-head struggles aft streaming with salt water; and under shortened canvas and dropped peak, we lay our course N. by E. for the Bench Head Buoy and picking it up in an hour or so harden our hearts for the long wet thrash to windward up the Blackwater and Tollesbury Creek.

After making several tacks, however, with the lead going all the time, it being impossible to see the land owing to the mist, we decided to abandon the idea of making Tollesbury and to run for Brightlingsea, the long, tedious beat with a foul wind against the sturdy stream pouring out from Tollesbury Creek, having considerable weight with us in forming our decision.

So round she comes and laying our course S. E. by E. we again manage to locate the Bench Head Buoy as much by luck as by judgment, as we have lost sight of it some half-hour and it is invisible in the mist even when close to.

Finally we do manage to find it, and throwing off a foaming bow wave with the wind on her quarter, Ingena goes flying up the Colne and reaches the entrance to Brightlingsea Creek.

Here the Skipper's evil genius prompts him to continue sailing up and down the Colne, instead of going in at once, with the dire result that it is low water when we do try to get in, and Ingena grounds on the edge on a bank. "Ille dies primus lethi primusque malorum causa fuit."

There is recrimination at this period of the voyage,
* * * * are freely indulged in, and * * * *.

HOW TWO LUNATICS SPENT CHRISTMAS

Yet this is Christmas Day, so "Peace (?) on earth, goodwill among men."

She comes off at last and under bare poles, with the wind blowing like the very devil, we drive up the creek in Cimmerian darkness and the Skipper, with a knowledge of locality that is absolutely phenomenal, drops the hook smack on top of the kedge of another boat lying at anchor there. (This feat he accomplished "all by his little lone.")

As we drive astern kindly words of greeting for our action are wafted to us on the blast from the said boat, but we have other fish to fry, and getting into the dingey we succeed, after several fruitless attempts (for we can hardly force the dingey against the squalls), in carrying out our kedge, the dingey gamboling and curvetting in the beastly short sea that is running and doing all she can to chuck us out.

We then for the next three hours engage in a desperate struggle with the elements to recover our bower, which is lying at the bottom of the creek with the other yacht's kedge (the innocent cause of all our misfortunes) clasped in its fell embrace.

After nearly capsizing our own dingey, we finally (with the kindly aid of a power dingey which comes to our assistance) succeed in rescuing the kedge and our bower and after laboriously laying our kedge in a safe (!) berth (time, midnight) we retire to the cabin, wet through, and sit down tired and cross but thankful that now we can get some sleep, when *crash!* and Ingena reels and shivers in every timber.

"My God, she's stove in!" ejaculates the Skipper.

Out on deck we scramble. There, high above Ingena's decks, are the bows of a beastly great smack

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which in sheering around her anchor has run into us bow on, striking us just abaft the chain-plates.

We shove the brute off and she disappears into the darkness, and then we try to ascertain what damage she has done us when through the darkness up she looms again, and the Skipper has only just time to snatch up a fender before (despite the efforts of the crew to fend her off with a boat-hook), breaking her sheer, she crashes into us again, fortunately doing no more damage than smashing the rubbing streak. This is too much; we buoy and slip the kedge we have laid with so much toil and trouble and give Ingena a sheer, but the brute follows us up remorselessly, and to avoid being stove we are obliged to up anchor only just in time to avoid a further onslaught and drive to looard into the embrace of a succulent mud-bank, where the ebbing tide soon leaves us on our beam ends.

Even here the smack follows us up. We can just make out her dark outline as, missing stays, she drops fifty fathoms astern and then gathering way on the port tack comes straight at us as we lie helplessly aground—on she comes, with the water lapping under her high bows, until she is only twenty yards away when luckily for us her chain snubs her and swinging sullenly round she reluctantly sidles away.

And so during all the night she stalks, a grim, gray phantom, owned by Death,* around her anchor seeking some little yacht she may chaw up and devour.

But the tide, pitying our misfortunes, comes up the creek long before the usual time and sets us free, when we make sail in the gray of the dawn, the bitter cold of the chain burning our hands like fire, and at last get

* A fact.

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into a better berth in four fathoms and are safe; and so to bed at seven o'clock in the morning for which relief much thanks.

On Friday morning while actively engaged in agitating our mandibles with the view of making sure by actual experiment that our masticating and digestive apparatus is in good order and undamaged by the previous night's experiences, a barge's boat, manned (!) by three diminutive urchins, passes by and the Crew generously offers them a whole shilling if they will recover and bring aboard the kedge we were compelled to slip the night before.

Dazzled by the prospect of unlimited boodle, they accept and start off and soon in the distance may be seen three small figures rhythmically swaying backward and forward in their boat as they heave in the warp.

Breakfast having been despatched we come on deck.

The three small figures are still swaying backward and forward.

We now go below to wash up and tidy the cabin, and emerging half an hour later smoke the calumet of peace.

The three small figures are still swaying backward and forward.

We lounge on deck, do small jobs and meditate what a pleasant thing is energy when thus properly applied.

The three small figures still sway monotonously backward and forward.

Until it gets too monotonous and the Crew (energetic man) suggests going and lending them a hand.

So off we scull and tumble aboard their tub and tail on to the warp just to show them how easily real live amateurs sweat home a kedge.

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But despite repeated efforts the beastly thing distinctly refuses to budge, so at length we board our battering ram antagonist of last night and lead the warp to her winch and at length bring to the surface—ye gods! the Daedalian Labyrinth was nothing to it—a weird, wondrous entanglement of rusty chain, with the smack's huge anchor snugly "enscotcheoned" in its midst, the whole being picturesquely embroidered with festoons of our warp!

The more we look at it the less we like it,—like cod liver oil, a little of this sort goes a long way—so after slinging it we buoy our warp and cut and let the whole caboodle sink again to the bottom of the creek, and after rewarding our henchmen and making a fruitless trip ashore for bread and local color (the Skipper being an artist), we set sail for the wilds of the Pye Fleet, where we anchor for the night.

And so, exhausted with our Herculean labors, we dine and seek our cots, where we lie smoking and enjoying our well-earned rest and once more the white-winged dove of peace spreads her silver pinions o'er the scene—Goo' night, old chap, I sh'shleep t'night—Goo' ni', ole f'ler.

* * *

Bump, bump, bump!!! What's that? O Lor', the dingey! Well, perhaps she'll drive off. Bump, *bump*, BUMP! O Hades, something must be done! Full of fury the Crew, quitting the nice warm cabin, goes on deck (Great Jehoshaphat, how cold it is!) and getting into the dingey attaches a pail to her stern. The dingey ignores the insult and gently but firmly returns and lovingly butts against the counter.

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Again and again does the long-suffering Crew push her off; again and again does she patiently return.

The Crew now hitches about twenty fathoms of light line to the painter and again shoves the dingey off—again and again does the dingey make a bee-line for Ingena.

Growing desperate the Crew again boards the dingey and lashes her short up to the end of the bowsprit, and with the wind whistling through his scanty garments watches the result!

Eureka! the brute is conquered; so returning to the warm seclusion of the cabin the Crew drowsily meditates on the “diabosterous” nocturnal proclivities of dingey.

Is it affection for the yacht that causes it to approach and butt against her like a lamb butting lovingly against its dam? or is it because it feels the cold and like a weary cygnet endeavors to scramble on top of its mother and bury its cold feet in her soft warm down? Is it because it feels lonely or because it has developed a morbid appetite for paint? Is it beca.... Is it, is....

And so next morning, after releasing the dingey (now cowed and penitent), we heave up anchor nice and early and reeving the second reef pendant start for Burnham, the Skipper turning a deaf ear to the Crew's entreaties to be allowed to go and shoot curlews.

Even under the lee of Mersea Island there is a stiff breeze blowing and by the time we clear the point Ingena is plunging and heeling and things are getting damp, while the sky looks very ugly up to windward.

We hold a hasty consultation! Shall we reef down and chance the long thrash up the “Raysun” against wind and tide, or run back for shelter to the Pye Fleet?

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Ultimately we decide to keep on—to-morrow is our last day and to-morrow's weather may be worse than to-day's. The glass is falling fast, and everything points to the coming gale, in which case we will have to leave Ingena in strange hands, so hauling the jib aweather and lashing the helm (the foresail has been doused long ago) we tackle that second reef.

It is a damp, difficult job but it is over at last, and under spitfire and close-reefed trysail Ingena storms in toward the land.

Many weary years later two brine-soaked wretches might have been descried thrashing up the Crouch and to drop anchor close to another yacht lying in the Roach.

After a brief repast they hailed the other yacht to know if they had any spare beer on board, and received the reply that they had no beer but (ye gods) some *port*.

It is rather difficult to explain exactly what happened next—things got a bit tangled; but there was a sort of wild, frantic rush and two dishevelled creatures might have been observed sculling furiously toward the yacht that had port on board and disappear within the hospitable cabin.

Over what followed we will draw a veil.

Suffice it to say that after the port was produced and finished, the whiskey was begun.

In fact, every one got so happy that the host several times while intending to fill his own glass found that he had instead thereof filled the glass of Ingena's Crew, which in some unaccountable fashion had got in the way, and who had invariably mopped it up before the mistake could be rectified; and it was not until late that the guests could be got rid of, when one of them (to wit, the Skipper), not content with having pinched

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several magazines, immediately returned and successfully "cadged" a loaf of bread, refusing to go away unless it were supplied him *illico*.

We need say no more: we have no doubt that you've all of you been there before.

And so the day it passed away and on the Sabbath it blew a gale, when Ingena, after hauling down three reefs, staggered up to Burnham and dropped her hook, and so finished the Christmas cruise of the Skipper and his Crew.



On the Plains of Mexico

(Anchor Song)

OH, Santa Anna won the day,
Away Santa Anna.
Santa Anna won the day
On the plains of Mexico.

Oh, Santa Anna fought for fame,
Away Santa Anna.
Santa Anna gained his name
On the plains of Mexico.

Oh, Santa Anna's men were brave,
Away Santa Anna.
Many found a soldier's grave
On the plains of Mexico.

Oh, Santa Anna's name is known,
Away Santa Anna.
What a man could do was shown
On the plains of Mexico.

Oh, Santa Anna won the day,
Away Santa Anna.
One more chorus then belay,
On the plains of Mexico.

A Sailing Adventure in California

By Sea Horse

PART I

IT WAS her trial trip, and taken at night, for it had taken so much time to rebuild her that I was very anxious to see how she would behave. So we had hoisted her cloths with the intention of bringing home a few bushels of succulent clams, to be found at the upper end of San Diego Bay. After the usual duffle had been put aboard and stowed, we were soon sailing quietly up the large and beautiful bay of San Diego, heading Southeast. The wind was gentle from the North'ard, with heavy clouds, and not a star visible—conditions which occur only very seldom and then only in our so-called Winter.

Our little hooker slid through the water as if she were greased, and we were much pleased how well she handled with her mainsail to starboard and her mizzen to port, while her jib would catch a draught now and then, giving her an extra lift along.

She is twenty-eight feet eight inches over all, straight stem and stern, a so-called double-ender, and eight feet breadth, with straight sides and bevel bottom; in fact, a double-ended skipjack you might call her. I had found her neglected on the beach; bought her for a

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song; took off the ridiculous keel on a flat bottom; made a bevel bottom, put in a centerboard, and rigged her yawl rig. This transformed her from a slow-turning, loud-pounding cumbersome sloop to a boat that gave you pleasure to handle and to behold. Her name had been Cometa. I supposed it meant Comet, so I retained it, as most boats here have Spanish names, and they sound very pretty.

On this trip I had a friend, named Hoff; with me, who helped me a great deal in many ways. He knew where the luscious bivalves were abundant, being an old resident, while I was a newcomer to this beautiful climate.

The electric lights of old San Diego were now left behind us, and we were speeding on the dark but smooth waters in silent contentment, such as yachtsmen observe spontaneously amid such surroundings. The spell was on us both. The lesser lights of National City, at the head of the bay, were becoming brighter in due time, as we neared a shoal that runs out from the Eastern shore, so we altered our course a little more to the Westward, which would bring us up closer to Coronado Island, which forms the West side of San Diego Bay, thus scooting along in deeper and smoother water.

The wind had freshened considerably, and it was very dark; only the lights of the distant city ahead our guide, and nothing of the low-lying shore being visible. Now at last, nearing the head of the long bay of about thirteen miles, the water becomes gradually very shallow, but keeping close to the strip of Coronado, running nearly the whole length of the bay. I knew there was plenty of water right here, excepting at some projecting sand-washed points, which we carefully dodged with a

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few narrow shaves, but what of that? Presently, however, it became necessary to reduce speed, so Hoff lowered the mainsail, and we jogged easily along under jib and jigger. Once our board touched on the hard sand bottom. It should have been up, but Hoff had it down turning a projecting point of land, and neglected to hoist it again. It gave us quite a startle, supposing that she had run up fast, for the first moments, but after that we never fetched bottom again. But it was enjoyable. We all know what a delight it is for the confirmed water-rat to feel himself once more on his element, with his hand on the stick, master of the nimble fabric he has planned over, worked over, and now lords it over, ha! ha! One deprived of a noble sailboat for a long spell can appreciate what we felt in those few hours of silent communion with nature.

"Here, now look out for the entrance to that Spanish Creek (as we used to call it). It ends in the Slough, our journey's end."

But strain our eyes as we well might, there was nothing of it to be seen ahead.

"Let go the jib, Hoff! And I guess we better pole her along here now," was then added by me, as I prepared to lower away the jigger.

Just in time, too, for as she lost headway we spied the mouth of the little narrow creek dead ahead. It has a small bar, and we poled around it and entered snugly and made fast to the bank.

"That was a lucky run for the first time, Skipper. It's a good omen."

"Yes; you bet, Hoff! Cometa is all right!"

"Yes, she will be a lucky lady," continued Hoff, who really is a great talker when once he gets started. "Hand

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me the lantern out of there, will you? so we can see what we are doing. It's as dark as Hades ashore, and we must find the old cabin if it's here still, in case it rains, you know. The tide ain't half up yet," he rattles on, "and it will be low water about 6 a. m. We can go to work about daylight, and get a few hours' sleep first; and if——"

"Avast there, Hoff! Just listen. Did you hear anything over there?"

"Yes," he answers, in a more subdued voice; "there are some fellows ahead of us; got possession of the hut and we can bunk here on the bare seats now. I told you not to monkey with those chips in the centerboard trunk, and to come away sooner. I knew it, you——"

"Belay there! Now just listen, and shut up a bit! Skin your eyes; there's something up. Don't you hear the wagon wheels? Those fellows did not come in a boat at all."

"I'll just sneak over and see," replies Hoff. "They shan't see me either, you can wager."

Not a minute elapsed when I heard something thrown on the ground heavily, some gruff murmurings, and a Spanish oath thrown in here and there for garnishments. Then a shout from Hoff:

"Come here, quick! I've got 'em."

"What the deuce is it, Hoff; can't you bring 'em here?"

"No, they are holding me and have my boat-hook too."

Here was a nice mess; in the dark away in the wilds of the upper bay, miles away from any human habitation, within a mile of the Mexican border, and Hoff a prisoner. What could we do? Arming myself with

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the tiller, with some words of encouragement both for my own benefit as well as for Hoff's, I carefully stepped into the circle of light, from behind the cabin, that illuminated the scene before me. They had let go of Hoff; this encouraged me, thinking they were not so fearfully belligerent as I had at first imagined. The biggest of the three ruffians, for such they looked to be, was talking madly with many gestures to the other two sombrero-bedecked beauties in a Spanish lingo. Suddenly one of the fellows threw his hat in the air, slapping the big leader on the back, and the other fellow performed a few steps of what I suppose may have been a fandango, right then and there, allowing us to conclude they had gone crazy with joy over their big haul.

I said to Hoff: "They haven't got us bodily yet; time to shove off. Let's skip."

But Hoff would not stir. He smarted under the indignity accorded him, I suppose. I gripped my tiller nervously, while Hoff picked up his boat-hook and the lantern, setting the latter beside a cactus bush, so that the light fell full upon the questionable fellows, and left us in shadow.

"What the devil do you fellows mean?" I snapped out, under the tension, making a menacing gesture to my hip pocket, though my flask was not there to get strength from in this trying moment. "Are you friends? Or are you enemies?"

"Frien's! senor," from the burly fellow who had done all the bossing, as he dropped a pistol by way of demonstration to his feet.

We drew a breath of great relief. Surely there was no harm from these fellows. They were probably as scared as we were; but they were undoubtedly inter-

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rupted in some deep game. Ah! a lot of dark swollen sacks upon the ground. A light dawned upon me.

"Smugglers, by gum!" We both exclaimed it almost simultaneously.

"Yees, senors, smugglers," responded the big one, with a sort of bow. "Bad fix, you help queek! Take to Roseville, or catchee us here cigars."

"No, siree! we have come to catch a mess of clams," I interjected vehemently. "We turn smugglers nohow!"

"Ah! you no turn smugglers; take frien's to Roseville; you no like to go alone, must take frien's to Roseville queek. Savey?"

What could we do? He picked up his gun again too. They evidently meant biz! The other two had moved toward the boat. They would leave us here sure. So after a bit of palaver we consented, and they handed us each at once a box of cigars, and a ten-dollar American gold piece on top of each. Then I saw they had not much fight in them; they would rather buy than fight over the matter. But it was too late to change things now, though I did not relish the business, I can tell you. To refuse now would make worse trouble than if done originally. I would give the twenty to the Children's Lotus Home School Fund in old Sandy Ego; and smoke my box of cigars quietly. Hoff was willing too.

"All right; come along quick."

We wanted now to get through with this disagreeable job as soon as possible. But I had reckoned without my host. Awful as it is to make the confession, they swung us each one a sack, which we quickly dropped, shaking our heads, and then they followed us, each bringing a sack with them. Oh! It had not entered our dull brains that they wanted the goods brought

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over too. Why, we were only to help them escape. But there lay the three bags in the boat, and the two more small ones which we had dropped followed shortly after. There was no time now for argument, I supposed, and no doubt these men were desperate. They were armed, but not so we.

Hoff looked blankly at me. I nodded. He slung the bags forward, showing the Mexicans to seats around the centerboard trunk, and hoisted the jib, while the spanker had been set by me in the meantime, and slowly poled out of the creek. There was water enough over the little bar, so we passed over, the breeze catching the sails as soon as we got clear. The board was dropped and the big mainsail hoisted, we gently heeling over to the freshening breeze, the water lovingly lapping under her bows; and I wishing that we were well through with this. But I did not know what else would yet befall us.

PART II

Yes, we were homeward bound on a disagreeable job; roped in, as it were, though amply remunerated for our trouble. The wind and tide were making against us, and we had to pass close by the city of San Diego, and as the long Santa Fé dock projected so far out, it left but a comparatively narrow passage for a vessel loaded with smuggled goods, and the revenue officers on the end of that pier, sirs. However, we were in for it, and once in, we had no alternative but to get out as quickly as possible. Our Mexicans never spoke a word. I guess they felt they were in a ticklish position. They had forced themselves upon us, and we might play them false. But this was far from our

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thoughts. Even now I cannot see a way out in this wise. It was much easier to land them at Roseville, where they could get a wagon and depart in peace. There were no officers or anybody to hinder them, once at Roseville. So we had stout hearts, seeing now all clear and easy; only we worried a little over the long pier, still miles ahead. The wind freshened all along as we came down the wider reaches of the bay, and eventually we had to take a reef in the mainsail. Being deeply loaded our headway was rather slower than we liked it to be, and the swell was getting heavier and rather choppy. Still we worried her past National City, and then at last after many hours' tacking, past the crucial point, the long pier.

The tide was still flood, and it was nearing daybreak, and those bundles—why, we could not reach Roseville in an hour, and by that time it would be dawn. Here was a dilemma not looked for. Coming around the ferry to Coronado, to my surprise the steamer *St. Miguel* was still at her wharf, with her nose pointed down the bay, the same as she had lain last night when ready to leave for Esenada, Mexico. Evidently she had been delayed, and seemed ready to start any moment. A wild idea struck me. Why not take a tow? I'll do it, by gosh! We had a couple of hundred feet of deep anchor-line bend to our sand-anchor, that would do the trick nicely, and by watching my chances, I could hitch this on to the steamer at the right moment.

It was very dark still, but there were many lights on the steamer, and it was easy to run under her stern, reducing sail for the purpose. As we neared her I explained hastily to the Mexicans, as they were getting restless and suspicious. However, they saw it was nec-

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essary to expedite matters, and consented, being, as the saying is, "on pins and needles," meanwhile.

I ran forward at the right moment, and deftly passed the end of my line through a projecting ring-bolt, and paying out drifted gently and noiselessly clear and astern, nobody having taken notice of us. The tide took us up, swinging about 150 feet astern of the steamer; and putting the helm a-starboard slightly, we kept edging out and away from the docks, so it became very difficult to see us. Besides, there was so much light on the steamer aft from all the cabin windows, those aboard could not see far out in the darkness, and we felt safe for the time being.

The Mexicans rubbed their hands, and passed the bottle among us. I felt good myself, and Hoff began his usual little sermon, but I stopped him before he got agoing, sending him forward to take my place at the tow-line, while I bunched my passengers well aft, and the goods as far back aft as possible. We barely got settled when the steamer, without blowing a whistle, cast off. This I knew by the way we drifted back. I knew she would not back her propeller, for the tide would swing her head out as soon as they cast off. Presently we were towing along at the rate of about six knots, or three-quarter speed. We were towing fine, though making much fuss forward.

Off Roseville we just would slip our line, and if she caught, cut it if need be, and then get rid of our unwelcome cargo and passengers. Just as we were contemplating all these pleasant things, the engines slowed down and stopped.

"What's up now? Haul in the slack, Hoff! Never

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mind; darn your chatter! Confound it! Keep that line taut!" in hoarse whisperings.

The steamer got backing down upon us so much that we had to keep off with a boat-hook. She had evidently taken too short a turn in the channel. We afterward found the channel buoy on North Island had its light out. So they had to make sure and take a short turn. However, after a few critical moments, the wind asserting its force on our masts gradually slid us astern a bit, when a gruff voice from the quarter-deck hailed.

"What in Hades are you doing there? Boat ahoy!"

Our hearts were in our throats in a moment. Discovered!

"We're anchored. You're down onto us, you high-faluting loggerheads!" roared Hoff.

"What are you backing down in here for?" from myself.

But the steamer was already going ahead, Hoff paying out grudgingly on his line so as to keep way on Cometa as the steamer gained her speed. As for myself, I gradually turned the lamp lower, so as to make it look as if we were receding astern; for one of the Mexicans, in his terror, had brought it forth when we were hailed a few moments before. After a little while I put it under a bucket and no more notice was taken of us.

Rejoicing, we towed; merrily the swirl dashed under our bows, and all our troubles vanished away astern with it. There lay Roseville, blinking its few lights off the starboard bow. It nestles at the foot of Big Point Loma, after you have been passing Old Town and the waste sand desert lying between.

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Abreast of Roseville we cast off. The line came beautifully, no kink or hitch, though Hoff stood ready to slash it with a knife. Hoisting sail, we stood in and landed our passengers, as I prefer to call them. Leaving them on the little rickety pier with their goods, we shoved off with light hearts, going up with wind and tide, and coming to our moorings just in time to take part at breakfast.

So endeth a little adventure in the sunny land of California.



Yeo Ho, Heave Ho!

(Anchor Song)

YEO heave ho! round the capstan go,
Heave, men, with a will,
Tramp, and tramp it still:
The anchor must be weigh'd,
The anchor must be weigh'd.
Yeo ho, heave ho!
Yeo ho, heave ho!

Yeo heave ho! cheerily we go,
Heave, men, with a will,
Tramp, and tramp it still;
The anchor grips the ground,
The anchor grips the ground.
Yeo ho, heave ho!
Yeo ho, heave ho!

The Cruise of the Seabird Nautilus

By Thomas Hofman

HAVING read quite a number of articles about the pleasures obtained from small boats at sea, from the pen of Mr. Thomas Fleming Day, and having been previously inspired through the same author to build a *Rudder* seaworthy cruiser, I decided to take my yawl Seabird Nautilus on a sea trip to the Jamestown Exposition. After about two weeks of fun in getting things ready, I started, with a crew of five men, on Saturday, August 17th, at 12:30. We left Vaughn's Wharf, Coopers Point, Camden, N. J., in good spirits with light Southwest wind. On the remaining two hours of ebb-tide we passed down through Philadelphia Harbor to Washington Park. Here the tide set against us and we came to anchor in order to let a passenger off on a small boat; he had just wanted to go a short distance. We enjoyed the graphophone we had on board and one of the records we played the most was the song, "The Salt of the Sea for Me." At 6:30 p. m. we weighed anchor, passing the League Island Navyyard; Red Bank, on Fort Mercer, where the great battle was fought between 2,000 Hessians and 600 Americans, the Americans being victorious; down past Fort Mifflin on the Western shore. The scenery here is very beautiful. It is now

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getting dark and we have Billingsport flash light on our bow. We run past Essington, the home of the Quaker City Y. C., then Eddystone and Chester. Here the tide being against us, we anchor for the night. After a jolly good concert by the graphophone, and a cup of hot coffee with bread and cheese, we turn in.

Sunday, August 18th, 5 a. m. The First Mate and the writer getting up first this morning they catch some crabs, which get in the stern-sheet and soon find their way down among our provisions; fearing they would die and decay, we removed half our goods and after quite a lot of excitement we caught the crabs and put them in a place of safety. The wind being fair down the river we started at a good clip, but when we met the sloop, Mree, Captain Bennett, he hoisted sail and soon left us far astern. We cooked a very nice breakfast while underway. The cook made oatmeal for breakfast and put too much salt in; besides this, it was full of weavils. We said nothing but put the oatmeal overboard. We now pass the town of Pennysgrove, a favorite stopping-place for small boats, being very handy to grocery store, etc. Next we pass Wilmington, Del., Pennville, N. J., New Castle, Del., a quaint old town, very pretty to view from the river. Oh, how nice Nautilus sails! We go outward bound with main mizzen and jib drawing finely, on past Fort Mott, Fort Delaware, Delaware City, then down past Reedy Island, where the tide indicator stands, a very interesting half-round dial arrangement. The fumigating station is established here. Now we are in the great Delaware Bay, where we often content ourselves to stay; but this time it is quite different. I have a seaworthy cruiser under me and I want to go out to sea to try her and myself,

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for I expect to be tried also. The crew of five are wondering what is coming. Out goes our log-line. We had never used a log before, and I enjoyed being the proud captain, owner and builder of a boat bound out to sea. At times, I must confess, I had some misgivings about going to sea; still, whenever I felt a little nervous I said nothing to the crew but thought of Mr. Day's writing that small boats are safe in the sea, and it was the height of my ambition to be one of his inspired sailors, so I let her go as hard as she could. We passed by Cohansey Light, Ship John, Cross Ledge, and now that it is dark I cannot help thinking what a fine institution is a lighthouse. There it stands and seems to say: "Keep her agoing, this is the way;" and on we go. The moon has commenced to shine. Soon we pass Fourteen-Foot Bank Light on our starboard, then we near Brandywine Shoal Light, which we pass, and see Cape May Light on our port. We later look for Cape Henlopen but it is daylight now and we travel by compass quite a distance, then we see it loom up to the South.

Monday, August 19th. About this time I wish to stop at Lewes, on the Harbor of Refuge, and also try to signal to the reporting station that we have passed out; but the wind is Southwest, which is a head wind for the run to Cape Charles, and it is quite rough. I think if I put into the harbor my crew will desert me or refuse to go out until it is smooth, and if I go near the reporting station I may get on a lee shore, not knowing just where the station is. I order a reef in the jib and mizzen and the mainsail down. I try to beat out to Overfalls Light-Vessel, but the current is too strong and I find that I have not enough sail. I put the mainsail on her, with two reefs, then I commenced to draw

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out. So out to sea in a small boat for the first time in my life I go. It is now 6 a. m. Four of my crew are very seasick. I think how lucky I did not stop.

The steward, Mr. W. Sage, called out that breakfast was ready, but one after the other replied: "You can have mine, I can't eat." The First Mate said that if he had had his breakfast sooner, he would not have gotten sick. Well, here I was, out at sea, with four of my crew sick on their backs in the cabin as ballast. The steward and myself are feeling fine, except a little sleepy. I headed S. S. W. along the coast about four miles offshore. I thought after leaving Cape Henlopen I could make Cape Henry in about thirty-six hours. Here I made a great mistake. I sailed against the wind and current all day and when night came I had only logged 22 miles. I was yet 40 miles from an anchorage.

Now came my testing time. My crew were too sick to care where I was or what I was going to do. I put out to sea to wait for morning. This was a long night, as I had a head wind and I knew that I must keep away from the breakers. At times I would make a reach toward shore to take a long tack, then I could hear the breakers. At first I did not realize the danger of getting near them, then as I got more accustomed to the roar I would learn to keep off. By this time some of my crew came to after their sickness, but it hung on to the others two or three days, while one man was sick four days or more.

On and on Nautilus rode the waves, and her fine showing as a cruiser started to impress me very forcibly, I gradually became conscious of the fact that no matter how hard the winds blew, I had a seaworthy vessel under me, and many a time I had reason to be thank-

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ful that her designers were so able in designing such a craft. I kept her going all that night, not gaining much on my tacking as the current was so strong against me. My! but it was very pretty sailing at sea. I had often thought the sea too rough to sail a small boat in, but here I was sailing all night toward the moon. It seemed as if I were sailing up a beautifully lighted street; the rush of the waves, the sparkling of the water were so pretty, I shall never forget the sight.

Tuesday, August 20th. At daybreak I called the steward up to sail, while I slept. I was the only one aboard who could sail a boat, but some of the other boys could hold a compass course. The steward sailed her quite a while, but thinking he was too near shore he awoke me. I then took the wheel and took her about ten miles out to sea. Soon after we hailed a schooner and inquired the course to Cape Charles. The captain said steer Southwest 70 miles. I thought he said 20 miles, so after heading her Southwest we made a light-house we thought to be Cape Charles. We did not reach it until dark, and when the light was lit we saw it was a fixed white light; upon looking at the book we found we were only near Assateague anchorage. As we could not make the anchorage at night, we put out to sea again. By this time I was very tired, and as I sat at the wheel I fell sleep. My crew got me to sing them songs all that night just to keep me awake. I would sing all the songs I could think of, but I could not keep awake. Then they would ask me about the stars. I told them all I knew and a lot I did not know. All this was done to keep me awake, but I fell asleep at the wheel time after time.

Wednesday, August 21st. I was very glad when

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morning came, when I put the orderly to watch that we did not drift too near the breakers. I then gave the orderly a Southwest course to steer to the Light, having been blown out of our course fifteen miles the night before. This we made up. After a hard tussle with the wind against us, we arrived at Assateague anchorage Wednesday night just before dark. While here a storm came up, with strong wind and much rain. We were glad we were not caught out at sea in it, as we were very tired of sailing and I needed sleep. The steward also was about played out for want of sleep, he having stayed up with me most of the time at night. We lay at anchor in this safe anchorage all night and before retiring we all wrote letters to our friends at home.

Thursday, August 22d. We found that if we started out we would have a fine fair wind to Cape Charles, and I suggested we resume our journey; but the crew objected to this proposition and I had to consent to stay in harbor all day and night. The crew had reason later on to wish they had started, as we missed a good wind by laying over Thursday. However, the crew enjoyed themselves ashore all day and caught crabs and one fish, and the steward, being a good shot with a gun, killed quite a number of beach birds. These we cooked, looking forward to a good meal of bird pot-pie; but the fishy odor and taste of the game, when cooked, made us decide to throw the game dish away. We all felt better when the bird sank out of sight and range of our nostrils.

It happened we had company at our anchorage, the schooner Sallie, Captain Hill. The captain and crew, a party of young men out on a spree, invited us all on board. We took our Victor talking machine with fifty-

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six records, and I also played my cornet with one of their party with a violin. We all enjoyed ourselves the whole evening. During the night Captain Hill laid us out a course for Cape Henry. This we followed on Friday at daybreak.

Friday, August 23d. We kept the shore in view to Hog Island Light. Here there are some bad shoals that we got mixed up in, and to make matters worse the wind died out and left us bobbing up and down among the shoals. After having quite a scare and a lot of unpleasant excitement we got out of the shoals at Hog Island, only to drift in among the Porpoise Shoals. These shoals were not quite so rough but the wind died entirely out. We saw it was going to be a foggy night and as we had no wind and were very much in danger of going on shore among the breakers, we managed to paddle into a nearby inlet back of Smith Island and Cape Charles Light. When we got in we found barely enough water to float, for we were drawing three feet. As we had done a lot of bumping going in, we could not go out that way, so we lay there in the inlet till the next morning.

Saturday, August 24th. We tried to find the way to get out into Chesapeake Bay but ran aground and stayed all day.

Sunday, August 25th. All this day we sounded and sailed till we met a man in a boat who directed us to Fishermans Point. Here we ran aground again and stayed another day.

Monday, August 26th. I celebrated my thirty-sixth birthday, high and dry. When the tide rose again we got off. By this time most of my crew were heartily disgusted and talked about home, saying they were tired

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of being marooned; but I did my best to get out, which I finally succeeded in doing. On arriving at the National Quarantining Station, we were becalmed, but in the evening a nice breeze came up and we sailed across the bay into Hampton Roads. The sight of the lights of the Exposition put new life into the crew and we anchored for the night off Deep Water Point pier.

Tuesday, August 27th. We went ashore this morning and viewed the Exposition. When we got ready to return, four of my crew decided to go back on a steamer; so I left for home with only one man, George Linderman, a Camden grocer. We bid our former shipmates good-bye and went over to Old Point Comfort and put in fresh water and provisions. We sailed due North up the bay all night.

Wednesday, August 28th. We found ourselves well up the bay but we had lost our bearings and did not know where we were. The Philadelphia steamboat passed us with our former shipmates aboard about mid-day. We had head winds most of the time, but we kept agoing all night.

Thursday, August 29th. We did not know yet where we were, but finally hailed a passing schooner. We then learned that we had just passed Point Lookout. By this time we were very much played out for want of sleep, so we rounded Point Lookout and anchored at daybreak at Cornfield Harbor. Here we slept till noon, got underway again and started for Point-no-Point. Toward night we tried to find a harbor, but being afraid of going aground we kept on up the bay all Friday, August 30th, when we anchored for the night near Love Point Light.

Saturday, August 31st. We sailed all day till we

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arrived at Wharton Point and turned in for the night. During the day we passed Turkey Point into the Elk River. This has been taking us through the bay, passing some of the prettiest scenery I have ever witnessed. I only wish I could describe it as I feel I should like to do, but being a very unable writer I must leave the best part of the description out. However, it is very beautiful. I shall go again as soon as I have the opportunity. On we go and arrive at Daddy Somebody's landing and anchor for the night in the lovely Elk River. It is so nice to enjoy a good full night's sleep again.

Sunday, September 1st. We arrive at Chesapeake City and go through the locks, where we paid seven dollars, four for lockage and three for towage. While going through the canal we accompanied the sloop yacht Zena, of Atlantic City. We enjoyed the trip through the canal and arrived at Delaware City and tied up inside the locks Monday night, at 10 p. m. On Tuesday, at 3 a. m., we lock out into the dear old Delaware, and being favored with a fair wind we arrive at Coopers Point, Camden, N. J., at noon. I feel that I have enjoyed a trip of a lifetime and look longingly forward to another.



I'm Bound Away to Leave You

(Setting Sail Song)

I'm bound away to leave you,
Good-bye, my love, good-bye.
I never will deceive you,
Good-bye, my love, good-bye.

And though afar a-roving,
Good-bye, my love, good-bye.
My heart will be a-loving,
Good-bye, my love, good-bye.

I'm bound across the waters,
Good-bye, my love, good-bye.
Oh fairest of earth's daughters!
Good-bye, my love, good-bye.

I'm glad that I have found thee,
Good-bye, my love, good-bye.
For love has tightly bound me,
Good-bye, my love, good-bye.

With head upon your pillow,
Good-bye, my love, good-bye.
Dream of him on the billow,
Good-bye, my love, good-bye.

Remember then the rover,
Good-bye, my love, good-bye.
Be faithful to your lover,
Good-bye, my love, good-bye.

The Luck of the Lucky Five

By "Widgeon"

THE soft coal spluttered and hissed in the big fireplace in the lounging room of the club, casting long streamers of lights and shadows on the group of men who had drawn their chairs around, smoking and spinning yarns of the season just past.

Outside the wind howled dismally, rain was driving against the windows and the sound of the short choppy sea splashing on the club float made the comfortable chairs in front of the big fire doubly comfortable. That those around the fire were enjoying the evening was easily seen. They were men whose faces were browned and muscles hardened by the long days of sailing which they had all enjoyed.

As the stories were told, eyes would light up with excitement and muscles grow tense as they fought out again that thrash to windward in a half a gale, or brought up the time when they were all bunched at the turning mark and only good handling and quick judgment saved the day. Then the talk turned to the blow on Labor Day, when a gale had sprung up in an hour and blew about a "thirty-miler" all day out of a clear sky. We heard how Thelma had broken her weather shroud and was brought home under close reefs,

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and how Iris had capsized in the bay and her crew saved only in the nick of time. Then some one, who knew I had been out in it, asked me how we had come through and, filling our pipes afresh, I told them the story of the biggest piece of luck that ever befell me.

We were camped in Horseshoe Bay, which, as you know, is on the Eastern side of Howe Sound, right opposite the steamer landing at Snug Cove on Bowen Island, about three miles away. We left the bay for home about 10 a. m. You all know the boat we had,—Petrel, a fishing boat converted into a yacht; twenty-four feet on deck, sloop-rigged, centerboard, and about 800 lb of rock for ballast. Slow in light winds, but fairly fast in a whole-sail breeze, especially with the sheets well started.

We had the cabin full of camp dunnage, for we had been camping there for ten days, and were towing two canoes,—one our own, Widgeon, the other, a hired one. Our party consisted of my father, my aunt, two sisters, my chum Charlie and myself. We were to take my aunt over to Snug Cove to go home on the steamer and also intended to leave Widgeon to be sent in by boat, taking the hired one with us as a tender.

The wind was very light when we started, so light indeed that we had to scull out of the bay. Outside we caught a little more wind and headed across for the Cove. When we got clear of the sheltering points and out into the sweep of the Sound, the breeze, from the West, had freshened, and we had not gone very far before we concluded we were in for a dusting. It was a dead beat across, with the wind squally, and gaining in strength every minute, and with the two canoes

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dragging astern, Petrel did not go to windward very well. As we worked across the squalls became harder and more frequent, and took some very close watching. We did not want to stop and reef, for we had not very far to go, so held on and by hard and careful work got to the Cove about half-past eleven.

While I took my aunt ashore and made arrangements for the canoe to be sent in, Dad and Charlie put a reef in the mainsail, and by twelve we were off again. Heading well over toward the Eastern shore of the Sound, our intention was to make a long reach out into the bay, before rounding Point Atkinson for the run home, which would be before the wind.

Charlie had the jib-sheets; Dad, who is an old hand at yacht sailing, the main-sheet, while I had the stick; and it kept us all busy.

Squall after squall sent us reeling along, lee-rail under, and more than once I had to shake her till they passed over. The girls, while not saying anything, were not enjoying it any too well, as it was more than just exciting, and at last, as one squall, more vicious than the rest, sent her down to the cabin windows, Dad, who had taken charge of things, gave the word to drop the peak. While I edged her up into the next lull, Charlie crawled forward and dropped the peak halyards, but in coming down the gaff caught in the double topping-lifts and sagged off to leeward, and despite our best efforts we could not get it free. It was no easy job, for there was a big sea running by this time and she was dipping her bowsprit under every dive, so, after having to take another heavy squall with that mainsail hanging there like a big bag, we determined to get it off her altogether and run for shelter under the jib, for having the girls

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on board we could not afford to take any chances. Down came the mainsail with a run, and after passing a tier around it, I squared her away, payed out the jib-sheets, and how she did travel! Every time a squall struck her you could feel her jump.

Up to this time our canoe had come along all right, but as soon as we started before it, we saw there were going to be "doings," and sure enough there were. I was watching the boat too closely to pay any attention to the canoe, but at a cry from Dad of "There goes the canoe," looked behind just in time to see her fill and start to walk up sideways on us. We had no time to monkey with a swamped canoe, so pulling out my sheath knife, I gave one slash and she was free. We breathed a sigh of relief but thought, Well, there goes forty dollars. We had no time to think of that, for we were rapidly approaching the shore and had to look for the best shelter. Running behind a small rocky island, we anchored in a little bay, which, while not of the best was better than no shelter, and, putting out both anchors, watched the shore anxiously and were relieved to see that they were holding. We had to get ashore, so Charlie went into the cabin and put on his bathing suit, and was soon on land looking for a boat, but although there was a house and evidences of a logging camp, he could not see a sign of a boat of any kind.

The Western shore of the bay was very bold and with the help of the oars we worked her over close to the rocks, and putting an anchor over, swung her stern in till we could step off. The girls were glad to get ashore, and were so nervous and used up by excitement that all they could do was lie down and rest. We made a line fast from the stern to the shore and shoved her off

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till she rode easily. As the tide came in all we had to do was to pay out more cable and she was secure.

Our main thought now was to get word to my aunt, that we were all right, as she was very nervous when we left Snug Cove; but we had no canoe or boat to intercept the steamer with, and as the bay was too narrow to attempt to beat out of with the yacht, in the heavy wind and swell that was rolling in, we were at a loss to know just what to do. About three o'clock, Charlie and the girls started out on a trail that seemed to lead in the direction of Eagle Harbor, the next steamer landing, two miles down the coast, and we breathed easier, thinking they would get home that night on the steamer. With the girls safe, Dad and Charlie and myself made up our minds that we would take that boat home or bust. Dad and I made ourselves comfortable and between watching the gulf and reading the time passed rapidly, and, what was better, the wind showed signs of easing up, and the sea did not seem to be running as high. About four we heard a shout across the bay and there were Charlie and the girls coming back! The trail had petered out in a shingle cutting. Well, there we were, in every sense of the word, up against it.

I had been watching the gulf pretty closely all the afternoon, and taking the glasses looked again, and in scanning the shore my attention was taken by a bright object which I took for a barked log, washing up against the rocks about a quarter of a mile away. I looked again and saw that what I took for a barked log was our canoe. I quickly handed the glasses to Charlie, pointed out the canoe, and making a wild dash for the yacht, dug out two paddles and in a moment we were racing

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around the head of the bay, down through the woods and along the shore, and more than once up to our knees in water in getting around the rocks. Charlie fell, hurting his knee, so I reached the canoe first and emptying the water out of her paddled along to where he was, and we put out, just in time to intercept the steamer, which had, that moment, hove in sight around the point on its way to Eagle Harbor. We did not stop to ride many waves, but drove our frail craft through as hard as we knew how, and at times had the bow deck under solid water. I was paddling bow and was wet to the waist in short order. We waved our handkerchiefs and yelled and succeeded in stopping the boat, told my aunt, who came out of the upper deck saloon, that everything was O. K., and put back to the bay. The girls told us that sometimes they could only see the tops of our heads when we would get down in the trough of the sea, so you will know it was rolling some. It certainly was not the day we would choose to go paddling for pleasure and nothing but the closest watching and most careful paddling kept us from a capsize.

Well, we got everything ashore that was needed, blankets, provisions and cooking utensils, and proceeded to make ourselves comfortable in a shack we found open. Charlie and Dad fixed up things for the night, while I made the yacht fast. I had two anchors out ahead and got a big rock, as big as I could handle, bent on a spare cable and dropped it astern to keep her from swinging on to the rocks.

When I got through and ashore for the last time, I was so tired and exhausted from the excitement and work that when I once lay down I did not want to get up. I was up a couple of times during the night to haul

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in and pay out more cable on the anchors as the tide rose and fell, for the yacht was so close to shore that it would not require very much slack to put her on the rocks.

Next morning we were up early and ready to leave about 7 a. m. There was a long ground swell rolling, which increased as we got out toward Point Atkinson and got the full sweep of the bay. The wind being a minus quantity we had to hitch up the cayuses, and Charlie and I toiled at those sweeps for nearly four hours. We wanted to get around Point Atkinson before the tide turned, for we knew that if we did not we would have a hard time to make the turn.

We did not make it, and ten o'clock saw us off the Point almost at a standstill. The wind had sprung up several times, just enough to raise our hopes, and for us to raise the mainsail, and then had dropped, and in the end we wasted more time trying to sail than all the help was worth.

Out to seaward, a big tug was cruising around, gathering up logs from a boom, which had evidently broken adrift the day before, judging from the quantities of new-cut logs, both floating and ashore.

We continued to pull against the tide for quite a while. The boat would climb up and up the steep green walls of water, then toboggan down into the hollow, till it seemed as though she would bury her bowsprit, when up she would climb again, while the canoe, astern, we thought would turn end over end. It would go up until it seemed to be about two-thirds of its length in the air and then would fall back with a bang that you would think would drive the bottom in. Strange to say, it came through the whole trip without a scratch.

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About half-past ten, after we had been just holding our own for about fifteen minutes, a light wind sprang up from behind us. Running forward I gave her the jib, slacking the sheets well off, and then, and only then, did we commence to draw away from a log on the shore which had been our mark for the past quarter of an hour, and which we had tried in vain to get past.

We ran into a little bay just inside the Point and had lunch, starting for home about two o'clock, before a very light wind, taking nearly three hours to sail and drift a distance of about eight miles; and it was a tired and happy bunch that unloaded their dunnage on the boathouse float that evening.

And now if you boys don't call our getting into shelter from the storm, our canoe coming ashore in the same bay we had anchored in, and our getting home in such good shape, luck, well, I miss my guess.

I'll tell you some other time of how Petrel went adrift in the harbor here the night after we came home, of our hunt after her and finding her safe and sound, which in our opinion only emphasized our lucky streak. We had named our camp at Horseshoe Bay, the Camp of the Lucky Five, there being only five of us in it, some days previous, little dreaming that subsequent events would prove it was well named.

The fire had burned low and the bells of the ships in the harbor proclaimed the fact that it was eleven, and one and all agreed, as we buttoned up our raincoats, preparatory to facing the storm without, that we had, indeed, a lucky termination to our trip.

Simpson, Rex

By Lawrence T. Smyth

SIMPSON was a good sailor, but, according to Mrs. Simpson and most of the neighbors, he was nothing to brag of as a husband and provider. When he got a berth to his liking he would go to sea, but in the Summertime he much preferred to sit around the Bangor ship chandleries, discussing the decadence of the merchant marine and accepting occasional invitations to line up at McNab's bar with men about to sail. Upon urgent invitation, he would sometimes take a hand at rigging a new vessel; but, on the whole, Simpson was of the opinion that there was too much labor and too little play in this life, and that without strenuous resistance on his part he would soon be reduced to a condition of abject slavery, with Mrs. Simpson as chief slave-driver.

"There's no suiting that woman," declared he. "Soon's I land home from a v'yage, and hand over most o' my wages, she begins to talk business. Ain't I going to ship with So-and-So, or if I ain't, then why don't I get a job rigging? She's a terror for work, she is. She'd oughter been a second mate in a Black Ball liner—make you stand 'round and turn to, she would."

Mrs. Simpson viewed things differently. She was a

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large, energetic woman, the daughter of a shipmaster whose fortunes had dwindled so that his family was left with nothing, else, as she declared, she'd never have condescended to marry a common sailor, and a lazy one at that, when the very least she'd a right to expect was a good, live first mate. She was what the neighbors called a driver, and Simpson was a man much inclined to leisure. With two growing children to support, and not much money coming in, Mrs. Simpson worked and worried over the future. Simpson loafed and was happy in the present. His slothful presence irritated her, and there were numerous explosions in the household. As Winter came on and Simpson gave no sign of getting a ship, his wife's anger grew and grew, until one day in November it reached the boiling point, and she said:

"Jim Simpson, my folks allers said I'd cuss the day I ever met you, and that time's come. You ain't fit to take care of any woman, let alone children; and if you sailed outen here and never come back, I'd say 'good riddance to bad rubbish'—so there!"

If there was any temper in Simpson, no one had ever discovered it, and to this tirade he returned only a meek and somewhat sorrowful look.

"Well, Susan," said he, as he poked the tobacco into his pipe with the end of his fat forefinger, "well, Susan, I'm going out in the old Arcturus, and consid'ring what shape she's in 'twon't be nothing surprising if I don't come back. You'll get my advance down at Gibbs's store. It'll help you out this Winter. Let's part friends."

Saying which Simpson gave his wife an awkward kiss, and rolled off down the gravel walk with his dunnage bag on his shoulder. At the gate he stopped, took

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his pipe from his mouth, shouted "So long, old girl!" and was off, while Mrs. Simpson stood, her red arms akimbo, watching him out of sight. She was mad all through, but as the burly form of her husband disappeared toward the river her face softened a little. She gave her eyes an energetic wipe with her calloused hand and turned into the kitchen to stop her oldest boy hoisting his baby brother out of the cradle in a bos'n chair made of the bedclothes.

Next day Mrs. Simpson inquired at Gibbs's chandlery about the Arcturus.

"Yes, marm," said Gibbs. "Yes, Jim's gone in her. She's bound to Bristol, with a load o' deals, and from there to Cardiff, and from there to somewheres East-'ard—Chiny, I guess—with coal. She's seen her best days, but I guess she'll get there. Here's Jim's advance."

Mrs. Simpson took the advance, and it was the most money of Jim's that she had seen for many a day. Usually, she was glad to get money, but this handful of bills made her a little sad. Suppose Jim should never come back? It would be like money from the dead, and, after what she had said, undeserved money. Well, Jim was lazy and shiftless, and whatever came it would be his fault, not hers.

The Simpsons began the Winter comfortably, thanks to Jim's advance money, and were even cheerful at Christmas, when they heard that Arcturus had arrived at Bristol all right. In January Gibbs read in the ship news that she had cleared at Cardiff for Batavia, and when Mrs. Simpson came in to get pork and beans for her Saturday night and Sunday morning

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feast he pointed it out to her, creasing the welcome line with his greasy thumbnail.

"You see the old hooker's making good weather of it," he added.

The baked beans tasted better at Simpson's that Saturday night than ever they had before.

But if Arcturus had managed to get to Bristol all right, and had gotten away from Cardiff, she seemed to have run out of her luck at that stage of the voyage, for months went by without anything more being heard of her. She should have made the run to Batavia in four months at the outside, and should have been spoken somewhere between Teneriffe and the Cape of Good Hope. But never a word came. She seemed to have been swallowed up in the sea. May came and went, and the Summer passed, and still no word of Arcturus. If the neighbors had heard the parting between the Simpsons, they would have said that Mrs. Simpson had got her wish, and was rid of bad rubbish as personified in Simpson. But they hadn't heard the farewell talk, and so they offered condolences.

It was two years after Simpson had sailed, and Arcturus had been almost forgotten. The Widow Simpson had managed very well, between laundering for the steamboat company and sewing for the neighbors, and the two young Simpsons had flourished like rhubarb stalks. Jimmy, named for his father and much like the long-lamented, was old enough now to go to the store after dark and fetch things.

One frosty night in October Jimmy sat by the fire at Gibbs's and listened, open-mouthed, to the wonderful narratives of deep-sea voyaging that were being

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spun out by McCormick, mate of the British bark Albatross, then ready for Liverpool.

"It's as true as there's tar on me hands," McCormick was saying, "as true—but didn't I see him meself, squattin' there on a rug, with a lot o' naygurs bowin' an' scrapin' an' passin' him wine in cocoanut shells—him bein' sure enough king o' them all, and him a Yankee to boot! I'd know that man, mates, if I met him in heaven, for the hollow place in the cheek of him, an', what's more than that, the big tree inked on his breast, with a star over it an' a moose deer under it, with crooked horn——"

"What's that? Say that over ag'in!" exclaimed Gibbs, now, for the first time that any one could remember, excited.

McCormick repeated his description.

"Tree an' star, an' deer with horns," repeated Gibbs, "an' a holler place in his cheek! Well, I never see but one man marked up like that, an' that was Jim Simpson. Holler in his cheek made by a marlinspike fallin' from aloft, coat-of-arms o' the State of Maine tattooed on his breast by a dago sailor. I can't calkilate how Jim Simpson could get onto an East Injy Island and get elected king, but, by jingo, if he's alive, that's him."

Every one in the crowd who knew Simpson agreed with Gibbs, and wondered why they hadn't thought of it before. McCormick, being pressed for more details, amplified his yarn. Albatross, voyage before this, had run into a gale in the China Sea and had her water casks stove, so that, when the gale had blown itself out, they had to heave to off a small island in the Malay Archipelago and send a boat ashore for water. On shore,

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contrary to their misgivings, they had been received with the greatest consideration, and not only assisted in filling their casks but lavishly entertained and even presented to the king. Much to their astonishment, the king was a white man, who chewed tobacco and talked with a decided nasal twang. Everybody waited on him by inches, and he was plainly boss of the whole island and all that was in it. It transpired that the former king had died of old age, and that he had told his subjects, on his deathbed, that their new ruler would come at sunrise out of the sea. Even as the dead monarch had said, a man came out of the sea, and at sunrise. That startling fulfillment of the old king's prophecy, and the gorgeous decoration on the newcomer's breast, was enough. The new king was crowned with great acclaim, and had ruled supreme. The treasures of the island were turned over to him, and he had nothing to do but smoke and eat and give orders. At his wish, the capital had been moved to the coast, for he loved the sea so much that he seldom took his eyes off it. That was how McCormick found the condition of affairs in the Malay island when he landed there with the boat's crew from Albatross.

"Didn't the king want to quit?" asked Gibbs.

"He did that," replied McCormick; "but the naysayers stuck too close to him. It's their law that the king can't leave the island, and it'd been the death of him, an' us too, to try to skip. But he told me, whisperin', says he: 'I'm not stuck on this berth, though it's good an' easy, an' at the first chanst I'll be off.'"

Albatross sailed next day, and McCormick's story was rehashed, night after night, at Gibbs's. Mrs. Simp-

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son had it from young Jim, and was so much worked up over it that she couldn't sleep. Her hands trembled so that she could scarcely thread a needle, and she let the bread burn in the oven.

Two nights before Thanksgiving Mulvey, the sailmaker, threw the circle around Gibbs's store in a tremendous excitement by this announcement:

"Well, I see Simpson's home."

Mulvey was never excited over anything, and he uttered this astonishing news in his ordinary tone, just as if Simpson had only returned from a coasting trip.

"Simpson—home?" repeated Gibbs, while the others chorused: "Simpson, home?"

"Yes," said the unemotional sailmaker, biting off a chew of tobacco; "yes—been gone, let's see—just twenty-five months come Tuesday. Got marooned somewheres in the Chiny Sea. What's that the mate of that British bark was tellin' in here about seeing a white man king of some niggers somewheres—hey?"

It was all true enough then, McCormick's story, and the circle at Gibbs's was on fire to hear the yarn from Simpson himself. They had to wait till the next day, when Simpson gave it to them good and full. It was about as McCormick had told it, only with many and ludicrous details. Arcturus had gone down, and her boats, after leaving her, scattered. The boat in which Simpson and three others got away had been swamped, and he alone was able to cling to it until it drifted ashore. He expected to be killed and eaten, for he knew what sort of people inhabited the islands thereabouts, and when they brought him to the chief village and crowned him king he was stricken dumb with amazement. It took him months to get at the meaning of it all, but he

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picked up the native gibberish after a fashion, and got to be quite at home. He had a great time for a few months, and had finally made his escape when a British war-vessel appeared close inshore, taking soundings. Here he was home, and here he'd stay the rest of his days.

The village mind-readers started the story that while king of the "Chiny niggers" Simpson had had thirty wives. This Simpson stoutly denied.

"No," said he, "niggers make good waiters, but I never could take 'em into the family. No, sir, Susan's a little fiery, but she's the timber for me."

As a parting shot, the gossips remarked that "a yaller parrot and a bagful of coral beads wasn't much to show for a two-years' trip to sea—especially for a man who'd been a king." At this Simpson just grinned.

There is a suspicion at Gibbs's that he must have brought something better than parrots and coral beads, for both he and Susan have been taking life easy since he quit his throne and came back to his native and indolent democracy.



A Fire at Sea*

By Albert J. Q. Hamblestone

DURING those wonderful days in the fifties, when so many fine clipper ships were built for the California trade, there were many wonderful voyages made which were full of hazard and excitement.

At the age of eighteen, my father shipped as a green hand on a half-clipper of nine hundred and thirty-eight tons, called Southern Cross, owned by Baker & Morrill, of Boston, and commanded by Levi Stevens, of Cape Cod. The vessel was new, this being her maiden voyage. She got underway for San Francisco one day in May in the year 1852, loaded with a general cargo. There were among other things, about seventy tons of coal in the bottom tier, which afterward proved to be the cause of considerable trouble to all hands.

She had a tremendous sail plan, royal studdingsails, skysails, ringtail, watersail and all the rest; and a large crew to handle it. There was nearly a deck load of spare spars, and it subsequently proved that they were all needed, as nearly every one was utilized before arriving in California.

Nothing of any consequence happened until nearly

*A true story.

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down to Cape Horn, when, to everybody's consternation, the cargo was found to be on fire!

Here was a pretty mess, with the ship a thousand miles or more from the nearest harbor, Montevideo. The Captain ordered the hold sealed up to exclude the air, and the ship squared away for Montevideo.

All the boats were provisioned and otherwise got in readiness for instant use, if necessary, and the men were told off, each one to a certain boat, so that every one knew his station. My father and one able seaman were assigned to a little 9-foot dingey, which was carried on deck as freight.

In a few days the heat got so intense aft in the cabin that all the officers and passengers had to move out and berth in the deckhouses as best they could. Sail was crowded on in an endeavor to make Montevideo before the fire should break out.

Arriving up off the mouth of the River Plate, a tremendous pampero hit the ship butt-end first. Sail was shortened as quickly as possible—the air was full of sails, yards, blocks, halyards, sheets, spars, wind, water, profanity, and the greatest hullabaloo imaginable. It came on to blow so hard that it became necessary to keep off and scud before it. At a favorable moment the helm was hove hard up and she payed off slowly, heeling away over as the wind came abeam. She was at last got end on to it, and then it began to blow even harder.

Orders were given to stow the maintopsail. Eighteen men were sent on to the yard, including my father. It took an hour and a half to do the job, the vessel rolling fearfully all the time, and the crew not knowing when the masts might burn off down below and thus let

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everything go by the board. The masts held, luckily; the ship was soon stripped to bare poles, and the wind blowing forty-two pounders.

The gale finally eased up considerable, and immediately sail was made, with the ship looking up for Montevideo. There is no good harbor here, only an open roadstead. As Southern Cross came up into the wind, both bowers were let go with a long scope out, and she finally brought up in half a gale of wind, pitching her knight-heads under at nearly every jump. The wind, roaring through that maze of interlaced rigging, blocks and spars, make a sound like a big Eolian harp, as my father expressed it.

At the first opportunity, a boat was lowered and started for the town in charge of the Captain and a picked crew. It was ticklish business, but Captain Stevens proved equal to the occasion, and a safe landing was made after coming within an ace of being swamped twenty times. The Captain went to the American consul for help to save his vessel. A United States man-of-war, Concord, was lying at anchor off the town, and on the consul's recommendation, the "old man" decided to go aboard of her right off. So we had another long, hard, rough pull over to her anchorage. Her commander was very agreeable, and agreed to send over a hundred men with a hand engine, the next morning, when the sea would be smoother.

In the morning they came, and were lined up around the main hatch, which was then taken off. Immediately the air got into the hold the flames burst forth with fearful intensity.

"Captain Stevens, you'd better scuttle your ship," said the United States officer. And, indeed, it looked

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hopeless to do anything, but the "old man" suggested that we at least try. So at it every one went with a will. The hand-engine brakes were manned and a big stream of water poured in, while a bucket brigade did all that was possible. The fire seemed to be way down underneath, so orders were given to break out the cargo. The decks were soon piled high with all kinds of freight; shoes, tobacco, raisins, stoves, clothes, cloth, farming tools and everything imaginable. Explosive oils of an extremely dangerous nature were hove overboard in a hurry, some of the cans containing it being quite hot, and liable to blow up at any minute. The smoke was stifling; no one could stay in the hold more than five minutes, and a good many were laid out senseless. As soon as they came to, they started in again.

At last, after superhuman efforts, the fire was located and proved to be principally in the seventy tons of coal carried in the bottom tier. It was finally put out, and for a great wonder had not damaged the ship to any extent, simply burning a hole in the 'tween-decks in the wake of the mainmast.

Everything was in awful confusion, decks crowded with freight, every one stealing whatever he could lay his hands upon; spare spars and rigging, studdingsails, boats, etc., kicking around under foot.

Considerable of the cargo was taken ashore and auctioned off, where it brought an astonishingly good price, as much, in fact, as it would have fetched in San Francisco. The rest of the freight was restowed and Southern Cross was off once more on her journey around the Horn. This dreaded region was encountered in July, which is the dead of Winter down there. It took three weeks to get around.

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My father said he would never forget the awful experience he went through in that fearful region of storms. It blew terrible gales from dead ahead for days at a time; mountainous seas were running, and continually coming aboard; canvas was split and blown out of the boltropes; yards carried away, decks covered with ice; some of the crew frostbitten, and so on to the end of the chapter. The ship finally got around, however, and about seven weeks later, ran into the harbor of San Francisco.

Thus ended a memorable voyage. As soon as the opportunity offered, all the crew deserted and bolted to the diggings. It was many, many weeks before Southern Cross was able to get underway again. She afterward made many good voyages, but finally came to grief during the Civil War, being captured and burned to the water's edge by the Confederate cruiser, Florida.



The Wide Missouri

(Anchor Song)

Oh, Polly Brown, I love your daughter,
Away my rolling river!
Polly Brown, I love your daughter,
Ah! ah! we're bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, Polly's girl just took my fancy,
Away my rolling river!
She's clipper built, her name is Nancy,
Ah! ah! we're bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

She lives alone in London City,
Away my rolling river!
Perhaps you'll think it more's the pity,
Ah! ah! we're bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

I take her coral, beads and laces,
Away my rolling river!
I love to call her "Queen of Faces,"
Ah! ah! we're bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, Polly Brown, I love you dearly,
Away my rolling river!
My heart is yours, or very nearly,
Ah! ah! we're bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

A Trip to Plum Island

By J. S. Templeton

AFTER several attempts without success to reach any place in particular, under sail, I was caught by the alluring advertisement of the owner of a 25-foot launch with canopy top, and on promise to pay certain legal tender, chartered her, with a man to run her, for the trip to Plum Island and return, stopping on the way to take on Lieutenant —, whose ship lay at anchor down the bay, and whose wife was of our party.

Our party, for the most part women and children, embarked in high spirits, which lasted until the engine fired back the first time, perhaps two hundred yards from the dock. This created a spirit of greater or less unrest, and a desire to go ashore. But as the "Captain" assured us that all gas engines acted that way, in fact, that you could hardly tell it was a gas engine, unless it exhibited a number of these little eccentricities, and as, after it had "blown up," missed explosions, "got hot," and stopped for breath, a number of times, we were still alive, we commenced to feel more assured, and to think we were "country" to have shown any concern.

The Captain's tinkering gradually took effect, and on the latter part of our run down the bay, to the ship anchorage, we were able to enjoy the glorious morning,

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and feast our eyes on the ever-changing panorama of ship and sea, of sky and land.

Our friend, the Lieutenant, was waiting for us at the training ship's boat platform, and we swung round her bow in grand style and then shutting off the spark (there was no reversing gear) glided alongside. So far, all as it should be, and waving farewell to other friends, who fain would have been along, we gave the word to start anew. A quick turn of the fly-wheel and off we go,—No? A few more turns, no response, unless a poorly concealed snicker from the hundred jackies who manned the side might be so construed. Slowly the tide drifted us out from, and past, the big black hull, while the most hopeful man that ever tried to run a gas engine, coaxed her here and coaxed her there. From batteries to gasoline tank, from valves to sparkers and, after each adjustment, a fresh whirl at the wheel, till at last he consigned the whole business to H—I and rising up struck the handle a blow to shake it loose, when chug-chug-chug off she started, amid a volley of laughter and cheers, in which we were only too glad to join.

One often reads of, but seldom witnesses a "Summer sea." The gentlest, softest, sweetest air—you cannot call it breeze—just stirs the water with little toying ripples; here and there it is flat calm, and voices are wafted from the distant shore. The yachts have all their light canvas up yet seem to glide rather than sail. It is surely a landsman's dream. Such a day was this, else we had not taken the risk of Plum Gut navigation with no life-preservers aboard.

On entering the Gut but little commotion in the water was visible. To be sure the current eddied rapidly by

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us, and occasionally submarine whirls would catch the launch's forefoot in a fearsome kind of way, as if the unseen hands of some ocean monster would pull us off our course; but the broken water was well off to port, and not very fierce for a tideway with such a bad reputation. As we got past the lighthouse in the center of the channel, our progress was arrested by the ever-increasing force of the outrushing tide, and the Captain said we could only get by on the edge of the "eddy," so the amateur wheelsman took his hands off the spokes of the front steering wheel, with a sigh of relief, and the engineer-pilot-captain steered by the side rope. As we slewed or lurched across the current we closed with the "eddy," so-called;—but if a whirling mass of water, that seemed to me to slope a foot between the rim and the vortex, is only an eddy, what is a whirlpool?

On the edge of this frightsome thing we hung, with feelings of apprehension fully shared in by the Lieutenant, as he afterward confessed. I watched the hungry-looking black rocks on the other side of the whirl for five of the "eternalest" minutes I ever lived. I was trying to think which of the children I would try to save, when the eddy should finally catch and upset us or swamp us in the Race, or throw us against the rocks, when I noticed that we were creeping ahead. The leaden feeling around my heart gradually lightened, and finally fell off as we ran into slacker water in the Sound and shortly tied up at the massive Government dock in a little bay on the North side of the island. Thence the Lieutenant and I walked to the Commandant's quarters, where we were very courteously received but informed that while the Lieutenant could inspect the for-

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tifications, an order from Washington would be required for the rest of the party.

So we bowed ourselves out and took the road over the barren rocky hills for the landing. We were not by any means rewardless however, for our tramp, for the view from the brow of the highest hill was recompense enough. Everything from the Plum Island landing to Fishers Island seemed to be spread out in astonishing proximity, the Gull Islands fairly at our feet, floating like their feathered namesakes on the grand blue expanse, while coming and going through the Sound gateway passed an endless procession of white sails and smoking funnels that the world would find hard to match. Fortified by a good lunch, and after thorough inspection of the engine we started on our return trip. Just as we entered the Gut, one of the battery wires broke close to the cylinder, and the current raced us halfway through the channel before the Lieutenant and the engineer got the damage fixed. Surely all had a bad five minutes but we had steered, on entering, well to starboard, so fortunately escaped the eddy and broken water beyond it, and then and there I pledged myself to risk no more tidal currents in a partially-decked low-powered launch, particularly with women and children aboard, and no life-preservers. The engine once more running, we made the rest of our way to Greenport with nothing more eventful than an occasional misfire.

The Cruise of Meriel

By F. Ed. Spooner

THIS is a true chronicle of the happenings to Meriel, properly dubbed "Merry-Hell," an eleven-ton auxiliary which departed from Miami, Fla., on Tuesday morning, the 12th day of February, 1907, en route to Nassau as a competitor in the first annual Flag-to-Flag Race. After a perusal of the facts as laid forth, let no man cast a slur inasmuch as proofs of all happenings are recorded in the cameras of the New York press men on board.

First let it be known that "Senator" W. J. Morgan had a dream and that in his dream he saw an English flag and then an American flag. Connecting the two he saw first Miami and then Nassau, and in his mind's eye he saw power boats tearing through the water at thirty miles an hour from the peaceful harbor of Miami across the turbulent Gulf Stream to sundry keys, then across the Great Bahama banks to other keys and then across some ocean once more to Nassau, the beautiful island, from which proudly floats the British flag.

At Miami's regatta all was talk of the great Flag-to-Flag Race and for days news of Scorpion was anxiously sought. Wires came from several places and finally it was learned that Scorpion had departed from Boston.

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"Senator" Morgan watched anxiously from the stake-boat for the appearance of the boat sent South by the United States Government to guide the racers across the terribly rough and equally treacherous Gulf Stream. Word came after days of anxious watching that Scorpion had been blown out of the course and had reached Nassau. Finally the glad day came when a committee, headed by Vice-President Parsons of the Florida East Coast Railroad and H. W. Merrill of the Regatta Committee of the Miami Motoring Association, went down the bay to meet Scorpion and greet the officers who came in charge of the boat.

With all in readiness for the great contest Miami became interested and there was a lot of scurrying to secure boats for the race, for be it understood that few if any boatmen were anxious to start upon such a journey unless assured of actual returns.

Among those who bargained for a boat were several New York press men and it was found by these men that boatmen were either anxious to sell or else to charter at ruinous figures. Finally a deal was negotiated by B. C. Bell, of New York, and the deal was concluded and the New York press men, W. J. Morgan, of the Associated Press and *Florida Times-Union*; John C. Wetmore, of the *New York Evening Mail* and *Motor Age*; F. Ed. Spooner, of *The Rudder*, with N. Lazarnick, of the Flash-in-the-Pan Brothers; Commodore Allen, of the Halifax River Y. C., of Daytona, Fla., and B. C. Bell and wife, formed the jolly party. Meriel was crewed by four men, all "experienced" pilots in Southern waters. There were Bill, John, Asa and Pete. Each of the crew knew the route perfectly; in fact, all were from Nassau and "merely" returning home on a

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vacation. The press men embarked easy in conscience and without making their wills, and the trip promised much and a safe return. The true facts of the trip will prove interesting in the extreme.

In the outset let it be known that Merry-Hell was hired to mote but she failed to mote, and thereby hangs this interesting and veracious tale of the cruise of Merry-Hell, for as such she was known from the time when, after departing from the Miami dock, the motor failed to mote until the completion of the journey four days later at Nassau, when the occupants of the boat shook hands and enthusiastically stated that at no cost, not even \$1,000, would they ever return over the same route in Merry-Hell.

Little did the inexperienced mariners who departed from Miami at five in the morning of February 12th realize that within four days they would experience things not given ordinarily to casual tourists even in the Bahamas. First let it be known that of all the other competitors, Roamer, belonging to Commodore Roome of the Biscayne Bay Y. C.; Klondike, belonging to the Ball Brothers; Dorothy, of Mr. Budge, and other competitors lost nerve and failed to start. The Regatta Committee gave clear directions to get ready when Scorpion fired the preparatory gun at seven o'clock and to start with a second gun at seven-five o'clock. Merry-Hell left the harbor somewhat late, owing to the failure of the Captain to secure bread for the journey, and when the engine went wrong reached the starting point, or rather some distance from Scorpion, over toward the old Florida Key Light and away from the Flowey Light at 7:40. Believing then that it was away beyond the starting time Merry-Hell went right along under sail,

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her engine having given up the ghost some time before. With a strong Northwesterly favorable wind Merry-Hell went out toward the Gulf Stream with its merry party and little was thought of other competitors in the race. The Gulf Stream was reached and the waves ran high; the wind remained favorable and with five of seven sick in the party, the journey was carried on successfully. The brave boat flew through the water, ever and anon topping a wave and even the Captain of Merry-Hell gave up the ghost and also gave up lots more than that. The waves came overboard, but what of that?—for was not this the Flag-to-Flag Race of which the Senator had raved for days and days in Morgan's Motoring Message, quoted around the world? A trip of forty miles perhaps, at nine miles an hour, ran out hours over the time and Gun Key was not in sight. Land had not been sighted and the officers worried not a little, while the press men worried not and were sick or well as the case might be. Inexperienced as they were, the trip to some was just "nuts" while to others it was "hell," but that is all a part of "Motoring in Mid-Ocean with Morgan"; and all felt satisfied, even those who were regularly giving up to fishes that would not take the hook of two lines which ran out behind many rods.

Hour after hour sped by and it began to get dark when "Commodore" Wetmore, with a sang-froid belied by his appearance, arose and shouted lustily "Land-Ho!" while Lazarnick, with a pale-green complexion and a heaving stomach, arose to greet the glad news and shout faintly "Thank God!"

The land, according to the Captain, was a key, a "bum key" as we afterward discovered, a "night-key" which did not fit at all. The Captain studied a chart,

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said one thing and then another, and finally said that he believed we had "reached land," which we of course all knew. He finally "believed" that it was the Orange Keys or Castle Rocks, about thirty miles below Gun Key, and he explained that he had steered two points to the South'ard to make up for the current of the Gulf Stream, but that he thought there had been "no current in the Gulf Stream" that day.

The poor landlubbers, sick and well, swallowed the bait, and Merry-Hell steered round to the Eastward of the aforesaid Castle Rocks, where an anchor was cast a few hundred yards from the shore. Everything was made snug for the night and the Captain made mention of anchor watches, and all went below content that a safe harbor had been found at last. But Spooner and Lazarnick slept on deck to keep away from the awful smell of the hold and possible seasickness, and John C. Wetmore spent his time on deck rather than take the chances of possible eruptions below.

The wind having veered around to the Northeast and coming strong, Mr. Wetmore suddenly realized that the boat was dragging her two anchors at a rapid rate toward shore. He called the frequent attention of the Captain to the fact, the Captain and crew being in the hold and not on watch as they had promised to be. Finally they came to investigate and a commotion started which lasted for a long time it better be believed.

The crew flew to action and attempted to bring in the anchor. They cried for help. The boat meantime was approaching rapidly the terrible breakers which were seen clearly in the pitch-dark night as they flew heavenward above the rocks so near at hand. The spec-

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tacle was one which may never be duplicated again and the story told.

The shouts for help from the crew were heard and poor Lazarnick, seasick and with a chill coming on after his sudden rise from his warm bed, forgot seasickness and all and flew to the front of the boat. John got up the jigger and then braced himself against it to prevent its swinging over, knowing full well that were it to swing it would throw the boat's bow to the shore. Spooner held the wheel and let a shout out for Morgan, who bounded out of his cot to the deck closely followed by Commodore Allen, who quickly took hold of affairs and commanded every one with good result.

The Commodore saw the situation in a nutshell and gave command that the anchor which had stuck be let go, the crew dissenting, as that would be a loss. Orders followed and finally, with the stern of the boat within fifty feet of the fatal breakers, the anchors were let go and eleven people stood anxiously by while Merry-Hell slowly inched her way out of danger and into darkness which might mean even worse than that which she had passed through. The moment was one never to be forgotten and many a prayer was offered in thankfulness, God himself being given the credit for delivery from what at the time seemed certain destruction.

Some idea of the terror of the moment may be obtained from the fact that strong men pulled at the anchor-chain until sick at their stomach, ever and anon glancing over their back to see coming nearer and nearer the terrible rocks and the breaking spray. There was not one coward in the party and every man flew to the rescue as if for very life. Men laid back on the chain and all pulled together. Inch by inch the chain came

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but the anchor was buried deep in the coral rocks below and pulling but brought the boat nearer destruction. Once the anchor had been let go, there came a fateful moment when none knew which way the boat would start, although the jib was held way over. With a cry of thankfulness the good ship Meriel slowly turned to the West and crawled ever so slowly but surely away from the fateful spot. Once on the rocks the eleven would have had naught else to do but go out each for himself to certain destruction in the breakers where death awaited, with the castle-like rocks towering high in the air and the waves breaking with terrible force at the base, and not an opening for perhaps half a mile.

Once away and Merry-Hell crawled cautiously to the East by beating across the great Bahama Banks to find herself in the morning well in the middle of the Banks without an anchor, and with every likelihood of sailing for night and day to her destination without an opportunity to stop.

Meeting a friendly sponger from Nassau who knew Pete and the Captain, an old Nassau boy, was an incident which meant perhaps life, for after a gift of whiskey which was called "mother's milk," salt pork, cigars and tobacco, the colored gentleman consented to loan an anchor to the troubled yachtsmen and the day was saved by kindness at a most unexpected spot.

The balance of the second day was spent in beating against a strong head wind and the North end of Andrews Island was reached at night. The crowd that night was sorely disappointed and sore to the core, but with two days spent away from friends what could they do but hope for the best and prepare for the worst, meanwhile keeping up a strong heart?

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The morning of the third day dawned pleasantly with a sunrise which gave heart to the much-harried yachtsmen, who worried not a little because they could see no way of arriving on time and feared that adverse reports might go to the States to drive friends and relatives wild with anxiety. The start was made before daylight to the Northward to find the entrance to the Northwest Channel, which was like looking for the needle in the haystack.

Pulling along slowly under a fair wind from the East, Mr. Spooner called attention to a dark spot on the horizon and the spot was watched. The crew called it a wreck, Commodore Allen said it was big enough to be a whale, Senator Morgan said it was surely swimming and Commodore Allen suddenly saw a great tail come up in the air.

"It's a whale!" shouted this experienced mariner, and excitement ran high.

The good ship plugged along until nearly opposite, when it was apparently determined that the illusion of a whale had been such in reality, and some wanted to pass while others did not. With some discussion the boat was stopped, turned, and the object was approached. Opinions differed even after it was approached and finally Meriel came within view of the object.

"A whale sure enough," said some one, and then the plans were made to view the monster at close sight.

It was a monster too, for Meriel, 53 feet in length, was not as long.

The small boat was gotten out and in it the trusty "Flash-in-the-Pan" Brothers with their cameras, Pete, the old black sponge man, and Bell with his trusty gun,

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together with Commodore Allen embarked in quest of adventure and possible trouble of serious nature. Warily they approached the front end of the creature, being cautioned by Senator Morgan to keep clear of the tail.

"It's dead," said some one, but a plunge and a raised tail with a snort caused a quick change of opinion.

Still, the boatmen were not afraid, for the whale was stranded on the edge of a sand-bar probably six feet below the surface. The king of fish had either been stranded because in strange waters or had become bewildered in a storm, become confused and rushed into shallow water. The whalemens fired, the cameras popped and the big fish struggled, while those left on Meriel shouted encouragement and called, "Shoot him in the eye."

Being on the safe side, as they supposed, the men in the little boat were nervy, but suddenly the huge sixty-five footer snorted and came forward a bare ten feet.

"Row!" shouted the Commodore to Pete, and Bell gave his orders in stentorian tones as commander of the expedition.

Pete backed and hauled out of danger but wanted to go nearer some more. Finally the nervy expedition got back to Meriel and arrangements were made to get nearer with the big boat. Slowly Meriel approached until she, too, stranded on the bar within fifteen feet.

Commodore Allen, who had hastily created a harpoon out of a 16-foot oar and a machete, threw it while the camera men snapped and the Captain shot again and again. The charge was too much for the big fish and it struggled violently to get away. Plans were meantime made to tie a rope to its tail to drag it to Nassau, but the whale had other plans and gradually working

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its way off the bar it finally escaped, but not until twenty-four snaps had been taken to prove the great story of the only experience of the kind probably ever known.

After the escape of the whale, Meriel was gradually backed from the bar and the momentous trip was resumed toward the Northwest Channel.

Meriel tried hard to find the Northwest Passage, which was like looking for a needle in a haystack. Coming across a "swash" channel turned to the East and beat through a narrow channel for five miles, when coming out into the open sea the trip was resumed to Thompsons Cay, where good anchorage was found for the night. On this trip through the channel the stake-boat was seen away to the North, anchored at the East end of the Northwest Channel. En route to Thompsons Cay the boat came within thirty feet, while going nine miles an hour, of running on a hidden ledge and barely escaped by coming about.

The fourth day was a straight run into Nassau with a favorable wind, arriving at 11:18.

At Nassau the unexpected arrival of Meriel caused a sensation and especially so when the members of the party told of their many exciting adventures. The Nassau Y. C. gave the tourists welcome and on the evening of their arrival a turtle dinner was given in their honor at The Club, a social organization. R. H. Sawyer, H. C. Curry, Admiral Forsyth, U. S. N. (retired), and members of the official stake-boat, Mindano, including President Prout of the Miami Board of Trade and W. E. Miller, President of the Merchants' Exchange, were present. The affair was purely informal.

Admiral Forsyth was the life of the party. Among other things of interest regarding this jovial fellow may

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be related the fact that he stands six feet four inches in his stocking feet and that, born a Bahaman, he went to America and became a Rear-Admiral in the United States Navy. At the time of the Revolution his ancestors were residents of a Southern State and when England gave up they were known as Scotch Tories. The family came to Nassau with its slaves, as did others, founding the original colony.

To-day quaint old Nassau is composed of four negroes to one white man, and the negroes bear the names of old families still prominent, as they took the family names years ago. Slavery was abolished in Nassau in 1857 and American slavers were driven from the high seas round these parts, the poor naked blacks being taken in at Nassau when the slave-boat was captured. When received here they were apprenticed to Nassau families.

Nassau negroes told it strong to the Meriel passengers when they landed and started giving them orders. "You's not in Miami now," said they, "for this is a colored man's town."

In his talk with the visitors Admiral Forsyth spoke of the real dangers of their trip and said, "Any man, in my opinion, who will go to sea for pleasure will go to hell for a pastime," and the visitors echoed, "Merry-Hell." The Admiral also quoted an English sailor lad when speaking of the utter lack of fear of the visitors. The sailorman said, "Damn 'em, they fear nothin' because they know nothin'." When told of the provender taken on the trip, the amusing conversationalist spoke of the grace said by an Englishman before a meal:

"One pound of beef among four of us,
Thank God, there's no more of us.
God save the Queen."

As Off to the South'ard We Go

(Anchor Song)

THE wind is free, and we're bound for sea,
Heave away cheerily, ho, oh!
The lasses are waving to you and me,
As off to the South'ard we go-o,
As off to the South'ard we go.

Chorus

Sing, my lads, cheerily, heave, my lads, cheerily,
Heave away cheerily, ho, oh!
For gold that we prize, and sunnier skies,
Away to the South'ard we go.

They're waving good-bye and with tearful eye,
Heave away cheerily, ho, oh!
Sing, cheer up, my darlings, and wipe your tears dry,
As off to the South'ard we go-o,
As off to the South'ard we go.

They're crying "Come back, my dear Tom or dear Jack!"
Heave away cheerily, ho, oh!
There's water in front, and no door at the back,
As off to the South'ard we go-o,
As off to the South'ard we go.

The sailor is true to his Sal or his Sue,
Heave away cheerily, ho, oh!
As long as he's able to keep 'em in view,
As off to the South'ard we go-o,
As off to the South'ard we go.

Up the Hudson

“WHICH way this time, Captain?”

“Up the Hudson.”

“Ain’t you afraid?”

“What of?”

“Oh! I don’t know. They say it’s hot, and you have nothing but squalls and calms.”

“Ever been up the river?”

“No.”

“Well, you must not believe everything everybody tells you. I have sailed on the Hudson and on the Sound, and have felt just as hot and had just as many squalls and calms in one place as the other. A man sailing a boat, big or little, must not go to sleep. If he does, sooner or later there is going to be trouble. With ordinary care the Hudson between Fort Lee and Esopus for a boat drawing six feet (Guide draws five feet six inches) and with light draught to Cocksackie, is a most beautiful place to spend two or three weeks. The only reason that more yachtsmen fail to cruise on its waters, is because everybody tells them it’s no good, dangerous, and lots of other things that, like you, they, never having been there, know nothing about.”

These remarks occurred on the float of the Jamaica Bay Y. C., Rockaway Beach, between two of its members, one of whom was the owner and captain of the

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30-foot sloop yacht Guide, just as he (the Captain) was going aboard to start on a cruise to Catskill Landing.

Guide had just returned from a three-weeks' trip through the Sound, and the Captain thought he would like a taste of fresh water for a change, so with his son Walter, and old-time shipmate George, who had been cruising with him for ten or twelve years, he had laid in a supply of crackers and cheese and was ready to forget his troubles.

The crew had the anchor short, and everything being ready it was hove up, and on July 6th at 1:40 p. m., with a bang from the 10-bore, Guide started for Rockaway Inlet. As we rounded Coney Island Point it looked as though there was going to be a hard squall from the Southwest. Over toward Sandy Hook, dark clouds, with thunder and lightning, seemed to be coming our way fast, so we dropped anchor off the Atlantic Y. C. A little rain and a few puffs of wind was all that came from it, so at four o'clock started for Gowanus, but before we had gone a quarter of a mile the wind gave out and we were two hours getting to the Marine & Field Club. (If there is any place that can beat Coney Island Point for calms, I have not found it.) As the sun went down it began to blow again and the rain set in as though it intended to stay all night. Southwest wind increasing, makes a sea which causes us to bob around more than necessary for comfort.

July 7th. Cleared up during the night, and when we turned out at 6 a. m. the wind was Northwest but light. Underway at 8 a. m. Sailing as far as Gowanus we stopped long enough for the Captain and Mate (George) to go ashore for cigars, fruit, etc. On their return, at ten o'clock started for our destination. As we

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passed Liberty and Ellis Islands got a puff from between them that could give some of the river puffs points. Wind shifted from West to Northwest and back again, growing lighter as we passed Hoboken ferry at one o'clock until at 5:30 p. m. it died out entirely; we drifted to the West shore and came to anchor opposite Spuyten Duyvil. The water being of the right temperature all hands went into it, and came out in due time feeling greatly refreshed. Thermometer in cabin registered 89°, and from this we judged it must be hot in the city below us. Sixteen miles from Gowanus. After dinner, the Captain and Walter rowed to the shore and from the "signs" this must be a favorite place for campers. A spring, a picnic table under a tree shaped so that it made a fair canopy, the remains of several fires and an empty box bearing the familiar legend, "Unedda Biscuit."

July 8th. Fog (reminds one of the Sound). Wanting to anchor opposite Yonkers, the day being hot, getting up the mainsail looked so much like work (and none of us needed a job just then), we hauled up the jib and staysail and with a Southeast wind ran five miles up against the ebb-tide in good style. Wind against tide soon covered the river with whitecaps and made a good-sized sea. The barometer had been falling for some time and all around looked like a shower. At 6 p. m. a heavy rain set in, with wind squalls, thunder and lightning. It was still raining when we turned in.

July 9th. Stopped raining during the night and partially cleared. Wind Southeast. Started at 8:30 a. m. Wind gradually shifted around to the Northwest and increased toward afternoon. Anchored off Grassy Point at 12:15 p. m. After dinner sailed around in the small

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boat, and then all hands had a swim. The Mate went ashore to visit his uncle, Captain Dory, of the tug Thos. Watkins, while the rest of us loafed and watched the sails, steamers and tows passing up and down the river. Run 21 miles.

July 10th. Wind still Northwest but very light, so passed the morning on the tug with Captain Dory, who was engaged to haul a lot of loaded brick schooners from the flats to deep water. In the afternoon made a start, but the wind was so light and the tide so strong against us, that we made slow time and finally anchored above Tomkins Cove, having drifted only a couple of miles. The sun settles down behind the hills, for a moment lighting up the State camp, from which place comes the rat-tat-tat of the drum; the stars begin to appear one by one; the lights from distant Peekskill flash like fireflies and then, except for the plaintive note of a whip-poor-will calling its mate, "no sound save the rush of the river" breaks the silence. It more than pays you for the small troubles of the day. Soon the thud of a distant paddle-wheel is heard, and as one by one the night boats from New York bound for Albany and Troy, go by, we fire roman candles at them and they return the salute by various flashes from the searchlight with which they are lighting up the river banks for the enjoyment of their passengers.

July 11th. Flat calm at eight o'clock, but at 8:45 the wind comes up from the South and once more we follow the track of Hendrick Hudson. One of the local excursion boats passes close enough so the camera fiends can get a snap, but as they did not send us proofs we will never know how we looked. Just before we reached West Point the training ship Annapolis passed and then

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we shot her just as they dropped anchor. A beautiful day and after a delightful sail passed under Poughkeepsie Bridge at 3:05, coming to for the night above Esopus Landing at 4:20 p. m. Of course we saluted the Poughkeepsie Y. C. in passing their house, which same was duly returned. The Captain and Walter landed and walked to the village, situated about a mile back from the river, and returned with supplies. Run $42\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

July 12th. Starting at 9 a. m., light, with South wind, we reached Kingston Breakwater at 11:15 a. m. All hands going ashore, where we board a trolley and ride to Kingston. Dine (well) at the Palmer House and return with papers, books, fruit and various other things, wet and dry, just in time to escape getting soaked, for at 5:30 p. m. a violent thunderstorm with wind and rain, and plenty of both, passed over, lasting about two hours. Run $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

July 13th. Wind Northwest, very light. Left at ten o'clock, but just above Kingston had to anchor on account of tide. From this point up one must look out for the various "flats." Did not start until after 1 p.m.; when the tide turned and we drifted along with it until we reached Glasco, where we stopped for the night, passing on the way an old-time river sloop Fashion. Rowed to landing for milk, eggs, watermelons, etc. From now until you get above Catskill the nights are from cool to cold, owing to the Catskill Mountains being close by. Run 8 miles.

July 14th. Clear morning, wind South, light, ebb-tide. Starting at 8:15 a. m. we reach our objective point, Catskill Landing, at 1:15 p. m. In the afternoon take a swim and then go to the Prospect House for

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dinner; walk to the village for mail and return for a good night's rest. Run 13 miles.

July 15th. An excursion to the Mountain House via Otis Elevated Railroad, dinner, and the afternoon spent in viewing the panorama of the valley with its ever-changing lights and shadows. Returning in the evening we sup at one of the village hotels and then to the landing, when a whistle brings the crew across the river to take us aboard.

July 16th. Rain. After going ashore for papers, returned and loafed the day away. Cleared up in the afternoon.

July 17th. Sun came up hot. Light wind from the South at 7 a. m. At ten o'clock wind shifted to the Northwest, when we began to return "to the place from whence we came," but after we passed Saugerties Light the South wind headed us, and finally giving out we anchored at 1:30 p. m. below Glasco. A swim, dinner, and a trip to the store at the landing finished the day. Run 13 miles.

July 18th. Wind Northwest, on our way down the river at 8 a. m. Wind increasing, hove to below Kingston and double reefed the mainsail. Above Poughkeepsie shook out reefs and set topsail. Passed under the bridge at twelve o'clock and anchored above Cornwall at 4 p. m. After the now necessary swim, George and Walter rowed to the town and bought all the onions in the place, about a quart, but could not get a paper, not even the *Journal*. "Hello, fellows; having a good time?" brought us on deck in time to see the wood sloop Lark drift by, the fellow on the wood-pile playing a sea organ and the man at the tiller dancing a jig. Run 41 miles.

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July 19th. Left at 7:45 a. m. Wind West, and at 8:45 a. m. rounded West Point (with a West wind, this is one of the places you don't want to go to sleep) and at 11 a. m. anchored off the shipyard at Tomkins Cove. Run 16 miles.

July 20th. Hauled out to have bottom painted.

July 22d. Off the ways at 10:30 a. m. After dinner started to set up rigging, but were driven below by a rain-squall. For the first time the cabin was uncomfortable, the thermometer registering 92°, the highest on record for us. A thunder-shower cooled it off a little later.

July 23d. 8 a. m., thermometer 74°, wind East, cloudy. At 10 a. m. light thunder-shower passed over from the North and at 1:30 p. m. we left the Cove and came to below Piermont for the night. Looked bad in the South and we afterward learned that there was a heavy thunderstorm on the Sound and Long Island. Run 20 miles.

July 24th. Wind Southeast, cloudy. Starting at 8:30 a. m., passed Grant's Tomb at twelve o'clock and anchored in Gowanus at 1:10 p. m., the river part of the cruise being ended. Run 24 miles.

In the cabin the thermometer averaged 78°, readings being taken at different times of the day, which for July is not bad. Not being pressed for time did not try to make long runs, when we frequently could have done so. Only reefed once, as noted, and did so then to avoid accident, having to jibe several times in a short distance.

The one great advantage of the Hudson, especially for small boats, is that there are few places where you cannot anchor, while on the Sound you frequently have to

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sail until late at night to make a harbor. The prevailing Summer winds are from Northwest to Southeast, and the West winds are the only ones liable to give trouble by being puffy; but any one used to sailing soon learns where to look for the puffs.

The beautiful scenery, the quiet nights and the numerous towns and places of interest more than make up for the little trouble of occasionally having to "clew up the topsail," or "drop the peak," if you are sailing a cat.



Lake Ontario Cruise

By A. C. Newport

FRIDAY, July 3d, we started from Hamilton in a light breeze and arrived at the Beach Piers as it started to rain, so we picked up a mooring and made snug for the night.

July 4th. Up at 6 a. m., and after breakfast, we sailed up to Dynes', laid in a stock of potatoes and started off down the lake, with a strong East wind blowing. Had to beat out as far as Oakville. Jim did not care whether we got there or not, he being very busy looking for the bottom of the lake. In the evening Alva and I went uptown, and coming down we were asked to join a dance that the Toronto boys were having in the park. It started to rain about 11 p. m. and all hands made their way on board their own craft.

July 5th. Raining hard, 6 a. m. It cleared up about noon but there was no wind, so we all towed out of the harbor and drifted about for an hour or so before a light breeze came from the North and we started off for Toronto. The breeze died away in a little while and came from all points of the compass before it came on to blow from the Northwest. We raced Diana, a 35-footer, in, beating her by about ten minutes. We all dressed up and went uptown about 8:30 p. m. and made

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some calls; returned on board at 1:30 a. m. and lost no time getting to sleep.

July 6th. We pulled anchor in Toronto Bay at 8 a. m. and started again with a brisk North wind and reached Port Bowenville about 4 p. m. The sun was rather hot and as we were barefoot Alva and Jim got very badly burned on the feet. When his feet got hot Jim put them in the lake to cool and they were soon swollen to twice their size. After supper we played pedro with some of the campers until midnight and then, as there was a full moon and a good breeze, the notion took us to sail by night. We reached Newcastle, dropped anchor outside the harbor, and after making everything snug we rolled in.

July 7th. No wind, 8 a. m., so we washed down decks and had breakfast. About 10 a. m. a light breeze came from the Northwest and away we went. The wind stayed light all day but we managed to make one of those charming little islands about nine miles from Brighton before dark.

July 8th. Started at 6 a. m., with a heavy West wind, and made straight down the lake, past hill, rivers and islands. It was such a nice wind we hated to stop anywhere while it lasted, and so we went farther than we did any day during the trip. About 7 p. m. we made a little cove right behind the False Duck Island. The fishing was grand and we laid in a stock for the next day. We rolled in about 9 p. m.

July 9th. We decided to fish again, and having got up extra early, we had pretty good luck, securing one 8-lb pike, two black bass about 3 lb each, and an even dozen of perch, all of them being over nine inches long. We started about noon and made Cape Vincent at 8 p. m.

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Alva and I took a stroll around the town and returned on board 10 p. m.

July 10th. We stayed here, as we met some friends.

• July 11th. We started this morning at 8 a. m., with a West wind to buck against. At noon the wind freshened up and kicked up a pretty nasty sea. We were just about five miles off the Main Duck Island, having taken in three reefs and put out the smallest storm jib we had, when the storm broke and washed away our dingey and canoe. I went about for them and after making a desperate attempt to right them we had to let them go to look after ourselves. Discovered that we were taking water in through a hole, the side stay having started a little, so we started for Kingston and arrived there about 6:30 p. m., with every one soaked through and everything on board floating around. We soon made things right and hung the wet sails and blankets out to dry.

July 12th. We made things tidy and stopped the leak, afterward going up to the Kingston Y. C. for the afternoon. Returning on board about 7 p. m. we went to sleep determined to start early next day.

July 13th. We started with two reefs in the main and a small jib to buck the Southwest wind again and once more we had to turn and run for shelter. The wind down in this end of the lake is nearly always South or West. While waiting around we met the captain of a schooner and after unloading a few *schooners* apiece he offered us a tow to Oswego. We made fast to his boat and waited until he was ready to start.

July 4th. At 3 a. m. the captain hailed us and we started with a heavy sea rolling. The wind freshened up until they took in the top sails on the schooner and the waves were rather larger than I liked. Sometimes

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we could see the schooner and sometimes not. It was an exciting sail, or I should say tow. We made Oswego about 3 p. m. and the members of the Oswego Y. C., who had made us out when we were in the lake, came out to meet us. After finding that we were not wrecked or sinking, as they thought, they towed the old Ko-Ko to the clubhouse dock, where I tied up, as we only draw four feet nine inches. They are a fine set of boys and made us feel at home at once. We went uptown and had supper, as Jim and I had not eaten anything all day. Alva had been on board the schooner. When we came back it was a grand sight to see the lake. It was the roughest I have ever seen it, the waves rolling over the breakwater which protects the harbor.

July 15th. The wind being as strong as ever, we went uptown and spent the day. We wrote letters home from here, this being the third time we have let the folks know we are living.

July 16th. Still stormbound. Went to the show to-night.

July 17th. As the wind and sea have both fallen, we started at 5 a. m. We were becalmed off Fairhaven until noon, when it started to come in little bunches from the Southwest, gradually changing until it came from the Northeast. There it stayed until the sun went down, and the land breeze came up about 8 p. m. We were bound to make Charlotte before morning, so we kept right on and arrived there about 2:30 a. m.

July 18th. At 8 a. m. we made a rush for the first train for Rochester and left everything snug, as we thought. As there were no storm signals up when we left, we did not hurry back. We returned to find the

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trim little craft knocked about pretty bad. Some of the Rochester Y. C. boys had seen her getting knocked about and started to cross the creek, to run her into a more sheltered place. Just as they got there, the stern line broke and her bow leaped upon the dock, managing to break off her horn. She looked like an old-time tub, but we soon fixed that up. We accepted the invitation of some of the campers and stayed with them for the night.

July 19th. We did not wake up until nine o'clock, and then found that our new-found friends had been up for hours. They had also put a new stem in the craft and made things shipshape. It is a great contrast to yesterday as there is not a ripple on the lake. While yesterday the waves were breaking over the piers in muddy waves, now it is all still and blue.

July 20th. We started early, with just enough breeze to move us. There are only Jim and I left, Alva having deserted us. His sister lives in Rochester and he could not stand the rough-and-ready life while cruising. The winding started to go down before night and we had just made up our minds to stay where we were, when a thunder-squall burst on us and we made Orchid Creek in quick time.

July 21st. Again we started early, with a light wind from the South. After going about ten miles we saw another thunder-squall coming and got ready. It missed us, however, and we were just about to shake out the reefs which we had put in, when we saw another one coming. We just caught that. Still they were not through with us and we got the next one in full force. You bet we lost no time digging for shelter. We

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dropped anchor and lay up for the rest of the day, as the wind did not show any intentions of letting up. Started again at 6 p. m., intending to do a little moonlight sailing with the land breeze. All went well until midnight, when the wind dropped (just after we had passed Devils Light, a pretty dangerous place in a storm), and it started to rain so hard that we could not see the shore. We dropped sail and turned in pretty wet and tired.

July 22d. Started at 7 a. m. only to catch another thunderstorm. But we staggered along under three reefs until we made Olcott Beach about noon, where we stayed until the wind dropped.

July 23d. We got underway at 1 p. m. as the wind had gone down enough to permit us to start again. Made Niagara on the lake at 8:30 p. m. having almost drifted after 4:30 p. m.

July 24th. Off about 6:30 a. m., but luck was against us. Jim was steering and keeping on the Canadian side of the river when we struck on a sand-bar, which they say comes with the East wind, which was blowing pretty fresh. The life-saving crew from Old Fort Niagara were four hours getting us off and we lost no time getting into the lake. The wind held strong until after we passed Port Dalhousie, when it began to drop and left us becalmed about five miles from Burlington Canal. We were there until 9:30 p. m. when a little breeze came from the Southeast, and we made the canal about 10 p. m. and decided to stay there for the night.

July 25th. We started for home at 8 a. m., with a buck all the way, the wind being from the West and rather strong. We put in two tucks and made pretty

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good time, as this was home waters and I know every foot of the bay. Made the moorings at 11:15 a. m., safe and sound, and as hungry as bears, but well satisfied with our trip around the lake.



Can't You Dance a Polka?

(Anchor Song)

OH, once I lov'd a New York girl
That I call'd Rosie mine,
Her cheeks were red, her hair did curl,
She was straight as a line.

Chorus.

And away Rosie, my own Ro.;
Oh! my New York girls,
Can't you dance a polka?

One night I went unto her house,
And knocked low at the door;
I heard my Rosie's little feet
A-tripping o'er the floor.

She came to me and whispered low
"I can't come out to-night,
My father's here, you'd better go,
Oh! dear, I'm in a fright."

I said, "I'll not go off like this
So do not be afraid;
Open the door, give me a kiss,
Rosie, my pretty maid."

I wedded then this New York girl,
She's true to me as steel;
She puts my brain quite in a whirl,
So happy do I feel.

Uncle Noah

By Nauticus

EVERY seaport or harbor of any consequence has its more or less celebrated characters in the line of sailors of the "has-been" variety; but certainly no town has a greater celebrity of this kind than the town of Cambridge, Md., in the personage of one William Noah Solomon, more commonly known as "Cap'n Sol," or still more familiarly known as "Uncle Noah," pronounced by most as Noeh. Uncle Noeh has done everything from crabbing with a "trot" line to "bein' master o' a wessil." He is now something over sixty-five years of age, but is a most healthy, hearty and vigorous specimen of manhood even if he is "older than he wuz," as he will tell you when asked about his age. At this ripening age, Uncle Noeh is watchman on one of the numerous oyster-packing piers and he "'lows nary un to fetch up 'round thar, 'thout he furst shows his license;" and in this duty Uncle Noeh is not only very vigilant but thoroughly efficient.

Possibly there is not a better narrator of sea experiences in the port than Uncle Noeh, and it is always with evident relish that he responds to a properly laid request for a yarn. Uncle Noeh, however, is rather sensitive to anything which is apparently just to amuse any

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and every one, and it is only when due tact has been exercised that his experiences are shown in vivid language, and woe to the landlubber who thinks he can work Uncle Noeh into "jest 'musin' a crowd that don't know nuthin' o' sea 'speriences"; for, says Uncle Noeh, "I jest likes sumhow to make them little fellers realiz' thet they ain't ther onliest ones thet knows sumthin'."

Only recently a windstorm, amounting to hurricane proportions, visited parts of the Chesapeake Bay, and incidentally swept Cambridge water-fronts with a violence never before known in that vicinity; and indeed beached every boat of any and all kinds that was subjected to its fury, with only one exception—a large schooner, which came in only an hour or two before the storm, and which had set her anchor in while under a good speed, thereby insuring a very substantial hold; and this, together with the fact that that anchor was being pulled up against a very steep hill, secured the vessel's safety.

The next morning, sightseers coming from all over town to view the wreck-strewn beach, found Uncle Noeh easy to draw out, and when one visitor remarked that he could conceieve no greater fury than that displayed by the recent windstorm, Uncle Noeh told him that "thet storm wern't nuthin' to er gale I wuz cotch out in in the early seventies," and upon being asked to relate his experiences, began:

"Waall, 'twar not more than ther middle of Jenuery o' eether seventy-fo' or seventy-five, I cain't jest 'zackly recollect, but 'twar as cold as iver it git, 'thout freezin' chock solid. I wuz actin' as cook,—nd I tell you, I always could cook,—on ther pungy-boat J. C. Mahoney, 'nd a powerful able wessil a pungy is, and that air un

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'specially. Cap'n Lee Dextron, he wuz cap'n, 'nd thet little small crook-nosed feller thet's now in ther Balti-mer Custum House, called Watson, I cain't jest recollect his fust name, he wuz mate. Waall, we'd jest unloaded a good freight of Fishin' Bay stock, and it looked mighty like a freeze up, and ther Cap'n 'lowed if he could make another run 'twixt thet and a freeze he'd better try it. Ther mate he jest didn't know what ter say, so they cum ter me 'nd arsk me what shud they do 'bout it. Says I: 'If I's cook, I's cook, 'nd I ain't agoin' to do nuthin' but cook s' longs as I gets nuthin' but cook's wages.' Waall, they hemmed and hawed and 'lowed finally thet 'twern't no wurse bein' frez up down the bay than up the bay, so 'long 'bout five o'clock they gets her under-way.

"Waall, 'twarn't adoin' nuthin' then thet were on-common; but 'bout the time we'd got 'long 'bout Sandy P'int, 'nd I'd got all supper dishes all cleaned up 'nd stowed 'way, it cummenst to blow pretty fresh. The win' had been 'bout due No'the, but it shifted 'round to 'bout due No'theeast, and it begin to snow like ther very devil, 'nd 'lthough we know'd we wuzn't more then half-mile frum ther lighthouse, 'twarn't absolutely no use to even look for it, 'nd by the time we wuz 'long 'bout off 'nd 'g'inst 'Napolis, the wessil wuz jest like a snowball on top 'n iceberg. Thar we wuz, jest erflyin' b'fore thet gale, with ev'ry rag thet we could get off'n her, down, 'nd she a-makin' ice all o' her decks 'nd her sails gettin' jest like boards. That is, what sails she had up, 'cause the' wern't nothin' 'ceptin' a two-reef mainsail and shorten'd jib on her, 'nd even then she'd souze 'long jest like er log o' timber.

"To tell ther truth, 'twarn't no fittin' time t' be out

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thar, 'nd ther Cap'n know'd thet too, fer he cum up t' me 'nd says he: 'Noeh, you've sailed this bay long'r then I hev, now I wants you ter take this wessil inter 'Napolis roads fer me.' 'Waall,' sed I, 'Cap'n, you's cap'n, 'nd I's cook, 'nd s' long's you's cap'n 'nd I's cook, 'tain't none o' my bizness whar you takes ther wessil, but 'tain't likewise none o' my bizness ter take her anywheres.' Waall, the Cap'n he wuz pretty riled but he know'd 'twern't no use o' talkin' t' me, 'cause I warn't agoin' ter take holt.

"Waall, thet wessil plow'd 'long like thet ontill 'long 'bout ther middle o' ther night, when ther mate cum t' me 'nd says, 'Noeh,' says he, 'the Cap'n's stone-blin' blarsted drunk, 'nd 'tain't no use arunnin' this wessil ashore 'nd all han's bein' drowned, 'nd I jest 'low I'm agwine ter giv her up.' 'Waall,' says I, 'thet a bein' the case, I 'spec's I'll hev ter put ther wessil sumwheres inter port; but,' says I, 'I heven't kept no log, 'nd how 'n ther tarnation kin I fin' my reckonin' so's to 'zacktly fin' harbor?' 'Waall,' says he, 'I cain't tell yer nuthin,' 'nd,' says he, 'here's ther wessil;' 'nd afore yer could a winked 'n eyebrow, he'd gone down ther companionway.

"Waall, I jest put ther nigger, Jim Blake, at ther wheel, 'nd got out ther lead, 'nd had ter take it by ther fire ter melt ther ice off'n ther line. Waall, 's soon 's I'd throw'd ther lead 'bout ten or twelve times I 'low'd we wuz mighty nigh onto Cove P'int, 'lthough how 'n ther tarnation I wuz to get thet wessil inter the Patux'nt I couldn't figger, 'cause ther sheet lines wuz solid ice 'nd I know'd ter jibe her in thet condition w'uld smash her riggin' all fired, but bein' as ther wessil wuz throw'd on my hands like thet, I wuz sort er mad and desp'rite-like, 'nd 'low'd I'd go inter thet harbor er bust sumthin' loose.

UNCLE NOEH

“Waall, by 'bout thet time, fust thing I know'd I'd gone s' close t' ther P'int thet I could hear ther fog-bell, 'nd then I know'd 'zackty whar I wuz, 'nd after I hed held her S'uth'er'd fer en'ugh I kep' her off fer Drum P'int. Waall, I didn't let thet boom cum over ontill I wuz jest on the 30-foot knoll off'n ag'in'st the mouth o' the river, 'nd then I helt her off fer due West. Waall, I swar' ter my livin' Lord, if'n you w'uldn't a thou't thet a hull pine forrest had a cummenst ter brake when thet mainsail crashed 'crost our deck. Waall, when thet sail passed 'crost us, ice was erflyin' everywhere, 'nd when the mainsheet tautened up, you'd a thou't 'twere a rubber band, ther way it parted 'nd cum back, 'nd then ther wust o' all happened,—ther dratted jib-sheet hed limbered up, whilst we wuz arunnin' down from Cove P'int, bein' thet ther jib wuz fust inboard 'nd then off ag'in, 'nd thet dratted thing hed cotch ther little anker 'nd heaved it clar 'crost ther deck, 'nd ther end o' ther chain wuz cotch up in ther sanpson post 'nd sort o' locked 'round ther win'lass, 'nd thar we wuz. Waall, natcherly the racket 'nd ther orful roll o' thet pungy didn't seem like home werry much, 'specially as ther wessil couldn't drag ther anker ter wind'rd, 'nd ther anker couldn't stop her from agoin' ter leeward; 'nd thar we wuz 'ith two rags on 'nd couldn't even get ther drat-fired mainsail enywheres near aboard. 'Waall,' says I ter myself, 'there ain't no time fer cryin',' so I sets ter work 'nd cuts them halyards with 'n ax, 'cause ther ice wuz 's thick 'round ther foot o' ther masts thet 'twarn't no use a-tryin' ter onloose ther halyards, so, says I ter myself, 'I'll jest let ther hide go 'ith ther toller,' 'nd down them sails cum. Waall, I told ther nigger ter

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get ther big anker ready ter heave over, but ter fust make fast ther end o' ther chain, 'nd meanwhile I wuz agettin' those sails inboard. Waall, after a long time, we got thet big anker over, 'nd I know'd thet thet anker w'uld hold her, or two o' her fer the likes o' thet, 'nd I thou't we wuz safe if not cumfortabl'. Waall, drat my skin if thet gol-darned fool nigger hedn't let ther hull thing, anker, chain, 'nd all, go over 'nd we wuz a steady driftin' right down on Carroll Banks, 'nd thar we wuz. Waall, suddintly we could see thet ther wessil wuz acumin' head ter win'. Bless my buttons, if thet little anker wuzn't a-holdin' her like fury. Waall, talk 'bout win' las' night! I swar 't thet night the ol' Mahoney jest tried to stan' end on end, 'nd thar we staid fer two days, 'nd when ther win' blow'd down, 'nd we reeved in new hal-yards, 'nd weighed anker, b' durned if ther little anker hedn't cotch up in ther big anker-chain sumhow, 'nd ther 't wuz, 'nd thet hull shore a-full o' wessils thet hed drug, too."



The Letter Rufus Wrote

By H. P. Dowst

I AWOKE at about six in the afternoon, and crawled sleepily on deck. Philip was at the wheel, but there was not much steering for him to do. What wind we had came in debilitated puffs from almost any direction—except astern. Out at sea ocean and sky blended in a gray shadow, while in the West stretched the Massachusetts shore, a long, black band between the pallor of a mile of feeble swell and a few florid sunset clouds. An undulating skyline was broken in places by the geometric silhouettes of hotel-roofs at league-wide intervals.

“No wind and a head tide,” said Phil. “Get us some supper, will you?”

“Sure.”

I went forward and lifted the scuttle from the roof over the little galley and fumbled stupidly with the burners of the stove. Just as I managed to get the kerosene spraying merrily the boat heeled six inches or so. I heard Phil trim in the sheet, too, and the water began to trickle by our forefoot, almost under my feet.

“Got a breeze?”

“No’th, half East,” answered Philip. “Dead ahead. We shall get in about ten to-night, but no earlier.”

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When I had my coffee made and set back to settle, and the steak sizzling in the pan, I went aft to sit a minute in the cockpit with the Skipper. Just astern of us was a Gloucesterman, stealing along shoreward and taking land by us as if we had been lying on our moorings.

"How those old boats can scoot," said Philip. "We have almost no wind, but he's getting a breeze aloft that we are too low to reach. See, his topsails are full."

The fisherman continued to eat in toward the land for some time, and then went about, crossing our bow a long distance ahead. We could see the nests of dories on her deck, the bait-tubs, the piles of nets and trawls. Out on her bowsprit she carried a "pulpit," from which we knew many a harpoon had been sent downward into the vitals of fighting swordfish. She stood well out before coming about again, but at length her outlines narrowed against the sky and she heeled to port once more.

"Go on and eat your supper," I said to Phil and Rufus, who had been sitting silently on the house, his back against the boom. Both went below and fell to heartily, but I stayed outside and held the wheel.

"Keep her as she heads," called the Skipper.

"'S she heads," I repeated, to make myself think I was an old salt.

Slowly the light in the sky paled and faded, while the blue receded toward the zenith, deepening to make a background for one star that shone alone for quarter of an hour. Out of the band of black shore beamed one tiny, yellow, blinking point. Then came other yellow specks in the shore-belt, and other countless white ones in the blue field above land and sea, and a lonely little boat that might have been a floating atom of sawdust.

Then the lights in the sky and the lights on shore be-

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gan to assume definite places relative to each other, and form figures and angles and lines. The designs the stars drew in the sky were planned before the laying of the corner-stone of Things; those on shore were the lamps along the hotel piazzas and the windows of rooms where guests dressed in tuxedos and organdie before going down to dinner.

The wind freshened a bit, and we crept slowly Northward, now on one ear now on the other. Rufus lighted the lamp in the cabin and scratched busily at a letter to his girl. We made a deal of fun of Rufus on account of his girl, and the letters he wrote her, because the letters were so long and frequent. He had not had a letter from her since we started on the cruise. It worried the boy, and we did not give him much encouragement.

"At this moment she is undoubtedly walking along the Cliffe View terrace with Jamieson," we said to him. "He is such a nice boy she can't help liking him."

Whereupon Rufus would become very red and petulant, and say things to us which I fear would bore the reader, so I shall not put them down. Of course Rufus knew we all hated Jamieson—but that made no difference.

When he finished his letter he came up on deck and sat on the edge of the house with his feet on the covering board and looked long and earnestly at the shore, as if he expected to see the young lady of his dreams walking up and down some hotel piazza with the aforesaid Jamieson.

"Jamieson's going to spend a whole month at the Cliffe View," said I. It was a lie, for Jamieson went out West hunting elk just after exams. and Class Day,

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and all the rest of the excitement. But Rufus didn't know that. He thought Jamieson was going to the Cliffe View just to make a "killing" with his girl.

"She never met him," he urged, "and she won't like him when she does."

"Oh, don't you fret, Rufy. Jamieson is an awful winner. In three days he will make little Rufus look like thirty cents."

Here we desisted for a while, because we wanted to save a little for some other time. It wouldn't do to get Rufus too angry. He might refuse to wash the dishes.

Well, as I was trying to say, before the subject of Rufus and his girl drew me off on a tangent, we worked our way toward Anneville as fast as we could under the adverse circumstances of wind and tide. The big twin lights off the cape rose out of the sea away up in the direction of the Maine coast, while nearer we made out a blood-red spark that we knew marked the harbor entrance.

When we drew in nearer land we felt the hot off-shore wind that told us how miserable our friends in town must have been all day. We crept on, leg by leg, until when we went about on our starboard tack we had the red light well astern and knew we were inside the mouth of the outer harbor.

There was no moon, and we could see almost nothing. Rufus went forward and kept a sharp watch.

"There's a schooner right ahead," he cried, in a stage whisper. "I can just see her outlines, and her port light. There, that's gone now."

Sure enough, up out of the darkness loomed a great dim shape, the outlines of sails and hull faint and ragged. Her topsails against the sky were the most distinct thing

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about her. We could hear the water awash at her stem as she obeyed the warm land-breeze. When her red light swung out of sight, as we passed her beam, no other glimmer appeared. Evidently her binnacle was as yet unkindled. The man at the wheel melted into the outlines of his ship, and sails, masts, rigging and hull were all one sombre color. We drew under her quarter as she ran by, headed for the open sea. No sound came over-side from man or thing, until she was well to leeward, when we heard the rattle of her sheet-blocks as she trimmed in and stood to the Eastward.

Rufus drew a long breath.

"Lonesome-looking craft," he said.

"Mph," said the Skipper, lighting his pipe. "Probably bound for the Georges."

In a few minutes we made out a lantern some distance to windward. Then we heard voices of men and of women, laughing.

"It's a fishing party," Rufus remarked. "Let's see if they're bound in, and follow them."

"Well, they're going about. Wait until the next hitch."

Ten minutes later Phil went forward.

"'N board the sloop," he called.

"Here we be," came the answer. "What's wanted?"

"Are you going inside?"

"That's what."

"May we follow you in?"

"Why, certainly."

So we stood about and took up the wake of the fishing party, and as our boat was somewhat larger, we soon came very near the sloop.

"What boat's that?" came over the water.

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"Emily, Plymouth," answered Philip.

"So. Seen any mack'el?"

"Not many. It's a poor year so far, isn't it?"

"Oh, I dunno. Only fair, I guess."

We followed our conductor safely, if tortuously, in past the island that divides the inner from the outer harbor.

"How much water?" asked Philip.

"'Bout five fathom," answered the stranger.

"Well, I'm much obliged, I'm sure."

"Oh, not 't all. Perf'c'y welcome, perf'c'y."

So we anchored, furled our sail neatly, and Rufus made a big Flemish coil on the cockpit floor with the main-sheet. Rufus worshiped the spectacular. If anything were to carry away aloft, Rufus would permit no one to occupy the bosun's chair but himself. He had to be humored in that direction.

"Now," said Philip, with a last look at the boat, "I'm going to turn in."

"Oh no!" cried Rufus. "I want to mail my letter. Let's go ashore."

"But it's pitch dark and we don't know where the landing is."

"We can find one, I guess. Come ahead."

"Not much. Take Tom. He'll go, and you can take the tender. But let me sleep. I'm tired."

I sat down and wrote a few words to my family, and then announced myself as ready to undertake the expedition. We pulled the tender alongside, clambered over the side and started off in the direction of the shore. The water was a long and narrow one, and through the darkness we could see the dim outlines of storehouses along the banks and of countless masts of ships moored

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at the wharves. Where a landing-slip might be we had no idea in the world. We therefore pulled to the nearest point, trusting to luck to reach a place where we could land.

It did not take many strokes of the oars to bring us very near an immense steam wrecking-scow made fast to a pier. The high sides loomed up blackly out of the harbor. Rufus, who was taller than I, could just reach the rail with the tips of his fingers. When he stood up and tried to get a hold by which to lift himself up he slipped, narrowly escaping overturning the tender, which rocked violently and sent out wave after wave of vivid phosphorous. I clung to the oars and seized my companion by the leg to keep him from going overboard—a proceeding that nearly brought about the very thing I sought to avoid.

"Let's go back to the boat," I suggested.

"Not until my letter is mailed," he answered doggedly.

Just then he found a place where he could secure a firmer grip, and in a moment drew himself up to the deck of the scow. He then proffered his very welcome assistance to me, and I also gained the higher level.

The old craft was littered with all sorts of ropes, spars and chains. It was so dark that we could not well see where we were to take each succeeding step, and we felt in immediate danger of falling through some concealed or half-covered hatchway.

We peered down through the main hatch to the deck below, and saw nothing but a long streak of light which seemed to have crept across the planking from the chink in some furnace door. It was evident that the fire had been banked and the craft deserted until another day. A big rat came into the narrow belt of light and a stick

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thrown by Rufus sent him scampering back into the shadows.

The scow had a sort of quarter-deck aft, where the pilothouse was built. All the machinery seemed to be here, probably to make room for and counterbalance the weight of the ponderous derrick which shot up bulkily from the forward deck. The wheelhouse windows were black and stared unblinkingly at the dark lines of roofs ashore.

The pier was as high above the deck of the vessel as the deck was above the water, so that it was some time before we at last managed to scramble up. We found the distance to the shore to be some hundred yards of not very secure planking, the width of the pier being no more than four or five feet. Stumbling over loose boards, old junk, and numerous other obstructions, we groped our way until we brought up against a building which seemed to forbid further progress. On the harborward side of the building the words "Marine Railway," in large and ghostly white letters, gleamed through the dark. On our left we made out the body of a large white vessel, hauled out for repairs, and looking strangely out of place so far from its intended element.

When we had made up our minds that it was about time we gave up the task of getting uptown until morning, I happened upon two long planks that stretched from a point close to the wall of the building, and were therefore obscured in a deep shadow, to the next wharf, a distance of some fifteen feet. This slender bridge seemed to span a chasm of infinite depth, at the bottom of which, if bottom there were, lapped the black and uninviting waters which coiled in tide-eddies among the piling. The two planks were loosely thrown across the

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gap, and being old and warped, bent and tottered when subjected to any weight. The situation looked dubious.

But Rufus knelt down and placing a hand and knee upon each plank crawled painfully out toward the other side. When he got nearly over, without mishap, I mustered up courage to follow him. My heart was in my mouth most of the time, but I won to solid ground at last.

We now found the way uptown comparatively plain sailing. Following a dark alley for another hundred yards or more we crept through a hole in a locked gate and reached a street. Just before we came to the highway we passed a man who was unharnessing a horse from a buggy. The animal was greatly disturbed by our white duck trousers and had to be quieted by his owner, who seemed not at all put out by the occurrence.

Rufus and I found the post-office, mailed our letters, and as nothing but barrooms and drug stores were doing any business at that late hour, we started back for the boat. As we turned down the street from the end of which our alley ran to the waterside, we noticed two men walking behind us. When we reached the alley and slipped through the hole in the gate, they, too, seemed bound that way. We paid no attention to them, beyond glancing back once or twice, until we were about halfway to the pier, when we heard one of the men say: "Now, come on."

Both broke into a run. Without saying a word, Rufus and I started down the alley as fast as we could make our feet go. Owing to the darkness we at first missed the planks we had to cross, losing valuable time thereby. Then with a cry Rufus discovered the bridge we sought, and made a dash for the farther end. I fol-

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lowed closely on his heels. The old lumber buckled beneath our combined weight, but Rufus reached the pier just as our supposed assailants arrived at the shoreward end. I was midway of the abyss.

The two men paused an instant, and I take it one started to cross after me, but the second cried:

"Don't do that. Throw him down."

They seized one plank and lifting the end, tipped it neatly. I still had the second to finish my journey on, and was within two steps of my goal when I felt it lift and turn and then give way under me. As it went down into the darkness I threw out my hands and caught the edge of the pier, yelling lustily. Rufus, who had turned to watch my progress, gripped my wrists and drew me up. I scrambled to my feet, and we both started running.

"Hold on, you fellers," called a voice, "or we'll shoot."

We did not "hold on," but the man's threat was not an idle one, for three shots and then three more were fired. I imagine the two thugs were somewhat in liquor, or else poor shots; for I am sure no bullet came very near us.

When we came to the side of the old scow we jumped recklessly to her deck, and how we ever got back into the tender without capsizing her I cannot explain. In rowing out to the boat we recovered slightly from our fright. Phil stuck his head out of the companion-way.

"I though I heard some shots. Did you fellows hear them, or have I been dreaming?"

"Shots?" questioned Rufus. "I guess you must have been having indigestion. Why, how absurd!"

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So I took my cue from Rufus. But the stars in a blue-black heaven winked knowingly at their brothers, who winked back up at them from a thousand miles below the surface of Anneville Harbor.



The Ox-Eyed Man

(Pumping Song)

THE ox-eyed man is the man for me,
He came a-sailing from o'er the sea,
Heigh-ho for the ox-eyed man.

Oh, May in the garden a-shelling her peas,
And birds singing gaily among the trees,
Heigh-ho for the ox-eyed man.

Oh, May looked up and she saw her fate
In the ox-eyed man passing by the gate.
Heigh-ho for the ox-eyed man.

Oh, May in the garden a-shelling her peas,
Smiled on the stranger who'd come o'er the seas.
Heigh-ho for the ox-eyed man.

Oh, May in the parlor a-sitting on his knee,
And kissing the sailor who'd come o'er the sea.
Heigh-ho for the ox-eyed man.

A Cruise in Massachusetts Bay

By Gilbert Richards Reynolds

OUR little ship, Plover, is a jib and mainsail-rigged centerboarder, with cabin "built for two." She is twenty-three feet over all, nineteen feet water-line, eight feet four inches beam and twenty-four inches draught, with a small centerboard housing in the keel beneath the cabin floor.

The crew, composed of Skip and the Cap'n, having stowed away the provisions, etc., started to get underway one Saturday afternoon in July for a short cruise along the North shore of Massachusetts Bay.

Fortune favored us with a fair breeze about Southwest by South, and with sails wing and wing we left the club-float in Dorchester Bay, headed for Hull, where we decided to stop for the first night. As we ran down through Squantum Gut by Squaws Head, the "ole lady" looked very picturesque in a background of rich crimson from the setting sun. After passing Moon Head the wind freshened to a strong So'wester till we fairly tore along under full sail.

At Portuguese Joe's (so called by the yachtsmen), a cluster of rocks on the Easterly side of Quincy Bay, on which a fisherman has built his shack, we stopped to

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get some lobsters for supper, but as luck would have it, there was nothing doing.

So resuming our course we finally dropped anchor off Hull village, just as it was getting dark.

Skip proceeded to get supper while the Cap'n made things snug on deck. We carried a large awning with us, which we always set on coming to anchor for any length of time. This proved to be a very handy and useful article, as the cabin can be left open rain or shine and the cockpit is always dry. On coming aboard in rainy weather the oilskins can be removed in the cockpit and hung up to drain, keeping the cabin always warm and dry.

After supper we took a stroll on shore and about nine o'clock returned aboard to listen to the music at the Hull-Mass. Y. C. While on the cruise we had three band concerts which, coming on moonlight nights, made it very pleasant.

The next morning the Cap'n was awakened by a tremendous thumping overhead and on investigating found the Skipper dancing a breakdown on the cabin roof. After a breakfast of bacon and eggs, coffee and biscuits, we broke out the killock about 9 a. m. and started for Marblehead with a light No'west wind. On passing out through the Narrows we noticed a coaster coming down with all sails set. As we came closer together (seeing that if we held our course we would be liable to strike our friend 'midship) the Cap'n deemed it best to luff up a bit and let him by, although being close-hauled we had right of way. It is always best to give these fellows a wide berth, as they have little regard for a small boat. However, we finally filled away and decided to cross under her stern. As we drew nearer

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Skip yelled, "Look out for his boom!" and the Cap'n looked up just in time to luff out clear, with our mast-head about six inches to the good. For a moment it looked like trouble, as the coaster was traveling fast across our bows. When sailing at right angles to a large vessel with all her spars high in air the distance is very deceptive.

The man at the wheel, with an oath, muttered something about "fool yachtsmen," and we both agreed to give the next one a wide berth.

After leaving Egg Rock, off Swampscott, the breeze began to lighten till it finally fell to a flat calm when we were off Tinkers Island. We lay here for about an hour when Nancy Hanks, a large Boston Cape cat, came along bringing a good Westerly breeze.

This took us into Marblehead in a short time, where we moored for the next two days, taking short sails out among the islands and coves.

As good weather favored us we cooked most of our meals in the cockpit on a Primus stove. With our awning set, it made a very pleasant way of doing the cooking. While cruising we always make it a point to use as few canned goods as possible, as fresh fish, clams, lobsters, vegetables, etc., make a much more acceptable menu.

On Wednesday afternoon "the crew" held a discussion on the weather and finally agreed that we were in for an old-time No'easter before the next morning, so up came the anchor and the little Plover pointed her nose toward Manchester Harbor, about four miles across the bay. Here is a snug harbor for a small boat and one of which few take advantage.

About seven o'clock that night it started to breeze up

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and in a short time our predicted storm was with us. It rained and blew hard for two days and while snugly ensconced in our little cabin with pipes and magazines galore we thought of our friends at Marblehead pitching "bowsprit under."

On Saturday morning it began to clear up and after breakfast we started out through the islands for our trip home, but as the breeze was lightening and what there was, dead ahead, we ran back to Marblehead for overnight.

The next morning dawned very foggy and no wind, so we took breakfast ashore at the Corinthian Y. C. About eleven o'clock the fog lifted and with a light Southerly breeze we started for Savin Hill. After passing the Roaring Bulls, breeze freshened and after putting in a couple of reefs we started on our end on thrash toward home. Passing by Nahant we stood offshore on a long tack and coming about ran in through Shirley Gut and across the bay to our mooring, which we reached just after dark.

On reaching the club-float we were greeted by the two mates, who only filled their positions on day cruises, owing to the limited accommodations of our craft.

Throughout our trip we found Plover to be an able, weatherly little craft and easily handled under all conditions.

What Changed Capt. Tom

By L. T. S.

IT WAS the town talk of Buckhaven that a great change had lately come over Captain Tom Harlow, and for three months the female gossips of the Shore road and the weather-beaten oracles who smoked and whittled away so many hours at the ship chandlery, speculated as to the cause of it. The story came out after a while—"leaked out some'ow," as the select circle of retired mariners said, and then it was found that no one had guessed rightly as to what had so altered the cut of the Captain's jib, to speak in the language of Buckhaven. This created considerable ill-feeling on the part of the guessers, who, being professionals in that line, felt humiliated at missing, after having had three months in which to hit the mark.

The story, as it finally cropped out, and as it was related to me one rainy night by the keeper of the ship chandlery at the head of the long wharf, has some interest as a narrative and also some value as a moral lesson.

Thomas Harlow, aged thirty-three, being a first-rate down-East sailor and having, besides a "marlinspike education," considerable business ability, early became master of a good vessel, and so safely and well did he

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sail her that the owners valued his services highly and promised that he should have the next new vessel of their fleet—a fine brig, to be launched that Fall. Capt. Tom, as every one called him, was much elated, for he had made more headway in the world in a dozen years than had many another Buckhaven man in the course of a long lifetime. There were men in that port who had been masters for thirty years and who were still sailing small and leaky little coasters, vessels not fit to tie up at the same pier with the brig American Union, which Tom was to have. Some of the old-timers said that Tom was lucky; others said there was no luck about it—that he was smart. “What’s the odds—he gets the best berths out of here, and he gets the pay, don’t he?” was the observation of Captain Merriman, retired deep-waterman, who, having been ’round the Horn seven times and everywhere else that anybody ever heard of, was considered final authority on all questions at the chandlery debating club.

Summer came and went, and everything was looking cheerful for Capt. Tom, who was filling in the time before the launching of the brig by making coasting trips in the schooner he had commanded for some years. Every one seemed to be entirely confident of Capt. Tom’s future, save one—his mother. Mrs. Harlow was hopeful, but it was plain that something worried her. Tom was soon to be married, and she was glad of that; and she also felt proud of the fact that her son was to be captain of the new vessel, whose black sides and red chain-plates glistened in the sun down in Hathorn’s shipyard. The cause of Mrs. Harlow’s worrying was something of a mystery to Buckhaven folks until one day in September, when Mr. Sears, chief owner of the new

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brig, came home from Boston, and then it was all made very plain. Briefly stated, Mr. Sears had been surprised, not to say shocked, to learn while in Boston that Captain Tom Harlow had begun to show a decided liking for whiskey. He had made the acquaintance of many seafaring men who frequented the barrooms of the water-front, was often with them while on shore, and even kept liquor on board his vessel, for "social" purposes. Mr. Sears was one of those men who walk a very straight path in life and expect everybody else to do likewise; he had not the slightest inclination to vary a hair's breadth from the rules of moral rectitude and correct living, and seemed to regard this quiet temperament as an acquired virtue—something of his own creation, for which he should have credit. People who lived according to his rules were treated with great consideration by Mr. Sears; others he regarded with more or less suspicion, and, especially, he had no patience with men who drank liquor. He believed that sobriety and inebriety were matters of simple choice, and he had no sympathy for the man who failed to choose wisely.

What Mr. Sears had discovered in Boston was at once communicated to his partners in business and to the other owners in the new brig, so that very quickly it became the town talk of Buckhaven. Comments were numerous and various.

"H'm! Couldn't stand prosperity," remarked one gossip.

"Took it f'm his father—awful drinker, the old Cap'n," was the opinion of another, and to all it was perfectly plain that Capt. Tom was not a fit man to sail the new brig, in which forty thousand dollars of the town's money was tied up.

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The story from Boston also clearly explained some things that had always seemed strange to the maritime critics. It explained the collision between Capt. Tom's schooner and the Boston steamer, and his remarkably long trip from New York in August. It was true that the Admiralty Court had found the steamer at fault for the collision, and that the steamship company had paid for the damage; also, it was true that all other vessels had made long passages in August, on account of East winds and fog—but the critics ignored these things, because somehow or other Tom's prosperity had aroused within them a certain feeling of indignation, and they wanted to "take some of the wind out of his sails," as they expressed it.

The new vessel was now ready to launch, and it was necessary to decide at once the question that had arisen as to Capt. Tom's fitness to command her. The principal owners—Mr. Sears and his partners—sent for Tom when he arrived in port, and a long conference was held, which was ended abruptly by Capt. Tom, who, getting up to leave the office, stood with his hand on the door-knob, saying:

"All right, Mr. Sears. I've done pretty well for the firm so far, coasting in old schooners. Now you've got a good vessel promised to me and at the last minute you begin to find fault. All I've got to say is, if you don't like my way of carrying sail, just get another man. I can get another vessel. Good day!"

That was the last seen of Capt. Tom in Buckhaven for a year, although he often sent letters to his mother, and it was learned through the papers that he had secured the master's berth in a big bark, trading from Boston to the River Plate, and was doing well. True,

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Mr. Sears had made another trip to Boston and had come back with the information that Tom was still "crooking his elbow," and that just before he sailed for Rosario he had spent a night in rather boisterous company on board another vessel. But a few months after that, in the early part of the following Summer, a Boston clergyman, who had come to Buckhaven for his vacation brought a very different story of Capt. Tom, and one that had a very happy effect upon Mrs. Harlow. "Seemed to brighten her right up," the neighbors said.

The minister said that Captain Tom Harlow had, as the result of a startling experience at sea, sought him out in Boston and announced his determination to change his course with respect to several things. First of all, he was going to become a teetotaler. He had lived up to this rule, the minister said, and had suddenly become a very earnest sort of Christian mariner. What had happened to bring all this about, the minister could not tell; but during the Summer Capt. Tom brought his big vessel to Buckhaven for repairs, and then the story came out. Perhaps the mate told it—or the second mate.

Bound from Rosario, South America, to Boston, the bark had called at Vineyard Haven, and there, among other letters, Capt. Tom had found one from his mother. It was in March, and the weather had been ugly on this coast, a series of Northeasters having strewn the shoals of Nantucket with wrecks. Finally, after waiting two days, a fair chance came, and Capt. Tom got underway for Boston. He had contracted a severe cold since coming on the coast, and in Vineyard Haven he had

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bought a bottle of whiskey and some quinine, as medicine.

At midnight, having cleared the shoals, the bark was headed up past Cape Cod, running free, with the wind light from the Southwest, and Capt. Tom went below to get some sleep. There on the shelf at the head of his berth stood the bottle of whiskey, and there, also, lay his mother's letter. In the letter were love, solicitude, good counsel, warnings—just as in all her letters. Would he not take heed of others?—especially remembering the misfortunes of his own father, who might have been alive and prosperous to-day but for drinking habits contracted while a young man. There were some clippings from a sermon, in which the preacher had likened the victims of drink to men drifting in a boat to the brink of Niagara, and who must bend quickly to the oars if they would escape; and to a ship heading directly into the breakers, certain to be wrecked unless quickly put about.

The Captain read the letter twice. Then he looked at the whiskey bottle, set it far away from the letter, on the other end of the shelf—and took two of the quinine pills.

"Just as good, I guess, without the whiskey," he said to himself, rolling into his bunk.

Capt. Tom didn't sleep very well, somehow, and after what seemed about an hour he woke with a sudden start and a strange feeling of danger. When he had turned in the vessel was going along easy before the wind, and almost on an even keel; now she was thrashing about in a choppy sea, and well heeled down, and there was a good deal of noise on deck. He felt cold and nervous. Would he take a drink of the whiskey?

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—it would brace him up. His eye fell upon the bottle. There it was, on the shelf, its amber side reflecting the dim light of the lamp. What fantastic shapes the feeble flame painted on the whiskey bottle, and how those shapes danced about! Tom was far from being imaginative, but it seemed to him, as he stood there in a sort of waking dream, gazing at the bottle-mirror, that he saw depicted plainly in its liquid depths the wreck of a vessel—her masts and spars falling, and the sea making clean over her.

The dream was disturbed by a rushing of men on deck, the tramp of heavy boots and a sharp pitch of the vessel. "Bah!" exclaimed Capt. Tom, as he pulled on his big coat and reached for the bottle. He held the whiskey to his lips, and all the while he was thinking of the boat that was drifting toward the brink of Niagara and the ship that was heading into the breakers. Very good for a temperance lecture, for those who needed it, but—here his eye fell upon his mother's letter, and he hesitated a little more. Well, he would take this drink, anyway—he needed it, and——

"Ready about! Ha-ard a-lee! Lively, there!"

Capt. Tom flung the bottle on his bunk and dashed up the companionway. He had heard enough to know that the vessel was in danger. When, in fair weather, a vessel is beating to wind'ard, and the officer of the watch concludes to tack ship, he generally drawls out the order so familiar to all sailormen—"Ready about—hard a-lee," in singsong fashion, weary of its constant repetition on a long beat, but when he suddenly discovers danger ahead and wants to get her around quickly he fairly jumps the words out, and they are full of ominous meaning to all hands. This time the Mate, whose watch

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on deck it was, took the bark's people off their feet with the energy he put into that yell:

"Ready about!"

It had shut in thick soon after Capt. Tom had gone below, and then the wind had suddenly hauled into the Northeast and worked up to a gale. This weather was dead ahead for the bark, but the Mate kept her digging into it, in the hope of getting up past the Cape and within reach of a tug in Boston Bay. That would be appreciated by the Captain. The Mate meant well, but he was a man unused to the Cape, and the result was that, in weather so thick that nothing could be seen more than two or three lengths away, he held her too long on one of her starboard reaches and had her almost into the wild surf line off Chatham when he yelled the order that brought Capt. Tom on deck in two jumps.

When Capt. Tom got on deck he looked first to the wheel, and saw that the man there had become rattled at the Mate's sharp order and was standing like a graven image, holding her just as she was. Long before any one else could get aft the Captain was at the wheel, and the spokes whirled like a windmill under his hands, steeled with the strength of desperation. Up she came in the wind, the headsail shivered and slatted an instant, and then the bark payed off on the port tack. As she drew away, with white water just under her quarter, the Mate came aft, looking serious—even scared.

"Close call, Cap'n," he ventured.

"It's all right, Mr. Marshall—as good as a mile," responded Capt. Tom with a good nature that seemed to astonish the Mate; and the Captain added:

"You've got good lung power, Mr. Marshall. Al-

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ways sing out like that, good and loud, when you think it's time to go about. It means a good deal, sometimes. Have the cook make us some coffee, will you?"

The bark managed to fetch up past the Cape all right, but took more sea-room after seeing the surf of Chatham. Only one thing more happened that night. The man at the wheel saw Capt. Tom come up from below, take a look aloft, and throw something overboard. It looked like a bottle.



Eight Bells

My husband's a saucy foretop man,
A chum of the cooks, don't you know?
He put his head down the cook's funnel,
And shouted "come up from below."

Chorus.

*Eight bells, eight bells,
Rouse out there the watch from below;
Eight bells, eight bells,
Rouse out there the watch from below.*

My husband once shipped in a whaler,
And sailed to the far Northern seas;
But being a bold-hearted sailor,
He cared not for ice, sea, nor breeze.

At the end of each watch though, his fancy
Was to get to his bunk quickly, oh!
For he wanted to dream of his Nancy,
So called to the watch "hi, below!"

But now he's no longer a sailor
He often wakes up in the night,
And thinking he's still on the whaler
Calls out with the greatest delight—

The Cruise of Ruth

By Helen Clark Brown

I WONDER if any of you have ever in your imagination, or in reality, felt yourself in a staunch sailing vessel, with great piles of green and blue heaving water capped with foam, swirling and rushing about you, the salt spray flying and dashing into your face, as in your flight you scudded along under blue skies and sunshine on the bosom of Old Ocean; have you ever experienced the thrill of excitement as your craft lay over with the force of the wind and shipped water over the lee-rail, and, your whole being tense and exhilarated by the sport, you feel the call of the sea as only a true sailor can experience it?

Never had I partaken of this enjoyment until last Summer. My nautical experience had been confined to wash-tubs, the frog-pond near our home and a short trip by steamer on the St. Lawrence, and as for salt water, well, I had been content to look on it and read of it.

But what of fate and destiny? Many strange and new experiences are there stored up for us, and for me I took a mate,—no, not a mate exactly, but a Captain, as he is a past master in the art of sailing, and a true son of Old Neptune.

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We, or rather he, decided that the only way that a vacation could possibly be spent in a proper manner was on the water, and salt water at that, and so I made up my mind after hearing him tell, by the hour, the enjoyment of it, that it must be the ideal way to spend our vacation, although I had not had any practical experience. Well, we took a vote on it and it was unanimously decided that we should take a two-weeks' cruise on the sloop Ruth, visiting various points of interest and attraction along the shores of Long Island Sound.

I must first tell you about Ruth. She was so named for her beauty, being about twenty-seven feet on the water-line and ten feet breadth, and a very stiff and able craft. She has a 7-h.p. engine to push her in calm weather and makes seven knots under power alone. When lying at anchor she is unobtrusive, quiet and docile, always steady; but give her a stiff breeze and all her sails, she is a living being, animated, leaping ahead, plunging into the seas, riding the swells and dashing the white foam from her snowy sides, dipping her lee-rail into the water and skimming along like a duck, so easily does she ride, and never giving us a moment's anxiety but that she will always bring us safely into port.

Our cruise began on the River Thames, near the historic Fort Decatur, where the Daughters of the American Revolution have placed a bronze tablet to mark the place where Admiral Decatur erected a fort to stop the approaches of the English up the river. This beautiful river flows through a most historic locality. It is the home of the Pequot and Mohican Indians, and near-by the death place of the great Uncas, chief of the Mohicans. Down this lovely river we sailed, beau-

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tiful wooded hills on each side, passing the Groton Monument and historic Fort Griswold on our left, and coming to anchor at New London near to the old Fort Trumbull. New London Harbor, one of the most beautiful along the coast, bordered by its fine dwellings, hotels, and lawns, is always the Mecca for yachtsmen, and a safe harbor for coasters.

Not having completed our list of stores, we went ashore in the evening, purchasing such supplies as were needed, after which we came aboard and under our awning partook of a good-night lunch of lobsters. It was necessary that we get our digestive apparatus in working order at the start.

Early next morning, just as the sun was kindling the Eastern sky into a rosy bed of clouds, the Captain got up and proceeded to get underway for Niantic, which was to be our destination that day. Down the harbor we slipped with a fair tide and a slight North-easterly breeze around New London Light, to the Westward, sailing along in the quiet, still, early morning hours, the sun reflecting its rays from many windows and the waves dancing in the sunlight like a myriad of diamonds. Such a restfulness, calm and quiet pervades the whole atmosphere, the landscape lying still and grand outspread before us, one cannot help falling into deep reverie of peaceful thought, of entire relaxation and a feeling of perfect rest and quietude. The handsome Summer homes, the beautiful palatial residence of Morton H. Plant, green lawns sloping down to the sea, surely a beautiful, strong and sightly State is our Connecticut seen from afar!

After a short time we arrived at our destination, Niantic. Anchoring about a quarter mile offshore in

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the bay, we can see the soldiers about the place, and unusual activity for this sleepy town. After getting into our shore-going clothes, we row ashore in our little yawl, and spend most of the day at the State Camp, calling on old friends, and with the booming of cannon and rattle of machine guns and bands of music, is it possible that this little place was so quiet in the morning hours?

But such a day of sun, heat, dust and racket produces fatigue, and where can we find rest? Why, out in the bay on the boat we go, and sit and watch the little lights on shore, the bonfire on the beach, while the music from a phonograph drifts out to us away out on the water, and our lantern swinging in the rigging and bobbing around tells those ashore that some one is alive out there, and telling those in other boats that we are anchored, and don't run us down. But no craft came in or went out, so we were safe; nor did we give a care as soon as we were safely in the cabin for the night.

All our morning starts were early ones. The Captain is an early bird and must needs be up, swabbing down decks and scouring off the white paint, furling the awning and setting the sails, as we are bound for New Haven to-day. Before I am up to greet the sun's bright rays, we are out around Black Point, the tiller is lashed, and we are sailing under a stiff breeze. The Captain is getting the coffee, bacon and eggs, and I must get up, make the bed and put the cabin in order. Only two of you, did you say? Oh, yes; but you cannot imagine how happy two can really be under such conditions! But the sun, the merciless sun! My hands, face, arms, and neck burn, smart, and tingle already and I must have some shade. So enters the Captain with a blanket, a boat-hook and a few pins, and I am

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safely sheltered from Old Sol in a wigwam that would make an Indian shout for joy. The boat sails on so swiftly we are now at the Connecticut River, pouring its yellow muddy water into our blue and green sea. Now passing Fenwick, Clinton, Westbrook, Thimbles and,—what! not New Haven so soon? Yes, here we are at Morris Cove at 5 p. m. and after snuggling down and getting the awning up, we have a most lavish spread out of doors, the sea breeze fanning our cheeks. Don't you really envy us?

We spend Sunday quietly in New Haven, going ashore, where we have our Sunday dinner.

Monday dawns another bright, sunny day. We are having fine weather surely, and are off for Shelter Island, near the end of Long Island. Before I know it the Captain calls me out and we are at the Thimble Islands, where we stop to see this beautiful spot and incidentally have breakfast. Calm as a mirror is the little harbor in which we lie, between two high-wooded islands not one hundred feet on either side, and the only thing to break the stillness is the birds singing in the trees. Again the feeling of restfulness and quiet pervades us and we can understand at this time why the great Creator made the tall, stately trees, the calm, placid water, the stern, strong and rugged rocks. Was it not to make this a beautiful picture, to imbue us with peace and tranquility, to soften our hearts toward nature, and to bring us rest and comfort in the great rush and hurly-burly of everyday life?

The dishes are washed and we are heading across the Sound. A thick haze hides Long Island but the Captain knows where to go, so there is no danger in striking out into the open sea. We pass sailing vessels loaded

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with merchandise, steam yachts cutting the blue water with their sharp bows, and the trudgy old coal barges poking along behind the puffy, smoking little towboat that is pulling them along. Look! out there on the water. We have been almost becalmed for some time and the sea is like glass, but far to the South, see that dark blue streak slowly coming toward us;—that is the breeze so eagerly looked for. Stop the engine and now for some good sailing. Ruth feels the pressure on the sails and bends to it a little. It increases more and more and she is now heeling over and scudding along at great speed. The Captain has the tiller in his hands and is bracing hard to keep her off; he feels every throb of her being in that tiller and knows her every move, and heart-beat. We are now going through Plum Gut, Plum Island on the left, with the great guns of our forts protecting the Eastern entrance to Long Island Sound. The breeze still continues to increase and the Captain lays her up into the wind and takes a reef, and then she goes along easier and is not so hard to steer. We are now in Gardiners Bay and it is a dead beat to windward to go to Shelter Island, so we have to tack. The wind has a good sweep over the bay and great big rollers of green foam-tipped water seem to rush toward us as Ruth takes them at a bound and slides over them, occasionally wetting us a little with the salt spray, but that really is part of the enjoyment. A little water comes in over the lee-rail, and the uninitiated will then gasp, but it's all right, and we are sailing now.

We pass two of Uncle Sam's monitors, Florida and Arkansas, looking grim and foreboding in their coats of dark green paint, signal flags whipping in the breeze and their big powerful guns looking at us from heavy

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turrets; but at rest not unlike two sleeping bulldogs only awaiting the signal to be set on to the fight. We make Greenport on our right-hand side and finally rounding a point we open out Shelter Island with its pleasant cottages hidden in the trees, and come to anchor in another of the peaceful little bays dotted with pleasure boats, where we settle down quietly and calmly for the night.

Having been to Shelter Island on a previous yachting trip, it did not have the attraction that a first view would give us, and so we decided to leave there the next morning for Fishers Island. When morning came we had the same stiff breeze, only perhaps a little more so, which caused the Captain to put in another reef in the sail, and we started out over the same old turbulent Gardiners Bay, and across the Sound to Niantic, where we got our mail. As the breeze was not favorable on our way to Fishers Island from Niantic, we furled sail and started off under power. The sea was running very high and we were butting into it, sending sheets of salt spray over us; but after rounding Millstone Point it brought the sea on the bow, and did not wet us as much, but the sight was enough to provoke fear in the hearts of the timid. Big, high green waves topped with foam, and far to the Southwest a big black cloud gradually coming toward us, made it look decidedly unfavorable, and the wind increased in violence. It was now that Old Neptune began to show his teeth; he frowned and scowled at us, and the waters boiled and swashed in the tide-rips, and they became inky black, and the dense black cloud was nearly over us, and coming hard at us, grim and foreboding, a heavy downpour of rain. The Captain remarked, "This is great!" I did not know

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whether it was or not, so kept still. We were tossed and tumbled about on the face of the deep, but the engine, the heart and vitals of our ship, chug-chugged along merrily and bore us on our way safely. The black cloud was nothing but wind and blew by us and the sun streaked through the clouds, and from the wind-blown and turbid waters we swept in through a little fifty-foot passage flanked with rocks on either side into the quietest and prettiest little harbor, still as a mill-pond, "Little Hay Harbor," Fishers Island.

A small landlocked harbor with deep water, only about half a mile wide, high hills all around, topped with handsome residences, windmills, and a large hotel, a beautiful little Japanese garden near us on the shore and such smooth water made it seem a veritable fairy-land. We were very hungry and after having gotten snug for the night we had a dinner that was a dinner, and our hunger appeased, we turned in to a good night's sleep to dream of sailing on a sea of ink amid whirlpools and cyclones. Next day was spent on shore, with a dinner at the Mononoto Inn, where one can look out onto the Atlantic or the Sound and enjoy a most delightful sea breeze nearly all the time. This same afternoon we witnessed the dress parade of the soldiers of the United States Heavy Artillery at Fort Wright, and saw one of Uncle Sam's first-class battleships, resplendent in white and yellow paint, making her way along under full steam.

We hated to leave this quiet little place, it was so calm and restful; but as we had other worlds to conquer we hied on our way, pressed the button, started the engine and were soon in the noisy and bustling seaside resort, Watch Hill. Here we encountered the

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hurly-burly rush that one sees at one of the older sea-side resorts. There are many beautiful dwellings, among which is the marble palace of Sully, the cotton king. Many hotels, many people, hooting, rushing autos, merry-go-rounds, shooting galleries, and popcorn vendors, all go to make the place lively. We spent the time on the beach, trolley rides, a visit to the lighthouse, and life-saving station, and looking after good places in which to dine.

We left there on Monday and after a delightful sail to New London we proceeded up the river and when opposite the naval station we came to anchor and to partake of our last meal on board Ruth. We hated to leave her. She had been a good friend to us, carrying us safely over the sea and back home again. We prepared our last meal and ate it in silence, knowing that it would be a long time before we ate there again; but we had had a strenuous cruise, though a happy, delightful one, and were glad to be back once more on terra firma.

In ending this cruise and anchoring our craft once more in her old berth, brings this paper to a close, and an end to our exciting and happy little voyage. I enjoyed this trip with you all, and trust that none of you are suffering from *mal-de-mer*. And, my dear friends, this is only the brief outline, the mere recipe for a good time. I cannot tell you all the pleasure. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. The many hours idly looking to and fro, in lazily lying about in the hot sun, all have a certain charm that cannot be felt unless it is actually tried.

Vacation, I greeted you with some misgivings this Summer at first look, but we are old friends now. We

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know each other's faults, peculiarities and good points. There are no bones to pick with you, no differences to be settled. I know you on water and on land; I loved you before and I love you now, you gave me such a good time; and to you I am forever indebted and shall always look forward to and love, as well as the Captain.



The Wreck of Phoenix

IN 1780 Great Britain was not only at war with her revolted colonies, but was fighting France, Spain and Holland. With this four-cornered contest on her hands, her navy had suffered considerably, having been either worsted or baffled by the French admirals. To add to these troubles, in the years 1781 and 1782 the West Indies were struck by terrible hurricanes, that not only devastated and almost ruined the islands, but destroyed a large number of vessels both men-of-war and merchantmen. It was in one of these great storms that Phoenix was lost. I have read hundreds of descriptions of shipwrecks, but this is, I think, the most graphic and striking that has come under my eye.—EDITOR.

* * *

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I am now going to give you an account of our last cruise in the Phoenix, and must promise, that should any one see it besides yourself, they must put this construction on it—that it was originally intended for the eyes of a mother, and a mother only—as, upon that supposition, my feelings may be tolerated. You will also meet with a number of sea terms which, if you don't understand, why, I cannot help you, as I am unable to give a sea description in any other words.

To begin then: On the 2d of August, 1780, we weighed

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and sailed for Port Royal, bound for Pensacola, having two store-ships under convoy, and to see safe in; then cruise off the Havanas, and in the Gulf of Mexico, for six weeks. In a few days we made the two sandy islands, that look as if they had just risen out of the sea, or fallen from the sky; inhabited, nevertheless, by upwards of three hundred English, who get their bread by catching turtle and parrots, and raising vegetables, which they exchange with ships that pass, for clothing and a few of the luxuries of life, as rum, etc.

About the 12th we arrived at Pensacola, without anything remarkable happening, except our catching a vast quantity of fish, sharks, dolphins and bonettos. On the 13th sailed singly, and on the 14th had a very heavy gale of wind at North, right off the land, so that we soon left the sweet place, Pensacola, a distance astern. We then looked into the Havanas, saw a number of ships there, and knowing that some of them were bound round the bay, we cruised in the track; a fortnight, however, passed, and not a single ship hove in sight to cheer our spirits. We then took a turn or two round the Gulf, but not near enough to be seen from the shore. Vera Cruz we expected would have made us happy, but the same luck still continued; day following day and no sail. The dollar bag began to grow a little bulky, for every one had lost two or three times, and no one had won. This was a small gambling party entered into by Sir Hyde and ourselves; every one put a dollar into the bag, and fixed on a day when we should see a sail, but no two persons were to name the same day, and whoever guessed right first was to have the bag.

Being now tired of our situation, and glad the cruise was almost out, for we found the navigation very danger-

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ous, owing to unaccountable currents, we shaped our course for Cape Antonio. The next day the man at the mast-head, at about one o'clock in the afternoon, called out: "A sail upon the weather bow! Ha! ha! Mr. Spaniard, I think we have you at last. Turn out all hands! Make sail! All hands give chase!"

There was scarcely any occasion for this order, for the sound of a sail being in sight flew like wildfire through the ship, and every sail was set in an instant, almost before the orders were given.

A Lieutenant at the mast-head, with a spy-glass: "What is she?"

"A large ship standing athwart right before the wind. P-o-r-t! Keep her away; get the studding-sails ready!"

Up comes the little doctor, rubbing his hands: "Ha! ha! I have won the bag."

"The devil take you and the bag!"

Mast-head again: "Two more sail on the larboard beam."

"Archer, go up, and see what you can make of them."

"Upon deck there; I see a whole fleet of twenty sail coming right before the wind."

"Confound the luck of it, this is some convoy or other, but we must try if we can pick some of them out."

"Haul down the studding-sails! Luff! Bring her to the wind! Let us see what we can make of them."

About five we got pretty near them, and found them to be twenty-six sail of Spanish merchantmen, under convoy of three line of battle-ships, one of which chased us; but when she found we were playing with her (for the old Phoenix had heels) she left chase, and joined the convoy; which they drew up into a lump, and placed themselves at the outside; but we still kept smelling about till after

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dark. O! for Hector, Albion, and a frigate, and we could take the whole fleet and convoy, worth some millions. About eight o'clock perceived three sail at some distance from the fleet; dashed in between them, and gave chase, and were happy to find they steered from the fleet. About twelve came up with a large ship of twenty-six guns.

"Archer, every man to his quarters. Run the lower deck guns out, and light the ship up; show this fellow our force; it may prevent his firing into us and killing a man or two." No sooner said than done.

"Hoa, the ship ahoy; lower all your sails down, and bring to instantly, or I'll sink you!"

Clatter, clatter, went the blocks, and away flew all their sails in proper confusion.

"What ship is that?"

"The Polly."

"Whence came you?"

"From Jamaica."

"Where are you bound?"

"To New York."

"What ship is that?"

"The Phoenix."

Huzza, three times by the whole ship's company. An old grum fellow of a sailor standing close by me: "Oh, d——m your three cheers, we took you to be something else."

Upon examination we found it to be as he reported, and that they had fallen in with the Spanish fleet that morning, and were chased the whole day, and that nothing saved them but our stepping in between; for the Spaniards took us for three consorts, and the Polly took the Phoenix for a Spanish frigate, till we hailed them. The other vessel in company was likewise bound for New

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York. Thus was I, from being worth thousands in idea, reduced to the 4s. 6d. a day again; for the little doctor made the most prize-money of us all that day, by winning the bag, which contained between thirty and forty dollars; but this is nothing to what we sailors sometimes undergo.

After parting company, we steered South Southeast, to go round Antonio and so to Jamaica (our cruise being out), with our fingers in our mouths, and all of us as green as you please. It happened to be my middle watch, and about three o'clock, when a man upon the fore-castle bawls out: "Breakers ahead, and land on the lee-bow!"

I looked out, and it was so sure enough.

"Ready about! Put the helm down! Helm a-lee!"

Sir Hyde hearing me put the ship about, jumped upon deck. "Archer, what's the matter? You are putting the ship about without my orders!"

"Sir, 'tis time to go about; the ship is almost ashore; there's the land."

"Good God, so it is! Will the ship stay?"

"Yes, sir, I believe she will, if we don't make any confusion; she's all aback—forward now!"

"Well," says he, "work the ship. I will not speak a single word!" The ship stayed very well.

"Then, heave the lead! See what water we have!"

"Three fathoms."

"Keep the ship away, West Northwest."

"By the mark three."

"This won't do, Archer."

"No, sir; we had better haul more to the Northward; we came South Southeast, and had better steer North Northwest."

"Steady, and a quarter three."

"This may do as we deepen a little."

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"By the deep four."

"Very well, my lad ; heave quick."

"Five fathoms."

"That's a fine fellow ! Another cast nimbly."

"Quarter less eight."

"That will do ; come, we shall get clear by and by."

"Mark under water five."

"What's that?"

"Only five fathoms, sir."

"Turn all hands up ; bring the ship to an anchor, boy."

"Are the anchors clear?"

"In a moment, sir."

"All clear !"

"What water have you in the chains now?"

"Eight, half nine."

"Keep fast the anchors till I call you."

"Ay, ay, sir ; all fast."

"I have no ground with this line."

"How many fathoms have you out ? Pass along the deep-sea line."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Come, are you all ready?"

"All ready, sir."

"Heave away, watch ; watch, veer away, veer away."

"No ground, sir, with a hundred fathom."

"That's clever. Come, Madam Phoenix, there is another squeak in you yet. All down but the watch ; secure the anchors again ; heave the maintopsail to the mast luff, and bring her to the wind !"

I told you, madam, you should have a little sea-jargon ; if you can understand half of what is already said, I wonder at it, though it is nothing to what is to come yet when the old hurricane begins. As soon as the ship was

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a little to rights, and all quiet again, Sir Hyde came to me in the most friendly manner, the tears almost starting from his eyes.

"Archer, we ought all to be much obliged to you for the safety of the ship, and perhaps of ourselves. I am particularly so; nothing but that instantaneous presence of mind and calmness saved her; another ship's length and we should have been fast on shore; had you been the least diffident, or made the least confusion, so as to make the ship balk in her stays, she must have been inevitably lost."

"Sir, you are very good, but I have done nothing that I suppose anybody else would not have done, in the same situation. I did not turn all the hands up, knowing the watch able to work the ship; besides, had it spread immediately about the ship, that she was almost ashore, it might have created a confusion that was better avoided."

"Well," says he, "'tis well indeed."

At daylight we found that the current had set us between the Colorado Rocks and Cape Antonio, and that we could not have got out any other way than we did; there was a chance, but Providence is the best pilot. We had sunset that day twenty leagues to the Southeast of our reckoning by the current.

After getting clear of this scrape we thought ourselves fortunate, and made sail for Jamaica, but misfortune seemed to follow misfortune. The next night, my watch upon deck, too, we were overtaken by a squall, like a hurricane while it lasted; for though I saw it coming, and prepared for it, yet, when it took the ship, it roared, and laid her down so, that I thought she would never get up again. However, by keeping her away, and clewing up everything, she righted. The remainder of

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the night we had very heavy squalls, and in the morning found the mainmast sprung half the way through. One hundred and twenty-three leagues to the leeward of Jamaica, the hurricane months coming on, the head of the mainmast almost off, and a short allowance; well, we must make the best of it. The mainmast was well fished, but we were obliged to be very tender of carrying sail.

Nothing remarkable happened for ten days afterward, when we chased a Yankee man-of-war for six hours, but could not get near enough to her before it was dark, to keep sight of her; so that we lost her because unable to carry any sail on the mainmast. In about twelve days more made the Island of Jamaica, having weathered all the squalls, and put into Montego Bay for water; so that we had a strong party for kicking up a dust on shore, having found three men-of-war lying there. Dancing, etc., till two o'clock every morning; little thinking what was to happen in four days' time; for out of the four men-of-war that were there, not one was in being at the end of that time, and not a soul alive but those left of our crew. Many of the houses, where we had been so merry, were so completely destroyed that scarcely a vestige remained to mark where they stood. "Thy works are wonderful, O God; praise be Thy holy Name."

September the 30th weighed, bound for Port Royal, round the Eastward end of the island; the Barbadoes and Victor had sailed the day before, and the Scarborough was to sail the next. Moderate weather until October the 2d. Spoke to the Barbadoes off Port Antonio in the evening. At eleven at night it began to snuffle, with a monstrous heavy appearance from the Eastward. Close reefed the topsails. Sir Hyde sent for me.

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"What sort of weather have we, Archer?"

"It blows a little and has a very ugly look. If in any other quarter but this, I should say we were going to have a gale of wind."

"Ay, it looks so very often here when there is no wind at all; however, don't hoist the topsails till it clears a little; there is no trusting any country."

At twelve I was relieved; the weather had the same rough look. However, they made all sail upon her, but had a very dirty night. At eight in the morning I came up again, found it blowing hard from the East Northeast with close-reefed topsails upon the ship, and heavy squalls at times. Sir Hyde came upon deck.

"Well, Archer, what do you think of it?"

"Oh, sir, it's only a touch of the times; we shall have an observation at twelve o'clock; the clouds are beginning to break; it will clear up at noon, or else blow very hard afterward."

"I wish it would clear up, but I doubt it much. I was once in a hurricane in the East Indies, and the beginning of it had much the same appearance as this; so take in the topsails; we have plenty of sea-room."

At twelve the gale still increasing wore ship, to keep as near mid-channel, between Jamaica and Cuba, as possible; at one the gale increasing still; at two harder yet; it still blows harder. Reefed the courses, and furled them; brought to under a foul mizzen staysail, head to the Northward. In the evening no sign of the weather taking off, but every appearance of the storm increasing, prepared for a proper gale of wind; secure all the sails with spare gaskets; good rolling tackles upon the yards; squared the booms; saw the boats all made fast; new lashed the guns; double breeched the lower deckers; saw

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that the Carpenters had the tarpaulings and battens all ready for hatchways; got the topgallantmast down upon the deck; jib-boom and spritsail-yard fore and aft; in fact, everything we could think of to make a snug ship.

The poor devils of birds now began to find the uproar in the elements, for numbers, both of sea and land kinds, came on board of us. I took notice of some, which happened to be to leeward, turned to windward, like a ship, tack and tack; for they could not fly against it. When they came over the ship they dashed themselves down upon the deck, without attempting to stir till picked up, and when let go again, they would not leave the ship, but endeavor to hide themselves from the wind.

At eight o'clock a hurricane; the sea roaring, but the wind still steady to a point; did not ship a spoonful of water. However, got the hatchways all secured, expecting what would be the consequence, should the wind shift; placed the carpenters by the mainmast, with broad axes, knowing from experience that at the moment you may want to cut it away to save the ship, an axe may not be found. Went to supper; bread, cheese and porter. The purser frightened out of his wits about his bread bags; the two marine officers as white as sheets, not understanding the ship's working so much, and the noise of the lower deck guns; which by this time made a pretty screeching to people not used to it; it seemed as if the whole ship's side was going at each roll. Wooden, our carpenter, was all this time smoking his pipe and laughing at the Doctor; the Second Lieutenant upon deck, and the third in his hammock.

At ten o'clock I thought to get a little sleep; came to look into my cot; it was full of water; for every seam by the straining of the ship had begun to leak. Stretched

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myself, therefore, upon deck between two chests, and left orders to be called, should the least thing happen. At twelve a midshipman came to me: "Mr. Archer, we are just going to wear ship, sir."

"O, very well; I'll be up directly. What sort of weather have you got?"

"It blows a hurricane."

Went upon deck, found Sir Hyde there.

"It blows damned hard, Archer."

"It does indeed, sir."

"I don't know that I ever remember its blowing so hard before, but the ship makes a very good weather of it upon this tack as she bows the sea; but we must wear her, as the wind has shifted to the Southeast and we were drawing right upon Cuba; so do you go forward, and have some hands stand by, loose the lee yardarm of the foresail, and when she is right before the wind, whip the clew-garnet close up and roll up the sail."

"Sir, there is no canvas can stand against this a moment; if we attempt to loose him he will fly into ribbands in an instant, and we may lose three or four of our people; she'll wear by manning the fore shrouds."

"No, I don't think she will."

"I'll answer for it, sir; I have seen it tried several times on the coast of America with success."

"Well, try it; if she does not wear, we can loose the foresail afterward."

This was a great condescension from such a man as Sir Hyde. However, by sending about two hundred people into the forerigging, after a hard struggle, she wore; found she did not make so good weather on this tack as on the other; for as the sea began to run across, she had not time to rise from one sea before another lashed

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against her. Began to think we should lose our masts, as the ship lay very much along, by the pressure of the wind constantly upon the yards and masts alone; for the poor mizzen staysail had gone in shreds long before, and the sails began to fly from the yards through the gaskets into coach whips. My God! to think that the wind could have such force!

Sir Hyde now sent me to see what was the matter between decks, as there was a good deal of noise. As soon as I was below, one of the marine officers calls out:

"Good God, Mr. Archer, we are sinking; the water is up to the bottom of my cot!"

"Pooh, pooh! as long as it is not over your mouth, you are well off; what the devil do you make this noise for?"

I found there was some water between decks, but nothing to be alarmed at. Scuttled the deck, and let it run into the well. Found she made a good deal of water through the sides and decks; turned the watch below to the pumps, though only two feet of water in the well; but expected to be constantly at work now, as the ship labored much, with scarcely a part of her above water but the quarter-deck, and that but seldom.

"Come, pump away, my boys. Carpenters, get the weather chain-pump rigged."

"All ready, sir."

"Then man it, and keep both pumps going."

At two o'clock the chain-pump was choked; set the carpenters at work to clear it; the two head pumps at work on deck; the ship gained upon us while our chain-pumps were idle. In a quarter of an hour they were at work and again we began to gain upon her. While I was standing at the pumps, cheering the people, the carpen-

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ter's mate came running to me with a face as long as my arm.

"O, sir, the ship has sprung a leak in the gunners' room."

"Go, then, and tell the carpenter to come to me; but don't speak a word to any one else."

"Mr. Goodinoh, I am told there is a leak in the gunners' room; go and see what is the matter, but don't alarm anybody, and come and make your report privately to me."

In a short time he returned. "Sir, there's nothing there; 'tis only the water washing up between the timbers that this booby has taken for a leak."

"Oh, very well; go upon deck and see if you can keep any of the water from washing down below."

"Sir, I have had four people constantly keeping the hatchways secure, but there is such a weight of water upon the deck that nobody can stand it when the ship rolls."

The gunner soon afterward came to me. "Mr. Archer, I should be glad if you would step this way into the magazine for a moment."

I thought some damned thing was the matter, and ran directly. "Well, what is the matter?"

"The ground tier of powder is spoiled, and I want to show you that it is not out of carelessness in me in stowing it, for no powder in the world could be better stowed. Now, sir, what am I to do? If you don't speak to Sir Hyde, he will be angry with me."

I could not forbear smiling to see how easy he took the danger of the ship, and said to him: "Let us shake off this gale of wind first, and talk of the damaged powder afterward."

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At four we had gained upon the ship a little, and I went upon deck, it being my watch. The Second Lieutenant relieved me at the pumps. Who can attempt to describe the appearance of things upon deck? If I was to write forever I could not give you an idea of it. A total darkness all above; the sea on fire, running as it were in Alps, or Peaks of Teneriffe (mountains are too common an idea); the wind roaring louder than thunder (absolutely no flight of imagination); the whole made more terrible, if possible, by a very uncommon kind of blue lightning; the poor ship very much pressed yet doing what she could, shaking her sides, and groaning at every stroke. Sir Hyde upon deck lashed to windward. I soon lashed myself alongside of him and told him the situation of things below, saying the ship did not make more water than might be expected in such weather, and that I was only afraid of a gun breaking loose.

"I am not in the least afraid of that; I have commanded her six years, and have had many a gale of wind in her; so that her iron work, which always gives way first, is pretty well tried. Hold fast, that was an ugly sea. We must lower the yards, I believe, Archer; the ship is much pressed."

"If we attempt it, sir, we shall lose them, for a man aloft can do nothing; besides their being down would ease the ship very little; the mainmast is a sprung mast; I wish it was overboard without carrying anything else along with it; but that can soon be done, the gale cannot last forever; 'twill soon be daylight now."

Found by the master's watch that it was five o'clock, though but a little after four by ours; glad it was so near daylight and looked for it with much anxiety. Cuba, thou art much in our way! Another ugly sea.

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Sent a midshipman to bring news from the pumps; the ship was gaining on them very much, for they had broken one of their chains, but it was almost mended again. News from the pump again. "She still gains. A heavy lee!" Back-water from leeward, halfway up the quarter-deck, filled one of the cutters upon the booms, and tore her all to pieces; the ship lying almost on her beam ends, and not attempting to right again. Word from below that the ship still gained on them, as they could not stand to the pumps, she lay so much along.

I said to Sir Hyde; "This is no time, sir, to think of saving the mast; shall we cut the mainmast away?"

"Ay, as fast as you can."

I accordingly went into the chains with a pole-axe, to cut away the lanyards; the boatswain went to leeward, and the carpenters stood by the mast. We were all ready, when a very violent sea broke right on board of us, carried every thing upon deck away, filled the ship with water, the main and mizzen masts went, but was in the last struggle of sinking under us.

As soon as we could shake our heads above water, Sir Hyde exclaimed: "We are gone at last, Archer! Foundered at sea!"

"Yes, sir, farewell; and the Lord have mercy upon us."

I then turned about to look forward at the ship; and thought she was struggling to get rid of some of the water; but all in vain, she was almost full below. "Almighty God, I thank thee, that now I am leaving this world, which I have always considered as only a passage to a better, I die with a full hope of thy mercies, through the merits of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Savior."

I then felt sorry that I could swim, as by that means

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I might be a quarter of an hour longer dying than a man who could not, and it is impossible to divest ourselves of a wish to preserve life. At the end of these reflections I thought I heard the ship thump and grind under our feet; it was so.

"Sir, the ship is ashore!"

"What do you say?"

"The ship is ashore, and we may save ourselves yet!"

By this time the quarter-deck was full of men who had come up from below; and "The Lord have mercy upon us!" flying from all quarters. The ship now made everybody sensible that she was ashore, for every stroke threatened a total dissolution of her whole frame; found she was stern ashore, and the bow broke the sea a good deal, though it was washing clean over at every stroke.

Sir Hyde cried out: "Keep to the quarter-deck, my lads, when she goes to pieces 'tis your best chance."

Providentially got the foremast cut away, that she might pay round broadside. Lost five men cutting away the foremast, by the breaking of a sea on board just as the mast went. That was nothing. Looked for daybreak with the greatest impatience. At last it came; but what a scene did it show us! The ship was upon a bed of rocks, mountains of them on one side, and Cordilleras of water on the other; our poor ship grinding and crying out at every stroke between them; going away by piecemeal. However, to show the unaccountable workings of Providence, that which often appears to be the greatest evil, proves to be the greatest good! That unmerciful sea lifted and beat us up so high among the rocks, that at last the ship scarcely moved. She was very strong, and did not go to pieces at the first thumping, though her decks tumble in. We found afterward that she had

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beat over a ledge of rocks, almost a quarter of a mile in extent beyond us, where, if she had stuck, every soul of us must have perished.

I now began to think of getting on shore, so stripped off my coat and shoes for a swim, and looked for a line to carry the end with me. Luckily could not find one, which gave me time for recollection. "This won't do for me, to be the first man out of the ship, and First Lieutenant; we may get to England again, and people may think I paid a great deal of attention to myself and did not care for anybody else. No, that won't do; instead of being the first I'll see every man, sick and well, out of her before me."

I now thought there was no probability of the ship's soon going to pieces, therefore had not a thought of instant death; took a look around with a kind of philosophic eye, to see how the same situation affected my companions, and was surprised to find the most swaggering, swearing bullies in fine weather, now the most pitiful wretches on earth, when death appeared before them. However, two got safe; by which means, with a line, we got a hawser on shore, and made fast to the rocks, upon which many ventured and arrived safe. There were some sick and wounded on board, who could not avail themselves of this method; we therefore got a spare top-sail-yard from the chains and placed one end ashore and the other on the cabin window, so that most of the sick got ashore this way.

As I had determined, so I was the last man out of the ship; this was about ten o'clock. The gale now began to break. Sir Hyde came to me, and taking me by the hand was so affected that he was scarcely able to speak.

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"Archer, I am happy beyond expression, to see you on shore, but look at our poor Phoenix!"

I turned about, but could not say a single word, being too full; my mind had been too intensely occupied before; everything now rushed upon me at once, so that I could not contain myself, and I indulged for a full quarter of an hour in tears.

By twelve it was pretty moderate; got some sails on shore and made tents. Found great quantities of fish driven up by the sea into holes of rocks; knocked up a fire, and had a most comfortable dinner. In the afternoon made a stage from the cabin windows to the rocks, and got out some provisions and water, lest the ship should go to pieces, in which case we must all have perished of hunger and thirst; for we were upon a desolate part of the coast, under a rocky mountain, that could not supply us with a single drop of water.

Slept comfortably this night and the next day, the idea of death vanishing by degrees, the prospect of being prisoners, during the war, at Havana and walking three hundred miles to it through the woods, was rather unpleasant. However, to save life for the present, we employed this day in getting more provisions and water on shore, which was not an easy matter, on account of decks, guns and rubbish, and ten feet of water that lay over them. In the evening I proposed to Sir Hyde to repair the remains of the only boat left, and to venture in her to Jamaica myself; and in case I arrived safe to bring vessels to take them all off; a proposal worthy of consideration. It was, next day, agreed to; therefore got the cutter on shore, and set the carpenters to work on her; in two days she was ready, and at four o'clock in the afternoon I embarked with four volunteers and

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a fortnight's provisions, hoisted English colors as we put off from the shore, and received three cheers from the lads left behind, which we returned, and set sail with a light heart; having not the least doubt, that, with God's assistance, we should come and bring them all off. Had a very squally night, and a very leaky boat, so had to keep two buckets constantly bailing. Steered her myself the whole night by the stars, and in the morning saw the coast of Jamaica distant twelve leagues. At eight in the evening arrived at Montego Bay.

I must now begin to leave off, particularly as I have but half an hour to conclude; else my pretty little short letter will lose its passage, which I should not like, after being ten days, at different times, writing it, beating up with the convoy to the Northward, which is a reason that this epistle will never read well; for I never sat down with a proper disposition to go on with it; but as I knew something of the kind would please you, I was resolved to finish it; yet it will not bear an overhaul; so don't expose your son's nonsense.

But to proceed. I instantly sent off an express to the Admiral, another to the Porcupine man-of-war, and went myself to Martha Bay to get vessels; for all their vessels here, as well as many of their houses, were gone to Moco. Got three small vessels, and set out back to Cuba, where I arrived the fourth day after my leaving my companions. I thought the ship's crew would devour me on my landing; they presently whisked me up on their shoulders and carried me to the tent where Sir Hyde was.

I must omit many little occurrences that happened on shore, for want of time; but I shall have a number of stories to tell when I get alongside of you; and the next time I visit you I shall not be in such a hurry to quit you

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as I was the last, for then I hoped my nest would have been pretty well feathered. But my tale is forgotten.

I found the Porcupine had arrived that day, and the lads had built a boat almost ready for launching, that would hold fifty of them, which was intended for another trial, in case I had foundered. Next day embarked all our people that were left, amounting to two hundred and fifty; for some had died of their wounds they received in getting on shore; others of drinking rum, and others had straggled into the country. All our vessels were so full of people, that we could not take away the few clothes that were saved from the wreck; but that was a trifle, since we had preserved our lives and liberty. To make short of my story, we all arrived safe at Montego Bay, and shortly after at Port Royal, in the Janus, which was sent on purpose for us, and were all honorably acquitted for the loss of the ship. I was made Admiral's aid-de-camp, and a little time afterward sent down to St. Juan's as captain of the Resource, to bring what were left of the poor devils to Blue Fields, on the Musquito shore, and then to Jamaica, where they arrived after three months' absence, and without a prize, though I looked out hard off Porto Bello and Carthagená. Found in my absence that I had been appointed captain of the Tobago, where I remain His Majesty's most true and faithful servant, and my dear mother's most dutiful son.

ARCHER.

Leave Her, Johnny

(For Pumping and Halliards)

I THOUGHT I heard the captain say,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her;
You may go ashore and touch your pay,
It's time for us to leave her.

You may make her fast, and pack your gear,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her;
And leave her moored to the West Street Pier,
It's time for us to leave her.

The winds were foul, the work was hard,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her;
From Liverpool Docks to Brooklyn Yard,
It's time for us to leave her.

She would neither steer, nor stay, nor wear,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her;
She shipped it green and she made us swear,
It's time for us to leave her.

She would neither wear, nor steer, nor stay,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her;
Her running rigging carried away,
It's time for us to leave her.

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The winds were foul, the trip was long,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her;
Before we go we'll sing a song,
It's time for us to leave her.

We'll sing, Oh, may we never be,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her;
On a hungry ship the like of she,
It's time for us to leave her.

Coil down.

So Long.



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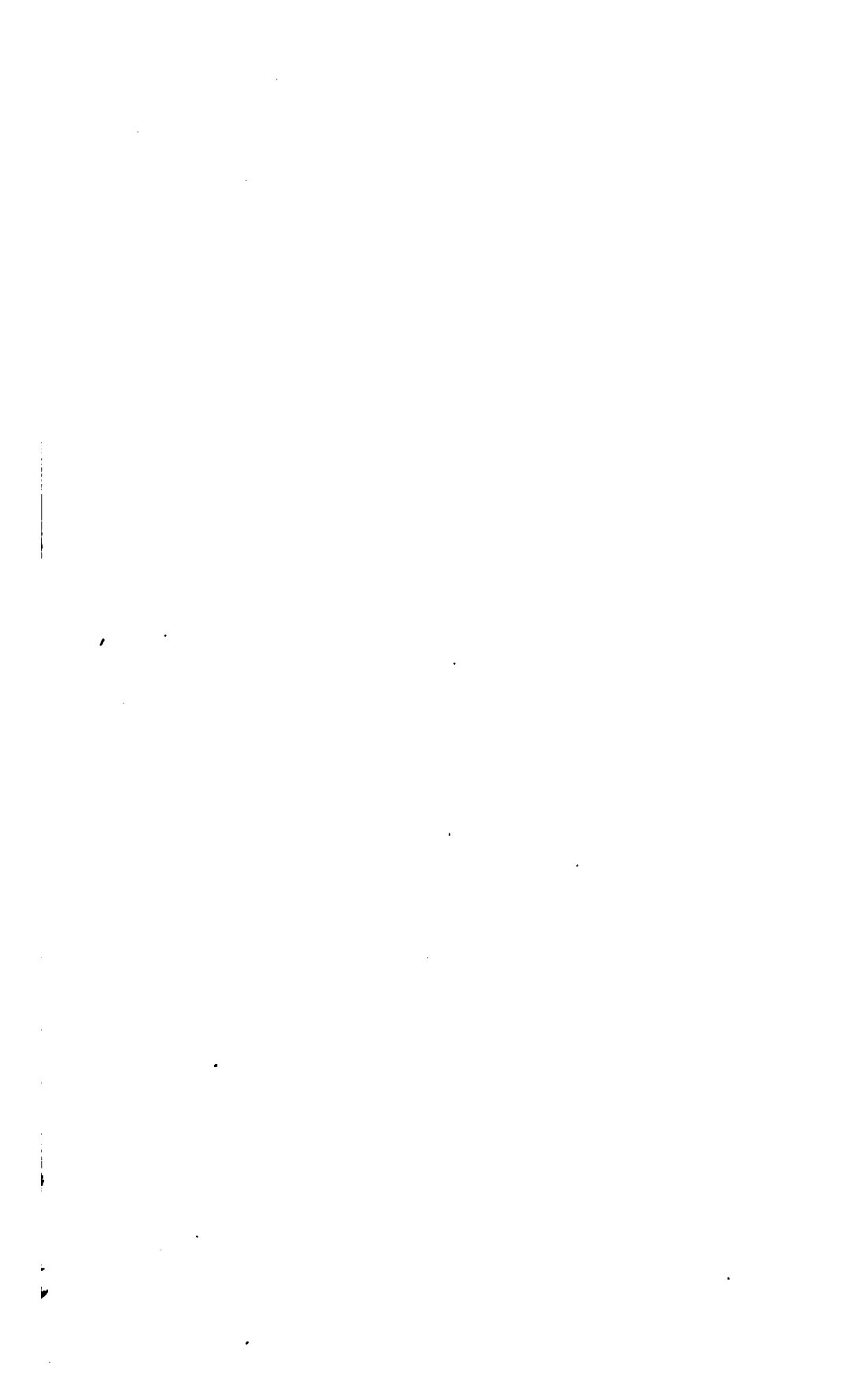
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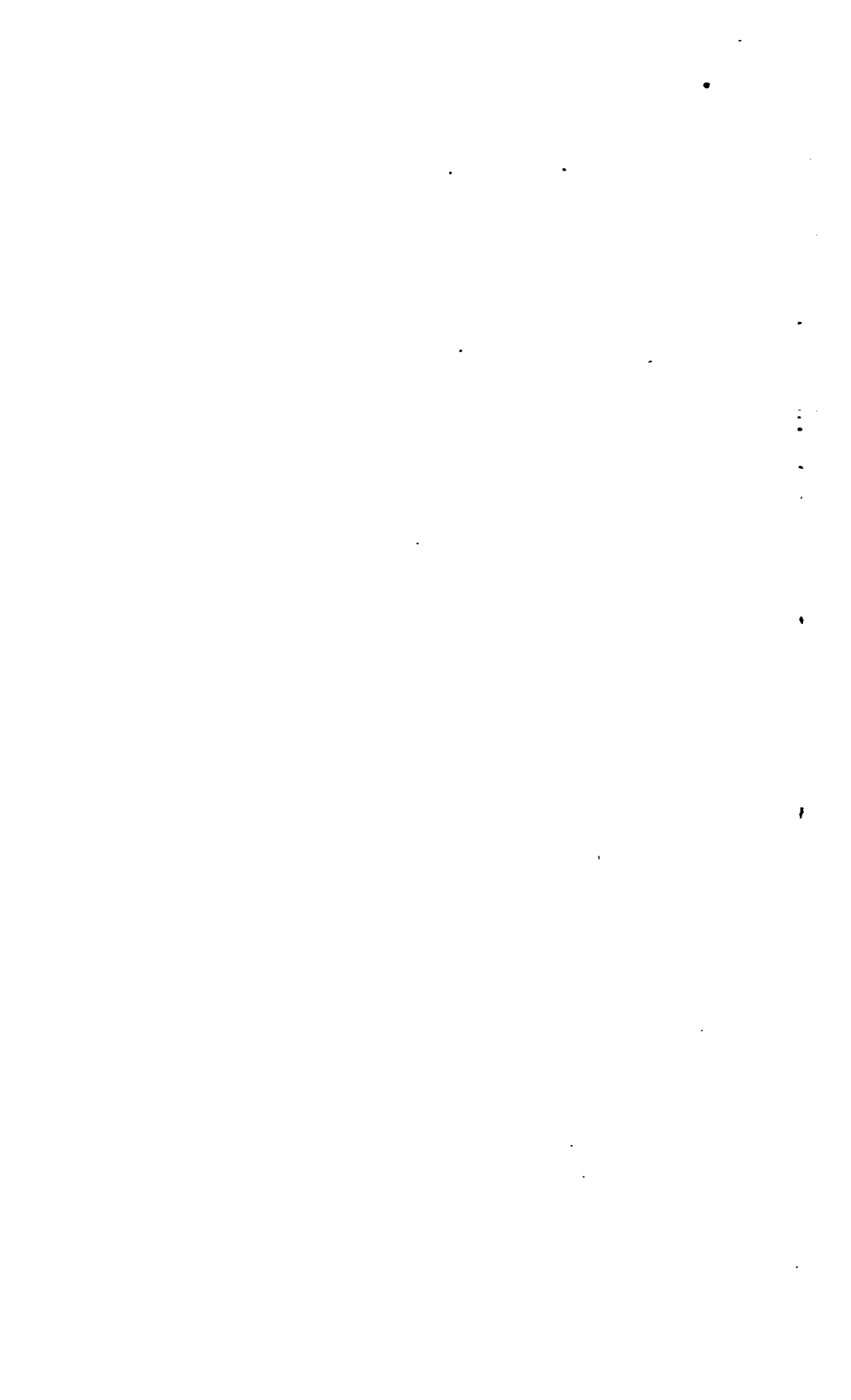
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